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THE MISSION INDIAN

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1896.

NO. 1.

Right Rev. Martin Marty,
BISHOP OF ST. CLOUD. MINN.
Died
September 15, 1896.
R. I. P.

The Right Rev. Martin Marty O. S. B. Bishop of St. Cloud in Minnesota, died suddenly on the 15th of September.

Bishop Marty was a son of the Swiss Alps. He was born in Schwyz, the oldest of four brothers, all of whom are priests of distinguished merit. He received his education in the College of St. Michael in Freiburg, Switzerland, where under the tuition of Rev. F. Deharbe, S. J., the celebrated author of a Catechism, he prepared himself for his first communion. In 1847 he entered the College of the Benedictine Fathers in Maria Einsiedeln, where in the year 1855 he received the religious habit of St. Benedict, and vowed himself to the service of God. On the 14th of Sept. 1856 he received holy orders and entered upon his sacred duties with an extraordinary zeal and ability in the pulpit, the confessional and as professor in the College and as author.

In the fourth year of his priesthood he saw the yearning of his early youth realized. He was sent to St. Meinrad in Indiana. Great was the surprise and joy of his brothers in religion when he arrived in St. Meinrad in company with Rev. Father Fintan, the present abbot of St. Meinrad's. It was on the 28th of September 1860. "This day, writes a friend of the deceased Bishop, will ever be memorable in the annals of St. Meinrad's abbey. This institution had only

existed six years and had already seen many a sad day, and the signs of the future foreboded many a new trial to this institution. But under the able management of Father Marty, the number of students soon increased as also the number of the Community. In 1865 Abbot Henry Schmid of Einsiedeln nominated him Prior, and in 1870 Pope Pius IX. erected the Abbey of St. Meinrad and selected the Prior M. Marty for its first Abbot, and on the 21st of May 1871 he was solemnly installed by the Right Rev. Bishop Mauritius de St. Palais who was assisted by the Right Rev. Archabbot Wimmer of St. Vincent, Pa., and the Rt. Rev. Abbot Benedict of Gethsemani, Ky. For over sixteen years Abbot Marty labored with the greatest zeal and endurance in the different missions confided to the Benedictine Fathers in Indiana; but his work of love was the developement of the College and Seminary connected with the Monastery of St. Meinrad. In 1876 Abbot Marty resolved to undertake the Missions among the Sioux Indians and for this purpose he visited several times the different Agencies. When some of the fathers of his community offered themselves for service among the Indians he founded the Missions of Standing Rock and Devil's Lake. In recognition of his good services among the poor Indians Leo the XIII. nominated him first Vicar Apostolic of the Dakotas and on the 1st of February 1880 he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Tiberias by the Right Rev. Bishop Chatard of Vincennes.

We wish also to say that in the time from 1876 to 1880 the zealous and devoted Abbot continued in the far West the work so successfully commenced by the Rev. Father De Smet, S. J. Wherever he went among the several tribes, the good Bishop always met with a most

friendly reception on the part of the Indians. The same could not be said of the military authorities. On one occasion, however, when Bishop Marty happened to be present in the Mission near Standing Rock, a band of Indians under their Chief Kill-Eagle were noticed in the neighborhood. They had just come from the plain of Little Big-Horn, where they under Sitting-Bull a few days before had slaughtered the whole corps of three hundred and twenty five men under the command of the heroic General Custer. The trembling soldiers of the post near Standing Rock were greatly relieved when Abbot Marty went out to meet the approaching Indian warriors and induced them to lay down their arms in peace. During the next spring Abbot Marty went out again as the first white man, to the camp of Sitting Bull, to arrange peace with this Chief. Another visit to the chiefs Spotted Tail and Red Cloud was equally successful. Meanwhile Abbot Marty did not lose any time. He learnt the language of the Indians thoroughly, and opened a school for the Indian children at Standing Rock. He wrote dictionaries of the Dakota and Sioux languages, grammars, prayers and songs in the language of the Red man. It was by these means that he conquered the ferocious, nature of the native warriors and compelled their esteem for the "black robe."

We do not deem it necessary to say much of the hardships and privations of this heroic missionary Abbot; it was in this school that the Missionary Bishop was trained.

On the 22nd of November 1889 he was nominated Bishop of Sioux Falls and later on he succeeded Bishop Zardetti in the See of St. Cloud. During the last few years Bishop Marty's health was

119

falling owing no doubt to the many privations among the Indians. His work was very laborious and his zeal and spirit of sacrifice so great that he disregarded everything else when there were souls to be gained for heaven.

Bishop Marty was an accomplished scholar, linguist and musician, and as such much interested in liturgical music.

Once he was visiting a mission, where the congregation consisted of Polish and German Catholics. The Bishop was going to preach. The pastor not being aware of the Bishop's knowledge of the Polish language, in introducing the Bishop to the congregation, told the Poles to be very attentive as the Bishop would speak in German only. But great was his and the congregation's surprise, when they heard the Bishop speak the Polish language very fluently and correctly.

On another occasion whilst travelling in Canada, Bishop Marty was present at highmass. The organist played a la Mozart's XII, and similar a furore tunes. Bishop Marty's fine musical ears could not bear that kind of music in the house of God. He stepped up to the organist, introducing himself as a musician and asking to be allowed to play on the organ. The Bishop played. Heavenly music reverberated through the church. All those, who were present, listened, some looked up to the organ loft. Great was their surprise when it was discovered afterwards, that a bishop had furnished them music truly divine.

Many are the works of his apostolic zeal bequeathed to his successors, who no doubt will carry them on, whilst he himself is now enjoying the reward due to a faithful steward.

May he look down from heaven and bless them who carry on the work of salvation among these Indians who were so near and so dear to his apostolic heart.

R. I. P.

Father Isaac Jogues.

Quarter Century Anniversary.

His Life among the Indians and Martyrdom.

From the "Monitor."

Thousands gathered at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York, on the feast of the Assumption, 1896, to assist in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Father Jogues' death. Special ceremonies were held continuing for several days. During this time special trains were run from all over the State bringing

thousands of people, Catholics and non-Catholics to the scene.

This shrine is a sacred spot in the State of New York, once the site called the Mission of the Martyrs, afterward called the Holy Trinity and now known as Auriesville, so named from Aurie, an old Mohawk Indian, the last of his tribe to remain there.

This is historic ground, for here Father Isaac Jogues and Rene Goupil suffered death for the faith, and here also Catherine Tegakwita, the "Lily of the Mohawks," was born. In 1675, Father de Lambertville, S.J., who had brought the venerated statue of Our Lady of Foye (Faith) from Quebec, inaugurated the devotion to Mary under this title at the new station to which this village had been removed in 1659.

The original of this statue was kept in the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Foye at Celles, near Dinant, Belgium. In 1621 a shrine under this invocation was erected at Douay, and a duplicate of the statue was made and sent to Quebec whence, on the dispersion of the Hurons, it was taken to the Mission of the Martyrs. The French and English war in 1684 forced the closing of the mission among the Mohawks, and thus ended the old Mission of the Martyrs and of Our Lady of Faith.

Two hundred years after the destruction of the mission this historic ground became the property of the Society of Jesus, to which the former missionaries belonged, and our Lady of Faith once more has a shrine under the title of Our Lady of Martyrs. Ever since 1884 the month of August has been consecrated to pilgrimages in honor of Mary and of her devoted clients who laid down their lives for the faith in the old Indian village of Osseronon now Auriesville, situated on the bank of the Mohawk River forty miles west by north of Albany.

The annals kept at this shrine are so intermingled with the early history of our country, that they form a very interesting chapter. The more important ones are:

A.D. 1642—August 14, arrival of Father Isaac Jogues and companions, captives in the first Mohawk village occupying the site of the shrine.

1643—At the end of this year escape of Father Jogues by way of New Amsterdam (now New York city) where he was first to exercise the ministry of a Catholic priest.

1646—In May, second visit of Father Jogues, with John Bourdon, engineer of the colony, as ambassadors. At this time it is highly probable the father said Mass—the first in New York State.

1648—49—50—The Mohawks took a principal part in the destruction of the Huron missions and massacre of the Jesuit priests, Daniel Brebeuf, Lalemant and Garnier.

1653—Father Ponet captured and tortured; he exercised the ministry of a Catholic priest for the first time in Albany on a visit to that place; he was sent back to Canada by the Black River route.

1666—After an unsuccessful expedition of Courcelles, which reached Schenectady, the Marquis de Tracy, lieutenant general of the French King, marched, with a regiment, into the country of the Mohawks and destroyed their villages. He was accompanied by two secular priests, M. M. Cosson and Du Bois, and by the Jesuit missionaries, Rafels and Aldanel, who celebrated Mass with Te Deum. The burning of the village was the twentieth anniversary of Father Jogues' death.

1675—Father James de Lambertville came to the lower mission, bringing the venerated statue of Our Lady of Foye.

1676—Easter Sunday Father de Lambertville baptized Catherine Tegakwita in the church of St. Peter's.

1894—Two hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Mohawk shrine; beginning of its restoration on the site of the Mission of Martyrs.

Father I. Jogues was born at Orleans, France, on Jan. 10, 1607. He became a Jesuit, and was sent to Canada to labor among the Indians. His first missionary experience was among the Hurons. Returning from Quebec, where he had been sent to bring back the annual supplies of the mission he was taken captive. His tortures at the hands of his captors were something incredible. After eight days they met a band of warriors. Indian customs required prisoners to pass between a double row of executioners armed with clubs. After innumerable indignities, on the eve of the Assumption they reached Osseronon, now Auriesville.

In August, 1643, Father Jogues, aided by the Dutch Governor of Rensselaerwyk, attempted an escape, but desisted from his attempt upon learning that his escape would endanger the lives of the other prisoners. But in the middle of October of that year he succeeded in getting away. While passing through New Amsterdam he met an Irishman, who profited by the occasion to go to confession. Thus the Father was the first priest to exercise his priestly mission on the island of Manhattan.

A very touching incident is related of Father Jogues, when he had returned to

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THE MISSION INDIAN.

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his native land. The Iroquois had mutilated his hands, having cut off most of his fingers. Thus he was disabled and could not say Mass. He made an application to the Holy Father the Pope, to allow him to offer up the sacrifice of mass as well as he could. The Pope was deeply moved and granted the dispensation exclaiming: "Should there be worthier hands to consecrate and offer up to God His only Son under the sacramental emblems than the hands of a martyr?"

After his return to America from France he again fell into the hands of his cruel captors, and was brought back to Auriesville, where, after being savagely beaten, his flesh was torn from his arms and shoulders and devoured before his eyes by a wretch, who called out:

"Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of a Manitou (God)?"

"No," replied the victim; "I am only a man, like you."

After a general council at Tionmontoguen it was decided to free the prisoners, but when the delegates brought the news to Ossernenon it was too late. On a pole of the palisade hung the bleeding head of Father Jogues, who had been treacherously struck with a tomahawk and then beheaded.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Father Liebana is home again at the Old Church after his vacation, and looking improved.

His old parishioners of San Bernardino were glad to see Father Stockman visit the old home. What a changeable world!

Father Byrne is stationed in Coronado. A daily boat ride to San Diego will benefit the Father in many ways.

Fairs are the order of the day: Hollister, East Los Angeles, and the Sisters' Fairs, all report success. God bless the generous givers.

Father Schneider was cold at Yuma when he came there from the East in early September. Ye Gods! An *Enæas*'s wanderings.

Father Reidhaar has gone up to Lancaster to attend to the spiritual needs of the brave Teutons. Only good people desire the sacraments, and they should have them.

The Ven. Mother Julia of the Sisters of St. Joseph, stayed for two weeks in Banning. Her bright, kind, cheerful and sober manner does remind one of a real superior.

Father Corcoran has been summoned home by his Bishop. He is still with us. When he is gone the "Mission Indian" has something to say. Be not alarmed, Father.

San Jacinto is all for silver. Beaumont all for gold. Either or both will satisfy us. We do not object to a bill, a small check even will be thankfully received.

It is a mistake, to claim poverty, to live poor and miserably, leaving afterwards thousands to prove that poverty of spirit was at the bottom.

"Avarice is the root of all evil," St. James.

Mother Ludovika, Provincial of the Sisters of the Precious Blood is making vast improvement in health at Banning. The Mother is a true religious. She longs for her spiritual children. Patience, Mother.

Father Fisher makes all nationalities happy, or rather is happy with all. The church of Jesus Christ knows no nationality. If any, this is America and "Don't you forget it."

The Rev. Father Griffin of San Francisco is on a visit at Beaumont with the companion of boyhood and college days, Father Fitzgerald. The Fathers climb the hills, and the quail know they are around.

Our Reviewer says that among our many exchanges there is "none more bright, more interesting and useful than the "St. Joseph's Collegian" of Rensselaer, Ind. Keep up your reputation, boys.

The cause of the Indian is our cause, and for that we are going to do battle. We want justice nothing more and nothing less, and until we get justice, we shall make known the injustice.

Miss Frost of Riverside made a little visit to Beaumont and Banning recently. Her zeal in the interest of truth is refreshing. She is, indeed a child of her mother. Come soon again, Lizzie.

The future President speaking of ministers says: "I have often wondered where they got the religion they are preaching." The

incident caused a wag to inquire: "Where did the 'Father of Lies' get his teachings?"

The "Mission Indian" jumps with joy at the pleasing news that Mrs. Puzey is just home from her European trip, and in the deepest sincerity — says to the noble lady: "Cead mille failthe."

Watsonville gave a practical proof of gratitude to the Venerable Bishop, on the occasion of his trip North. Talk is cheap. What sayest thou, great Santa Cruz; with your recent immense gathering of ladies?

Newspaper notoriety is a strange thing; some want more than they get, others get more than they want. Adventurers and their abettors ought to be exposed, so ought the fools who pay thousands for a rascal called a man. When will you be wise O daughters of America?

It is most satisfactory to be able to record that the people of Banning take a practical interest in the "Mission Indian." Bigots do not live in this climate. "What do you want? A little printing to be done. Take it to the office" and the Manager smiles a — smile!

Father McCarthy of Riverside has been very sick, but, thank God, is well again. He preached a most interesting and practical sermon at the Old Church, Los Angeles on the first Friday of this month. The church was packed. Father Barron was happy. It is pleasant to see the fruits of one's labor.

Dame Rumor keeps the minds of many disturbed. Latest:

1) Pasadena, the best parish in the diocese.

2) The Pastor of Visalia ambitions lofty things. Dear Father, pay heed to classical advice: "I charge thee to fling away ambition, by that sin angels fell."

Father McNally of Oakland visited Banning recently. The Father is a gentleman of many parts. His fine schools make him dear to the "Mission Indian". 600 children—Deo gratias. "The way to regulate any evil in society is to teach the young." The evil of ignorance can only be removed by parochial schools. A school before a church any day. A church supplies the present wants, the wants will remain present if there be no School.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1896.

The drawing on the cover of the "Mission Indian" was designed by a kind confrater of the Editor, the eminent artist Rev. Paulinus Trost, C.P.P.S., at St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind. Thank you, Father.

We have again many pupils in school, one hundred and ten, and hope, our friends will not forget them. Come and see yourself. Our Lord says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." [Mark 10, 14.] You will help the Indian children and the Indian's cause in subscribing for the Mission Indian. Do so at once.

Do not say, I do not care for the Indians or let the Government take care of them. To save immortal souls, your own and those of others is the purpose of your life in this world. And if you are instrumental in saving the soul of your neighbor, you will save your own. You can be saving another one's soul if you aid those, who are in the missionary field. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Charity lasts forever. Works of charity still live and are your joy, when you are in the grave and forgotten; works of charity are the mountains and the immovable rocks, that know no destruction; works of charity are stars in the heavens, that will never go down! Be charitable and do not love money in such a way, as to forget the missionaries, that left their homes, their father and mother, and sister and brother, to be strangers in another land in order to work for the salvation of immortal souls.

Riches are given to the rich, that they may use them for good purposes. Do not forget the poor! Do not forget the sick! Do not forget the missions! Help to save your soul, and the souls of others.

If every subscriber of the "Mission Indian" sends us a new one, which can be done so easily, we will be aided more than many of our kind readers may realize.

To be unmerciful and careless about things relating to religion, will certainly be punished by God.

A catholic gentleman, worth a fortune was asked to subscribe for a catholic journal. He refused, because he would rather read the other papers. There was some scandal published in these papers about him soon after. That is the way, how the press you patronize treats you, dear Friends! When will you open your eyes?

To refuse charity is a crime indeed and we beg of you, kind reader, to be charitable and generous to all and to every one, especially to those, that are in the service of God and beg of you the mite for the sake of the Kingdom of God. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (Matth. XXV, 40.)

"Amen I say to you, as long as you did it **not** to one of these least, neither did you do it to me." (Matth. XXV, 46.)

The Presidential Campaign.

The campaign for the Presidential election is going on more lively. Meetings are held every where and the addresses made on such occasions are bringing forth many new ideas and interesting thoughts. In California the Silver-party has the best of it, as far as we could ascertain. Why should it not?

Free silver has been in the platforms of the Republican party for many years; the Democrats now fall in line, not counting the populists, who are all free-silver enthusiasts. Silver must win in the Golden State.

The gold-standard advocates call the Silver-men popocrats, that means half Populists and half Democrats; and

Bryan, the Silver-party candidate is called Billy Boy. It seems to us a lesson on good manners would be beneficial for some that are on the golden side of the campaign.

There are also some cries of Anarchists. Well, the people in the United States have given shelter to many an anarchist, that came here from the "Old World" and then they praised them and called them heroes. It is not nice at all, to call those anarchists, that think free silver would help the poor man!

Let the rich man meet the poor one half way. When Roboam, the successor of Salomon, asked the old people for advice, they said to him: "If thou wilt yield to this people to day and descend to them and grant their petition and wilt speak gentle words to them, they will be thy people always."

Whether McKinley or Bryan is elected, let the conquering party be just to all and harm none, especially help the poorer classes.

Words and phrases will not do any more. If the laboring people find out, that they are deceived in their man, the contrast between rich and poor may assume threatening dimensions. Let us not overlook, that the freedom allowed to every one may be the cause of revolutions in this independent country.

Republics are always more subject to disturbances than monarchies. Help the farmer and the laborer! Had the riot in Chicago been an organized revolution; had the rioters been a trained army, Chicago would have been the prey of a frenzied mob two years ago. We ought by justice and fairness to the laboring people prevent similar occurrences.

Still there will always be rich and poor people. But if a true christian spirit animates both the employer and the employee, then and then alone will the social question be solved. Tariff-laws, money-standards and social laws will never do away with all the contrasts between poor and rich. But if the well-to-do are just to their poorer brethren and if charity shortens the distance between them and if the laborer is faithful to his employer, if he never tries to undermine the prosperity of the man, of whom he earns his bread, and if all and every one are mindful of the word of our Lord: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice" [Matth. VII, 33]—then in truth prosperity, contentment, peace, happiness will reign in our midst.

UNCLE TOM

Speaks on the Use of Time.

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My dear little friends:

It is still, we may say, the beginning of the years work for you, and therefore it cannot but do you good, if your Old Uncle should tell you something about time. The great scholars, who know so much, tell us that time is a succession of instants, and an instant is a point of duration, but your old Uncle no *sabe mucho*, still he knows that time is very valuable, and he knows too some of the ways in which boys and girls can make good use of time, and that is just what he is going to tell them in this letter.

Time is very valuable. If a man bought a piece of land for one dollar, and sold it afterwards for one hundred dollars, a person would say, and say truly, that it was a valuable day on which he made the purchase—that he made good use of the dollar. Time well spent can purchase an eternity of happiness. Nothing else can purchase it—nothing but time well spent can bring us to heaven. You have heard about the poor damned souls, and how they are burning, and will burn forever, in the fires of Hell. If my little Friends, any one of these souls got five minutes—only five minutes—here on earth, that soul would make such acts of sorrow for its sins that it would never return to Hell, but would go to Heaven, and be there with God for all eternity. Time, then, must be very valuable if, with a few minutes well spent, one could be freed from Hell, and get to Heaven.

And yet, though time is so valuable, there is nothing more common than to hear people say, when asked what they are doing. "I am trying to pass the time; trying to kill time." These people forget that there are such things as sins of omission. It is not exactly what we have done, that will determine our eternity, but it is, if we have done, and done well all we could have done; if we have used the time and talents loaned us by God to the best advantage.

How to spend your time, my children, is a question you need not ask yourself. You are like those good religious people who live under rule, satisfied where they are, and doing cheerfully what they are told to do, for such is the will of the great God. Your time is nicely fixed so that every part of the day finds you doing something. You are, I am sure, happy and contented, and you must know, if

you do not know it already, that in doing what those who are over you tell you to do, you are doing the will of God—doing what God wants you to do.

The time of youth is very valuable. It is in youth we learn those habits that stay with us through life, and make us happy or miserable as they are good or bad. The word of God says: 'train a young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it.'

In youth you must learn to be neat and clean. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It is very ugly to see little girls and boys going around with their clothes torn, and hanging in pieces about them. It is very ugly to see hands and face dirty, and hair uncombed. The boys, and girls who have charges should see that their charge is done as it ought to be—tidy and clean. If, for instance somebody goes into the kitchen and sees everything clean and bright, he says, how nice, how clean those girls are. If he goes to the barn and sees how tidy all the harness and such are fixed, he thinks the boys are smart and good.

You are taught these things, my children, so that when you grow big and go home to live, you may have everything nice, and clean, and tidy at home. You may not have very much, but no matter what you have, if you are clean and tidy all will look well.

Some of our fathers and mothers are not very clean or tidy. They had nobody to teach them as we have. They are lazy, and would sometimes rather beg than work. We must not be like them, as long as we are well, and able to work we should never be depending on anybody. That is another reason why we are kept busy all day long and in that way learn to work.

Look at the bees, so small, yet so busy, that they make plenty of honey for themselves, and have lots to spare. When we are young and well and strong, we should imitate the bee; keep so busy that we will have plenty for the present, and be able to put something aside for the wet day. When we get old we can work no more.

So much for work that we do with our hands; now for our school work. Our poor fathers and mothers never got a chance to learn to read and write the English language. See how much better off we are than they. For a long time they did not know God. They had no one to teach them the Catechism. We know God, for we are told all about Him, and His great love for us. We ought to love Him very much in return; and we ought to teach others, to know God, and to love God.

Whilst in school you must try every day to get your lessons as best you can: and when you leave school, and go home to work, you must have a few good books to read. You must have your Catechism—that's a good, and a very good book, and you can never know it too well. There are bad books as well as good books. They are dangerous to read, and it is a sin to read some of them. Many a good innocent child has taken from a bad book a thought that poisoned, and brought death to the soul. A bad companion is a dangerous thing, a bad book is a bad companion. The rule about reading is: Never read anything that will not make you better. Just as people are made bad by reading bad books, so people are made good by reading good books. Many a great sinner has been brought to confession, and saved by reading a few lines of a good book.

Never waste time: Spend every moment well: how much time you will get in this world only God knows. A moment not well spent is a bright jewel left out of your Crown in heaven. Make your crown very beautiful by adding a new ornament each moment. In making your morning offering say: "I will do everything for you this day, my God, and I will spend every moment well." Pray to Jesus to help you. Sweet Heart of Jesus help me to make good use of my time.

Uncle Tom.

A loving Child.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., Oct. 2, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

A priest came from Oakland to visit our school. He sang for us a Chinese song and he danced at the same time which amused us very much. I was very glad to hear him sing.

Dear Uncle, I had an opportunity of writing to you. Dear Father Hahn has gone to Agua Caliente or Hot Springs, to bless the Statue of St. Francis. Vacation is over, and so I am glad to return to my studies. I love my school and all the Sisters, but above all you my ever cherished uncle. May God bless you. Your fond niece

Martina silvas.

Angels saw God's goodness and Beanty.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., Sept. 21, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am glad to have an opportunity of writing to you a letter. I have often heard of you, but have never seen you. I hope you keep right well. Dear Uncle: Why is it that God showed more mercy to man when he sinned than he did to the angels? Will you be so kind as to tell us in your next letter? It is a long time since I wrote to you, and now I would like to hear something about yourself. This afternoon we played a game of base ball with the Banning boys, they beat us because our nine could not play. Dear Uncle, I think it is two hard for you to read long letters, because you are old. I will not make mine very long for this time. I hope you will be glad to get a letter from me. Your loving nephew

Patricio Lingo.

A Mender of Bad soles.ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., Oct. 2, 1896. }*Dear Uncle Tom:*

Vocation has passed and we are at work again, thank God. I am very well, and I trust that you enjoy the same blessing. Dear Uncle, I am learning how to write, and how to read, I am also learning a trade, shoe making, and I can mend old shoes. And I go to school every morning and work in the afternoon. I am your nephew

Jose Maria Porto.

Handsome is who handsome does.ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., Oct. 1, 1896. }*Dear Uncle Tom:*

Vacation is over and we have once more resumed our studies. We are very thankful that you did not forget to pray for us and we also prayed for you. The first few days of school I felt a little homesick; but as many of my old friends are back again I feel very happy and contented. Dear Uncle Tom, in the front garden of our school grounds, we have a pretty shrine of our Lady. I hope this will be an inducement for you, to visit your nieces soon.

We are all anxiously awaiting your promised visit. I shall be proud to introduce you to the Sisters and to my dear companions, for I know you are handsome and I feel assured you will come to the same conclusion regarding each one of your dear nieces and especially of your devoted niece

MARY BANKS.

Lonesome after the Father.ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., Oct. 1, 1896. }*Dear Uncle Tom:*

I thought I would drop you a few lines to tell you about our school. During vacation, I remained here with the dear Sisters of St Joseph and they were very kind to me and I enjoyed my vacation very much. Father Hahn has gone to visit the Indians living on the mountains. We feel lonely when he is away, but we must not be selfish as we know how dearly loved he is by the Indians. We feel assured of the joy his visit affords them; besides the great spiritual benefits they derive there from. So you see, that our loss is their gain. Fresh zeal to commence our studies for the present scholastic year, also new zeal for our industrial works. Asking you to pray that I may improve more and more. With fondest love I am ever your affectionate niece

Miguela Brittau.

Through Sacraments comes the Precious Blood to our Souls.ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 2, 1896.*Dear Uncle Tom:*

I regret not this morning of having on opportunity to surprise you pleasantly. Well dear uncle, could you have seen the pleasure depicted on the faces of your nephews, as we read your beautiful letter in the school room. I think you would feel repaid in some measure for the trouble you took to write it. I must pray every day that I may always receive the Sacraments worthily, since through them the Precious Blood of Christ is applied to our soul.

Our school is pleasant, everything is in good order, and the grounds are in a very good condition. The shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe is finished. It is a nice one, though not made of the finest material, it is neatly finished. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am your devoted nephew

Assidro Lugo.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.**AGUA CALIENTE.**

October the 4th, the feast of St. Francis, was duly celebrated. Services were held at the church, many Indians being present. We recorded a number of marriages and baptisms, many received the Sacraments.

The night from Sunday to Monday was spent by the Indians as a fiesta. War dances and war songs were the amusement of the night. We assure those of our kind readers, who object to dancing, that the above dances were all good and innocent. No good priest will object to them. It appeared to us as genuine, child like mirth, no intoxication nor any scandalous conduct.

Playing cards was the worst feature and those young civilized Indians, who left their old Indian friends to indulge in sinful round-dances, away from all police-control, do not deserve any credit for that kind of business and we are glad to say, that our boys stayed with those, who were on the "right side".

The principal characters on the grounds were the Captain of Mesa Grande, Lauriano Segundo and Silvester Saubel. Most of them were too old to stand erect, but the O-hee-o-ho-ho-ho-hee-he-ha-ha-ha brought new elasticity into their feet. These great men knew how to arouse the risibilities of the bystanders.

The production of some guttural sounds suggested, that the singing of Indian war songs would cleanse a bad throat. It may cure bronchitis, sure.

This reminds us of a story. Some Swiss patriots conversed in their dialect in a Paris restaurant. Finally a Frenchman, who ate near by and heard their talking, arose exclaiming; "I cannot stand it longer. These fellows talk as if having swallowed their clothes brushes they are trying to bulge them forth again." Lesson: "If you wish to talk Indian swallow your clothes-brush and then try to get it out the same way it entered".

PORTERO.

John Thomas was elected Captain at this reservation and Martin Largo Judge. For months this "reserva" was a monarchy. One man was captain, judge, sanjero, chief police, reporter, watchman and M.C. Now all is changed and the burdens and responsibilities are again divided up.

CAHUILLA VALLEY.

When at Cahuilla, the Rev. Father Corcoran preached a nice, instructive sermon to the Indians on the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, which was duly appreciated by the Indians.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Spencer's Academy, located in Indian Territory, burned down with all its contents Oct. 4. Four Indian boys perished in the flames; five more were seriously injured by jumping from the window to save their lives. 102 boys were at the school at the time of the conflagration.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The papal legate, Cardinal Satolli has been recalled to Rome and Archbishop Martinelli is now the Legate or the Representative of the Pope in the United States. In declining to sit upon a throne opposite Cardinal Satolli the new legate exhibited an example of humility, of which sincere Catholics may feel proud.

The papal Legate is a blessing to the Church in the United States, A. P. A's notwithstanding. May God bless our prelates, who in humility and poverty spread the kingdom of God!

Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington resigned.

The two principal candidates for the coming Presidential election are now doing efficient work, in order to secure the electoral votes from the people of the United States.

Mr. McKinley stays at home in Canton, Ohio. He does not say very much, but shakes hands with his admirers, who are conveyed by special trains to the county seat of Stark Co., Ohio. He speaks just two words: Protection and Gold-Standard.

Mr. Bryan on the other side does not stay at home, but is traveling about to go to the people, whose votes he solicits. He says much about free coinage of silver and that the laboring classes ought to be helped. There is no doubt a fair chance for each of the two candidates, to be elected in the beginning of November.

The emperor of Russia is traveling too. He paid a visit to Emperor William in Germany, to Queen Victoria in England and to President Faure in Paris.

Emperor Nicholas does not talk much, because he might frighten the European rulers and cause war rumors. The German Emperor talks a whole lot, especially after dinner. The one who keeps his tongue is the wiser.

A north-western blizzard softly blew over this fair country. No damage done,



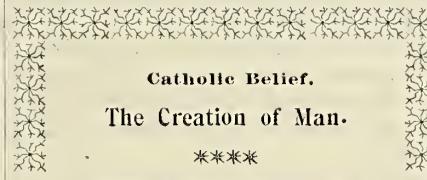
Seven Years Ago.

The following article is taken from the Banning Herald, dated May the 4th 1889. Interesting reading for the friends of the school.

The Rev. J. A. Stephan, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, has been in Banning for some days, and on Thursday consummated a deal that secures for Banning an institution that is not only of the greatest material benefit to the place, but will make the town known throughout the Union. The Bureau of which he is director has under its charge over 60 Indian schools in this country. It does a great work. It is recognized by the government as the strongest organization of its kind, and the selection by it of Banning as a location for an industrial school for the Mission Indians is a great fortune for us. Father Stephen was here some weeks ago, since which time the project has been forming. He returned this week, and on Thursday settled the terms by which he purchases Dr. Murray's ranch of 80 acres north of town, on which to build the school. More land will be added to this in time. The government has property adjoining, belonging to the Indian reservation, that will in all probability be donated to complete as fine a site for a school as could be selected in California. A quarter of a mile west of the mouth of the water canyon, there opens through the foothills into the Pass a small but picturesque ravine. It leads up to the mesa back of the foothills. At its mouth is Dr. Murray's ranch, extending for half a mile along the base of the hills toward the west. An orchard of 40 acres, comprising the finest assortment of fruit to be found in this country, is on the east. Here everything from Navel oranges to strawberries (!) is to be found in season. For years the Doctor has been selecting choice varieties of fruit and testing their adaptability to our soil. Sloping up toward the west and clinging to the hills is the other 40 acres, now a barley field yellowing into ripeness and commanding the entire eastern half of the Pass. From it the barley fields sweep away in a gentle slope, two miles and a half to the foothills on the south. Just behind it rises the abrupt, brush-clad northern wall of the valley; to the north a projecting point of the range shelters from the westwinds, a little east of south Banning deploys its orchards and vine-

yards; further east, across the Pass, San Jacinto towers in majesty, and directly to the east the eye follows the interminable stretch of country till it reaches the yellow waste of the Desert.

It is a most sightly spot. Water from the canyon behind and from the reservoir of the Banning Land Company commands the entire tract. The wholesomeness of the climate is unexcelled. Mountain water, pure, dry air and a rich soil are the elements from which can be made an attractive place. When the buildings are erected on that green slope they can be seen for miles to the east and south, and as planned, will not be the least attractive feature of a noble landscape. No place more accessible to the Mission Indians than Banning. Father Stephan already has plans for erecting buildings to accommodate 100 pupils. It will be an industrial school. The girls will be taught cooking, sewing and the business of housewifery, besides the common branches of study. The boys will be taught farming and the trades. The school will be under the auspices of the Benedictine order. Dr. Murray vacates the premises in eight days. He turns over all the improvements, the bees and nearly all the stock. An agent of the order will come on at once to take charge of the place. A house will be rented and two or three sisters will come on and open a small school for a beginning, as soon as it can be done. It is thought the school will be in full operation by Christmas. The Bureau pays cash for this fine place, the purchase price being \$12,000. Dr. Murray conveys, besides his 80 acres, his interest in the sections adjoining, now held as reservation lands by the government.



Catholic Belief.

The Creation of Man.

God created heaven to be the abode of the angels, and the earth to be inhabited by man.

On the sixth day of the creation after everything else had been created, God said: "Let us make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moves upon the earth. And God created man to his own image; to the image of God he created him, male and female he created them." (1. Mos. 1, 29 27)

And God created man in the following manner. He formed man of the slime

of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (1. Mos. 2, 7) Then God created the woman. "Then the Lord God cast a deep sleep upon Adam; and when he was fast asleep, He took one of his ribs, and filled up flesh for it. And the Lord God built the rib he took from Adam into a woman and brought her to Adam." (1. Moses 2, 21 22). In these clear words the Bible teaches that man, such as he is now, was the immediate creation of God. How silly and unreasonable are those who say that man was not created as he is now, but that he developed or evolved from a lower animal or even from the slime of the earth. Reason and common sense tell us, that man is something different from the rest of the creatures; that he has a spiritual soul, something altogether different from the body—a spirit which cannot be the product of matter, but was immediately created by God himself.

The dignity of man is very great. He was created after everything else had been prepared for him; after the earth had been made a worthy abode for him, who was to rule as king over it.

When God created the other creatures he only said "let there be" but before He created man, the Creator speaks of Himself as taking counsel with regard to the production of His master-piece—Man. "Let us make man" he says, "to to our own image and likeness." Did not God the All-wise, know from all eternity how He was to create man. If He then represents Himself in the Holy Writ as a workmaster taking council with Himself, it is to impress on us the idea that man is one of his superior creatures.

Why is man such a distinguished work of the Creator? Because he has been made to His own image and likeness. The whole creation proclaims the greatness of the Creator; but no other being is His image; man alone is called "the image and glory of God" [I. Cor. 11, 7]. Man therefore is the image of the glory of God. And wherein does this likeness consist? In order to answer this question we must first briefly consider the nature of man.

The Holy Scriptures tell us, that "God formed man from the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face and he became a living soul". [1. Mos. 2, 7.] Two different parts constitute the nature or essence of man. The first is the body, formed from the dust of the earth, into which it shall turn again, "for dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." [1. Mos. 3, 19.] This body is in itself lifeless, but God breathed the breath of life into this

inert, lifeless body. This breath of life is not taken from earthly matter, but it is a new immediate creation of God. This breath is the soul, which gives life to the body, and this soul is a spirit. St. Paul calls the soul a spirit when he writes, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and of the spirit" [II. Cor. 7, 1]. And again when he bade the virgins "that she may be holy both in spirit and body." [II. Cor. 7, 34.]

Very often is the human soul called a spirit in the inspired word of God. St. Paul even compares the human spirit with the Divine Spirit, "For the Spirit himself giveth testimony to our spirit, that we are sons of God." [Rom. 8, 16.]

Body and soul are in man most intimately united to form one person. The body has been most wonderfully built for an abode of the soul. Though this body has many things in common with the animals, still it has so many other superior qualities and gifts as to elevate it above all other living beings on earth. I mention only one of these gifts, that of language, by which the human spirit is enabled to communicate its thoughts to another spirit of the like kind. St. John of Damascene writes: "The soul is a living, incorporeal essence, invisible to bodily eyes, immortal, reasonable and spiritual. The soul makes use of the body, giving life, growth, and power of perception to it." Saint Irenaeus very aptly explains the relations between the body and the soul, saying: "the body is the tool and the soul represents the artist; the artist very quickly conceives the plan of his work, but he is very slow in carrying it out on account of the unwieldiness of the material to be used."

So is also the spiritual soul of man somewhat checked in its operations by the heaviness of the material body, but does not lose thereby any of its innate powers, just as in communicating life to the body the soul does not lose its own life. It is therefore an indisputable doctrine of divine revelation that man consists of body and soul, and is the immediate creation of God and not the result of evolution.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

The Spaniards were the first explorers of the New World, the Western Hemisphere, North and South America. As to the territory which now constitutes the United States of North America, they especially explored the southern part. The discovery of America naturally roused also the other nations to similar

enterprises, as had been successfully undertaken by the Spanish.

The first nation following the example of Spain, was France. It is true, that Cabot in the employ of the English crown discovered the Northern part of the eastern shore of North-America (1497) and two expeditions in the years 1527 and 1536 reached Newfoundland, but no valuable result was accomplished. Hence we have to attribute to the French the honor, to have explored the northern part of the United States about the same time, when the Spaniards had their experiences in the South.

The French king Francis I., an ambitious ruler, who desired to be lord of the lords in the world sent out in 1523 an expedition under Verrazzani, a navigator from Florence, Italy. Verrazzani explored the coast from North Carolina to Maine in search of a passage to the Indies. He was the first to recognize, that America was not a part of India (Asia) and he declared, that the earth was much larger than Columbus had imagined. His expedition was followed by many explorations.

Nearly every one of the French enterprises was associated with the Catholic missions. James Cartier, came to America with expeditions in 1524 and 1535; having the double purpose of establishing colonies and converting the Indians. The French clergy has always been foremost in missionary work and to day even the French nation sends more missionaries to the gentiles than any other country.

Cartier was a man of much religious feeling. Before embarking, all his men assembled in the Cathedral at St. Malo, received holy communion and then entered the sanctuary, where the Bishop solemnly blessed them.

On this voyage, Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence River as far as Hochelaga the present site of Montreal, and built a fort on the place, where Quebec now stands.

Cartier undertook a third expedition under the command of a French nobleman Francis de la Roche who had obtained a charter, covering all the territory explored in 1541; and de la Roche followed in person the year after, 1542. But these two attempts at colonization were unsuccessful. Francis de la Roche perished on his way to Canada in 1549.

The next attempt of the French was the unfortunate expedition of the Huguenots under Ribault to Florida, whose history was given in No 10 of this paper. Marquis de la Roche took in 1598 forty convicts to Sable Island near Nova Scotia but nearly all of them died miserably.

Habits.

Habit makes the man, but man makes the habit. A habit seems a little thing in itself, but it is the most terrible tyrant that rules the world. And it does rule it, say what we will. Now, it is essential in this life of ours to start right if we are going to come out right. And the best thing to start with is a good habit. It is just as easy when a young man is forming his habits to form good ones.

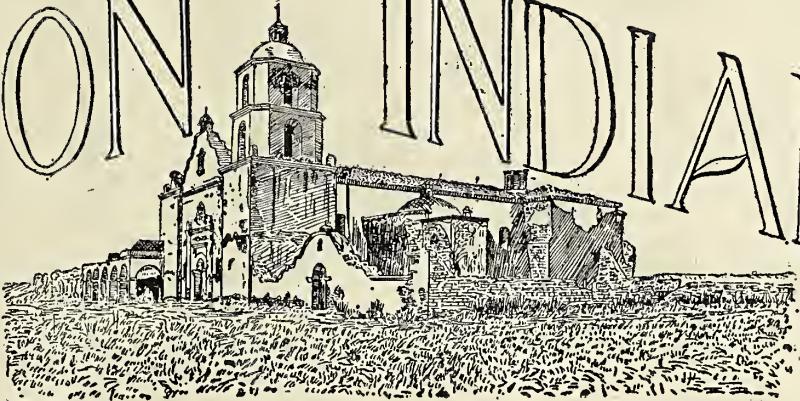
Good habits are not expensive. A virtue does not cost a quarter as much to support as does a vice. We sometimes wonder how it is that a being with brains, with intelligence, with reason, could ever have become a slave to habit. It does not seem possible that a man cannot order his conduct. But we must recognize facts.

Men are victims of habits. They do not perceive that they are bound until they try to get free, and then the strong power of habit asserts itself. How does this terrible despot conquer the mind, the will, the man? What is the invincible force that drives the strongest and the brightest with a whip of iron? It is only an act repeated again and again, but it has become a second nature, and a part of the man, and it has conquered by the power of reinforcement by repetition.

William and Bismarck.

It is creditably related by a German journal that during the reign of the Emperor William when the present Emperor was a boy, Prince Bismarck, walking one day through a corridor of the Royal Palace at Berlin, came upon a strange scene. Hearing within a room which he passed a great racket, he opened the door and saw the young grandsons of the Emperor dancing about, while their father, the Crown Prince, ground at the handle of a hand-organ. All were in high spirits, and seeking the Chancellor, the young princes laughingly invited him to join in the dance. Prince Bismarck declined, but he offered to turn the organ if the Crown Prince would join his sons. The Crown Prince consented and the Chancellor turned the handle with great animation. The laughter and sport grew louder with the increased speed of the playing. Just then the old Emperor came in. He took in the situation at a glance. "I see, my Lord Chancellor, that you are beginning early to make the princes dance to your music!" If the incident was accepted as prophetic, it was soon proved illusive. The eldest, at least, of the old Emperor's grandsons—the present Emperor—never since then danced to anyone's music but his own.

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

NO. 2.

Education.

**The Education of the Young must be
Based upon Religion,**

• INTERWOVEN WITH RELIGION •
and
Guided by Religion.

*An interesting article, written by "VERAX"
for the MISSION INDIAN.*

The *Education Question*, at all times and necessarily the most important, that can engage the attention of the human families, was never more so, than in our day. It is not necessary, to prove this statement. Those who may read "The Signs of the Times", which so alarm men, who are accustomed to reflect on the great interests of mankind, that they cannot help asking themselves the questions: "Where are we? Is there any hope left for society? Or rather, is the end come, and should we hide our heads?" Men inquire now about society as they would about a person dangerously ill, to whom death may come at any moment.

But how has it come to pass that society is in this desperate condition? No need to invent an answer, or waste many words in giving an explanation. Four words are sufficient, namely: "Society has banished Religion." There is no room for God any more in His own Creation, He must be entirely ignored or kept carefully out of view as an intruder. — Scientific, animal man cannot have his dignity insulted, or his animality curbed, by the idea of a Supreme Being! Man has only to observe the laws of the State, and comply with the requirements of common decency to be the ideal man. — Jesus Christ was merely a fanatic and Christianity is a mischievous, superstitious imposition. There is no future

— no heaven — no hell — no moral responsibility — no sin. Marriage is only a temporary sensual contract. Conscience, justice, purity and honor have ceased to have any definite meaning. Suicide "is the order of the day" and even poor suffering incurables, who have the good sense to poison or shoot themselves may be quietly sent to sleep for ever by "Society." This is no exaggerated picture. Our daily papers, which faintly laud our civilization to the skies, furnish us with records of crimes and deeds of the most appalling and revolting nature. Ten thousand five hundred lives taken away in one year, by murder, manslaughter and self destruction, in our own country, is an awful item in our statistics.

Now what has been the cause of this deplorable condition of society? I say again and again, it has been "Education without Religion". Education, without its primary and essential element, which has given knowledge without morality, and learning instead of Christian civilization. Nevertheless it must be admitted that the great majority are more to be pitied than blamed — they are simply victims.

But it may be asked and very naturally: Are we merely mocking the evils we cannot cure and babbling about conditions for which there is no remedy? God forbid! And if we do speak plainly and forcibly, it is only in order that we may suggest the only efficacious remedy. What then is it? We reply with fullest confidence that we are not mistaken, that it is "Religious Education and training of the rising generation." The truth is and it is now admitted as a principle by all great and upright men, that the world will never recover from its present crisis, until religion is allowed to resume her sway, and if you ask by

what means can religion again form the rule of faith and morals, the answer will be returned with one voice: "Religion cannot enter into minds and hearts but through the rising generation."

Yes, in the words of a great thinker and writer: "This is the great problem of our period, to make the rising generation truly and sincerely Christian. It is a great matter — a matter of life and death."

Who does not see, that all our hopes are based on the children and youth? To the young the future belongs. The children of to-day, will be the future fathers and mothers of families — the future members of society and future citizens of the state. And surely as "the child is the father of the man", so surely will future society be the product of the education and training of the young of every nation.

If then we want to have obedience and happiness, honesty and purity in the family, if we wish to have morality, justice, liberty and charity in society, if we want to have honor and integrity, loyalty and true patriotism in the state, let us be assured, that, in the words of the late Pius the IX., of happy memory, "The education of the young must be based upon religion, interwoven with religion and guided by religion."

Briefly the Catholic teaching on education has always been and ever must be in harmony with these plain words of Jesus Christ, viz.: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His glory." "One thing is necessary."

And Her teaching is in perfect harmony with the only true idea of education; for in its literal meaning and fullest sense, education is the gradual, systematic drawing forth and development of

THE MISSION INDIAN.

the faculties and powers of man. "To educate a man as a man," it is manifestly not sufficient to cultivate merely his intellectual and physical powers, such education will produce a learned animal — the most dangerous enemy of religion and mankind. Hence man's moral dignity, his responsibilities, his social happiness and his eternal destiny, must above all and beyond all be consulted for; and any scheme of education which ensnares the noblest part of man, his soul, shuts out all consideration of his eternal interests, can have no claim to completeness.

But it must not be supposed that the Catholic Church is antagonistic to the Public Schools of this country. On the contrary, although she knows that it is neither the right nor the duty of the state to educate, much less to teach religion, yet on the ground of self preservation, she is convinced, and rightly so, that ignorance is a menace to the national life, she believes that the state is fully warranted in assuming the right to diffuse knowledge and enlightenment.

Hence Catholics freely and cheerfully pay their school taxes, but no one can blame them if they, believing that they are conscientiously bound to give their children education in schools where religious instruction will be given daily, and moral training carefully and constantly attended to, they do all in their power to provide such schools.

And here we may remark in conclusion that it is a disgrace to the Government of this land of liberty, to deprive the poor helpless Catholic Indian children of their right to be educated in schools where, alone with an excellent education in the various branches of secular knowledge, and superior industrial and domestic training, they will receive gratis instruction in the religion of their parents, and to deprive them of this sacred right on the fallacious grounds—that to make an appropriation for schools conducted by Catholics would be giving public money for sectarian purposes.

VERAX.

The difficulty about teaching religion in our Public Schools is that there are so many different denominations. For this reason religion is and ought to be excluded from the schools of the state. The place to teach religion is a private or parochial school, or the church or the home. Nevertheless religion is taught in some way or other in the Government's schools, and we are sorry to say that if there is any religion taught and if histories and so forth are taught, we, the

Catholics, "are not in it." These facts prompt us to make the remark: "If you wish to find out the truth about Catholic doctrine or also historical facts, "hear both sides!" *Audiatur et altera pars!*

We subjoin some very interesting matter relating to the school-question, taken from *The Review*, being convinced that our kind readers will not read these notes without being benefitted.

ED. MISSION INDIAN.

Occasionally an earnest Christian minister of the Protestant faith has the courage to speak out boldly and declare the truth which has come to him by study and observation. Such a man is Rev. Walter Calley, pastor of Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, Boston. Mr. Calley preached recently on the subject of parochial schools. He emphatically favored such schools, because he was firmly convinced that the children of the nation should be trained and drilled in the principles of religion and morality as well as in reading and writing. He realized the difficulty of convincing a Boston Protestant assembly of the utility of this course, because it has been the custom in this latitude to denounce and condemn the Catholics for adopting it.

In the course of his sermon Mr. Calley said: "While I do not wish to underrate the importance of our public schools for the safety of the Republic, I say: God grant us to open up a parochial school in this church, a Bible school, that shall root out infidelity and train the children of our church in the word of God. We have been so long used to putting ourselves over and against our Roman Catholic friends for their interest in their young, that we cannot, through prejudice, estimate the value of their effort to root out infidelity, for unless our children are trained in religion, God help the future of our nation and the child of our land.

"The child should be taught religion from its earliest infancy. Why were the Jews so strong in their faith if it were not for the way their religion was drummed into them from earliest years? What you put into a child stays with it in its old age. The boy who has been deprived of religious training in his youth never makes up for that loss in the church. We must find a large place where religion shall be taught, for the child can never form any conception of God if he be not taught in his childhood. Religion gives strength of character and fearlessness in making one's way through the world."

It is to be hoped that the courageous example set by Mr. Calley will be

followed by other leading Protestant clergymen, so that all Christian denominations may make common war upon the growing infidelity and materialism, which threaten to undermine our system of government.

Says the New York *Freeman's Journal*: There are in New York city 55,000 children of school age who are excluded from the public schools by lack of accommodations. This does not include 45,000 who are taught in private schools, nor 30,000 who attend parochial schools. There are, there, 130,000 children unprovided for in the public schools of the city. The whole number provided for by public, private, and parochial schools is 247,000. Of this number but 117,000 —less than one half—go to the public schools. No comment is necessary.

"The theory is free schools for all, but the condition that confronts us is forty thousand children out of school because there is no room for them," says the New York *Timeline*.

Such is the present condition of public school affairs in New York city, where there are 40,000 other children attending Catholic schools. The surplus of pupils over accommodations would then be doubled were the latter schools not in existence, and the duty of providing for them would enormously increase the cost of the public school system. At the same time there is at least one parochial school in that city which could accommodate two hundred more children than it now does, but can not get money enough to do so.—*Cath. Standard and Times*.



A CORNER IN SMILES.

CHARCOAL-MAN (*colored gentleman going up back alley*).—Charco-o-a-l! Charcoal!

COLORED COOK (*from kitchen door*).—Shut up! whuffer yo'mek such a noise?

CHARCOAL-MAN.—Kin you heah me?

COLORED COOK.—Kin I heah you? I carnt heah nuffin' else when yo' done open you big brack mouf an' holler like that. Ob cose I kin heah yo'!

CHARCOAL-MAN.—Good! dat what I 'se hollerin' foh. Charc-o-a-l! PUCK,

Three French Boys, Translating Shakespeare into English from French versions.

The subject was Hamlet, and when they reached and had pondered over the first line of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, the three renderings appeared as follows: "To was or not to am." "To were or is to not." "To should or not to will."

Diocesan News.

Farewell of Right Rev. Fr. Mora, D. D.

At the fare-well dinner of Right Rev. Bishop Mora, thirty six priests and the two bishops were present. It was a sad affair and when the venerable prelate said his "good bye" to the clergy, many eyes were filled with tears. No doubt, Bishop Mora was loved by his priests and he loved them.

The reception, given by the laity of Los Angeles to the venerable, good Bishop Mora was poorly attended. The fare-well-address, read by Mr. Isidore Dockweiler, was the event of the evening. Mr. John Keneally with some very appropriate words presented to the Bishop a purse. The Bishop's remarks again showed the goodness of his heart. The pathetic fare-well-song, rendered by Mr. Eugene Roth befittingly ended the sad ceremony of saying "Farewell" to Bishop Mora.

Rev. J. Doyle will have charge of a new congregation at Boyle Heights.

Rev. E. Coté is now stationed at the Old Church in Los Angeles.

Rev. Fathers Bannon and Hassett are taking care of the Anaheim, Santa Anna and Yorba Catholics.

Rev. J. J. Clifford a graduate from the Washington university is stationed at the Cathedral.

Mozart's 12th Mass was written by one John Baptist Mueller, a teacher in Germany.

Rev. Father Scannell has taken charge of Buenaventura and Rev. Father Grogan stationed at Santa Paula visits from there Tehachapi and Lancaster.

"We admonish you to see to it, that the music, in the churches..... be so regulated, that nothing profane nor worldly nor theatrical have any place in it." (Benedict XIV.)

In reference to the many remarks made at the resignation of Bishop Keane as Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., the following rule ought to be applied: Divide by 100 and subtract 99 from the quotient!

Father Farrelly is appointed pastor of Pasadena. The Rev. Father is a brave fearless worker and his ambition to do good is praiseworthy. Bonum opus desiderat!

Rev. Father Jos. O'Reilly has been appointed pastor of Fresno and the Rev. Father Garriga will take charge of Rev. Father O'Reilly's former parish Bakersfield.

 Ambition is the antidote against laziness and indifference, ambition builds up communities, cities, nations! Would to God there were more ambition in our hearts, ambition to work for the glory of God!

 It was a worldly and sinful ambition which Shakespeare alluded to by his renowned exclamation: "I charge thee fling away ambition, by that sin angels fell!"

Rev. Father Coreoran has returned to his parish in Nebraska. He is one of those priests in the service of the Church, of whom we may say: "True to his vocation and a model for others".

Mother Ludovika of the Most Precious Blood writes from San Diego, that her throat-trouble has not improved there. Banning has indeed a climate preferable to any place on the coast, especially in the case of throat or lung diseases.

Rev. Father Coyle of the Marquette diocese, where the winds blow cold and where fogs are a daily occurrence just now, stays with Rev. Th. Fitzgerald at Beaumont, Cal. His lungs are bad. He will get them fixed up in good shape in the Pass of San Gorgonio.

Rev. Father Weekes is staying at St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, Calif., where this little publication is printed. The Father hails from the La Cross diocese and was formerly pastor of Tomah, Wis.; he desires that his trouble bronchitis, may be removed by a sojourn in Southern California. It will, sure.

The report, that the German Catholics are contemplating the establishment of a colony in California and also their supposed intention to publish a daily English paper is a mistake. Colonization and newspaper enterprises are two of the three very poor businesses (with some exceptions).

The many appointments and changes among the Diocesan clergy bear testimony of the energy and zeal of our good Bishop. There are in our diocese but too many small parishes, unable to carry the burdens of independent congregations and it will require more than ordinary tact and wisdom, to provide for them all. Still Bishop Montgomery never says fail; He will see it that every Catholic will be attended to, and he will be assisted by a zealous clergy, to bring about a complete success.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Why do the Banning people not see to it, that the S. P. Co. will give them a better train-service?

Changes are right in line at our Union Depot. Mr. Harland has moved with his family to Beaumont where he will have superior accomodations in the shape of a residence attached to the Station there. He was only here a short time, but we could not help recognizing his courteousness and affability and we wish him every success.

Frank Wieger went to Los Angeles last week as the advance agent of the "Mission Indian". He will collect renewals and gather in the few remaining non-subscribers in that locality besides looking after the advertising department etc. We hear he is doing great work.

"It is the same old smile" and winning way that gets the subscribers they can't resist but have to "cough".

Mr. Gates of Los Angeles has taken up the position as Agent. He has been connected with the freight dept. there and has come to the *only* place in Southern California to recuperate and build up. You have made no mistake this trip Mr. Agent and you are welcome.

The much talked of "Silver-lining" which we were informed existed behind the political clouds in this beautiful valley disappeared on Nov. 3rd and to the delight and astonishment of many it was discovered early on the morning of the 4th that it had gradually developed into a golden hue—and McKinley is the honored citizen of the nation—the king is dead long live the king!—the silver idol is dashed to the ground and now we are to expect—Peace,—Prosperity and Happiness?

The good old Banning team has as only could be expected, vanquished all comers. The San Jacinto and Hemet teams came down here to gather laurels but were forced to bite the dust. But it was proven last Sunday that the Indian boys can play ball just a little bit when they defeated the victors by piling up a score of 14 to 8. Ramon was a "bird" when it came to the home runs.

The result of the vote in Banning is as follows: Total vote cast was 88 out of a registration of 102. Twenty voters failed to register and of those who were on the register 21 stayed away from the Polls.

For President: W. McKinley 49; W. J. Bryan 37; Palmer 1; one vote cast invalid. Member of Congress: Bowers 48; Carlson 3; Castle 32; Webb 2. For State Senator: Head 37; Jones 42. Assemblyman: Lindenberger 44; Mason 36. Woman's Suffrage: Yes 51; No 23.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE:

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Payable in Advance.

Entered at the Banning Postoffice as second-class matter.

BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

Discretion is a virtue too little known and seldom practiced. It is wisdom itself.

We hear so much of bad times. What the American people will yet have to learn is to prepare for bad times by economy.

Too much secrecy does not indicate a good heart. If you do the right thing, why are you afraid, to let your works see the light of the day?

To talk too much patriotism is indiscreet, as one might think, that nobody is imbued with patriotism except he publicly announces his patriotic feelings.

What Catholics lack is organization and a party of their own. We will perhaps never get it, except very late. In the meantime we will jog along with the other parties as their tail end.

A man, who thinks all and everything he does is O. K., is hopelessly lost, whereas one, who knows and acknowledges humbly his faults, is on the safe side. The same may be also said of nations and societies.

There are but too many who think that a Catholic paper or a school paper ought not to mention any polities. Ah—Dios—who in the world wants to read a paper treating solely on religion? or if not religion, on some tame wishy-washy subjects? Not you—nor we—nor anybody else! Therefore we

try to make the little "Mission Indian" interesting. We wish to gain subscribers and we give them a newsy little paper and if you get displeased with the publication, all what you have to do is to send in a few new subscribers as a thanksgiving, that the "Mission Indian" succeeded in arousing your interest.

Why do many of the American millionaire daughters marry European noblemen? Noblemen in Europe are as a rule very well educated—a few excepted, whom God denied the necessary mental capacities. The vulgarity exhibited lately by a mob of Yale students will confirm sincere and earnest people, that Education has very much to do with the above mentioned curious fact.

We published quite a number of jokes relating to the Diocesan and other news. Please do not misunderstand them. If there were more genuine, harmless fun and mirth in this world of ours, there would be less tears and less growling!

Charity is a word which ought to be known more generally. If there be more charity, one half of the misery and of the evils of the 19th century would be removed.

Far away, on the other shore of the vast ocean, lives a family, in which from time immemorial is practiced an example of charity, worthy of imitation by every one.

The members of the family consist of four brothers and four sisters. Three of the boys are now priests, the girls went into the convent, one excepted, who stays with her married brother. They are a happy family, living a contented life.

They possess a flour mill and are well-to-do. Every Friday is the day for the poor of the city. Whoever comes and asks for flour, will receive—gratis—enough to last the family for a week. There the remaining oldest daughter of the fam-

ily and sister of the proprietor of the mill, waits on the poor, from early morning till night every Friday all the year around.

The members of the family say, that this work of charity was practiced by their forefathers from time immemorial. This is true charity! Go and do thou likewise.

The Oldest Daughter of the Church.

Although the French law of 1889 renders every priest liable, after the conclusion of his one year's military service, to an annual service of twenty eight days, it has not been rigorously carried out until the present year. France now presents the scandalous spectacle of priests being drawn away from their parochial duties without any consideration for the special needs of parishes, and being compelled for twenty-eight days to wear a military uniform and sleep in barracks. At Lyons alone there are no fewer than eleven priests now serving their twenty-eight days who have been taken from their parishes. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that the officers of the garrison, from the commander downwards, show them all possible consideration. Even toward the seminarists the conduct of officers has been invariably the same since the law came into operation. There is the right feeling in the army, although it is so conspicuously absent elsewhere.

Rev. P. Yorke—on the "Mission Indian"
Missionary Work Among the Indian.

The Mission Indian, a monthly journal published at Banning and devoted to the interests of the Catholic Indians of Southern California, has completed its first volume. We congratulate the editor on the noble work to which he has devoted himself and on the success he has attained in this new field.

The little volume records a year's hard work for the neglected red man. Others excogitate beautiful theories on the education and development of the Indian, but the Catholic missionaries and Sisters bring him the teachings of Christianity and preach peace and good will to him. Looking over the volume we read the monthly record of such work and must admire the sacrifices which the missionaries make to do good. They have built schools to teach the children; they have raised churches wherein the Indians may worship, and day after day their presence tempers the wild nature of these dusky wards of the nation. Mon.

UNCLE TOM

To His Nieces and Nephews.

HIS ADMONITION FOR NOVEMBER:

Help the Poor Souls.

***** * *****

This month is the month of the holy souls. The month is set apart by the Church as that part of the year in which we should do all we could to take the poor suffering souls out of purgatory, and send them to heaven. What is a purgatory? "Purgatory is the state in which those suffer for a time who die guilty of venial sin, or without having satisfied for the punishment due to their sins." There is the answer of our Catechism. Purgatory is a state of suffering. The Church does not tell us what kind the suffering is, but many say that the suffering is by fire, and that the fires of purgatory are the same as the fires of hell.

And who are in purgatory? Those who die in the state of grace, the friends of God, whom God loves, and who love God. God wishes to have them with Him, and they wish to be with God. Why then do they not go to God? They cannot; for there are venial sins in their souls, or temporal debts due of them, and God declares that "nothing defiled can enter heaven," and that they must stay in this prison "until they pay the last farthing," the last cent. These poor souls cannot help themselves. They can do nothing to shorten their time of suffering. Can any one help them? Yes; we can help them. How? In many ways: We can offer up mass for them, we can offer up communions for them, we can say little aspirations for them. All these will help them. God will make their term of suffering short on account of all these means. God will take these masses, communions and prayers instead of the debt they owe Him. How good is God!

If you, my little friends, saw any one suffering, and that you could lighten their suffering, or remove it entirely, would you not find a pleasure in doing it?

"We would, Uncle."

I know you would, for you are all good. If you saw any one fall on fire would you not rush to help them out of the fire?

"Oh, yes, we would, Uncle."

If that person that fell on fire was some one you loved, a father, mother, sister, relation, or friend, would you not

be still more quick and more in earnest to take them out?

"Indeed we would, Uncle."

Now, in this big fire of purgatory are some of those souls we love. I have told you how to help them. Will you do it?

"We will, Uncle."

Will you say some little prayers every day for the poor souls?

"We will, Uncle."

All right, then; let us say together: "Eternal rest give them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

"Sweet Heart of Jesus, take those poor sufferers to yourself."

UNCLE TOM.

I Am Living in California!

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I read in the "Mission Indian" your instructive talk to your little friends about the Precious Blood of Jesus. I enjoyed it very much and shall try to recite every day the beautiful aspiration found at the end of your letter. Dear Uncle, I have heard of you many times but I do not know where you live. I have also been wondering, why you do not put on your letters the name of the State in which you live, so we can go and visit you. I think I shall try to find out, where you live.

I stayed here this vacation. I did not go home, because I have neither father nor mother. I hope to have the Blessed Virgin Mary for my mother and St. Joseph for my father. I do not see them but I pray to them that they may help me to lead a good life. And dear Uncle, I may hope to meet you in heaven. Your nephew

PETER SALVADORE.

One of the Bakers! Good!

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 26, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning I have a little time to write you a few lines, I would like to know how you are. I am very well, dear Uncle Tom. I must tell you about our school. We have a bright pleasant school room and a kind teacher. I think all the big boys like to go to school, and stay with the Mother, she is so good to us. I am learning to make shoes, and I like it very much. I also have charge in the bake-house. We bake only twice a week on Tuesday and on Friday. Dear Uncle: I hope you will excuse all my mistakes because I cannot speak much English, the next time I will try to do better. Your affectionate nephew

FRANCISCO CHAVIS.

Here is Your Letter!

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It gives me great pleasure to write to you. All your nephews and nieces are well. I enjoyed my vacation very much. Dear Uncle, perhaps you will pay us a visit next summer. How glad I will be to see you. I have two little sisters in school this year. Dear Uncle I think that I have forgotten you, no indeed! I remember you very well. Dear Uncle I should like to see my letter printed in the "Mission Indian". I remain as ever, your affectionate niece

VIRGINIA FLORES.

One of the Cooks!

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

These few lines I write to you because I love you. I enjoyed your letter in the "Mission Indian" very much. When I was at home I always received the news from St. Boniface's. I am trying hard to learn for I want to know everything. All your nephews and nieces are trying to be good and obedient to the Fathers and the Sisters. I pray for you very often, when I go to Mass in the morning. This month I have charge in the kitchen. I wish you would write often to your loving niece

JANE SAUBEL.

You May yet See Uncle Tom.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Oct. 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

With greatest pleasure I embrace the present opportunity of writing to you. I hope you enjoy a prosperous happy time. Uncle, I am a little anxious to know your address. You send us such nice letters but seldom tell us anything about yourself. I sometimes wonder what you look like. I am glad that God inspired that good Sister of the Precious Blood to offer her life to save yours. I shall pray that you may live to guide many of God's children in the narrow path that leads to Heaven. Please pray for your nephew.

RAMON CHARLIE.

Heaven is the Prize!

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Oct. 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Sister told us to write to Uncle Tom. Need I say that the announcement gave me great joy. I assure you, that it is always for me a great pleasure to write to you. And why should it not? Are you not the best of uncles to me? Perhaps mamma has told you that I have returned to school. Yes indeed; here I am once more a child of St. Boniface's Ind. School and I thank God that I am here, for I not only learn to read, write, and cipher and many useful branches of industry, but above all I am taught how to love and serve almighty God. Pray for me dear Uncle, that I may make good use of what I am taught here. Your loving niece

ESPERANCE BRITTAN.

Let us Know about the Soldiers.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
PRESCOTT, ARIZ., Oct. 11, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Here I am high up in Prescott, the altitude is 5,700 feet above sea level, but no matter how high it is, I do not forget my Banning friends, nor you dear Uncle Tom; I have been very lonely since I came here, but now I am interested in my studies which are about the same as in Banning. I go to school every morning and work in the afternoon. I study Catechism, Reading, Spelling, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, Physiology. The Church here is very beautiful, a grand choir, and very nice altar boys. The convent is only one mile from Fort Whipple. There are two companies of soldiers there, I see some of them every Sunday at mass. Mother Celestia says, I must go to the Fort some time to see the soldiers drill. I must not make this letter too long, dear Uncle, for it will tire you to read it. Pray for me dear Uncle. Your loving nephew.

VALEO JOHNSON.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MISSION INDIAN.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN
RESERVATIONS.

SANTA ANITA, Cal., SAN DIEGO CO.
Oct. 28, 1896.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, C. P.P. S.

Dear Sir:

Your favor from Sept. 15th was duly received, but I had no time to write. I did not tell you, when I went to Etiwanda, so you did not know it. You wrote to me, but I was not here in my place at Santa Anita. You will excuse me for not telling you about some thing. I will try to write a long letter for the children; many nice things, may be six pages. Good Bye. Pray for me and I will do just the same. Regards to you very respectfully dear Sir

FRANCISCO ALVERAS.

Here is the answer:

Dear Francisco:

Your letter needs to be answered. Please let me have a full account of all the difficulties of Chat Hehn and Ignacio Segundo. All the readers of the "Mission Indian" would like to know about it.

Now dear Francis, we are anxious, to find out. Pray for me and I will pray for you. May God bless you. Truly yours

B. FLORIAN HAHN, C. P.P. S.

AGUA CALIENTE, Cal.,
Oct. 15, 1896.

Dear Father:

I have to tell you, that to this place came yesterday at half past 7 o'clock 40 soldiers. They came from San Diego and they will stay inside a fence at the Captain's place till Oct. the 17th. All the people come now to see them.

That is all, I can tell. My best regards to you and to all the Sisters.

AMBROSIO ORTEGA.

Dear Ambrosio:

The regular army of the United States is so small, that the appearance of some soldiers is really a novelty. But then there are about 2 millions of men, able to bear arms in this country. If we would have a more numerous regular army, it would be better. It would be much more useful than the militia, or citizen's army and there would be better order in the land and we would be ready in case of war. In the meantime we are any how happy and satisfied. In November I will come and see you—to pray for the dead. I am yours truly

B. FLORIAN HAHN.

A LETTER FROM IOWA.

CORN CROP IN THE EAST IS PLENTIFUL—
APPLES YIELD AN ABUNDANT HARVEST.

After leaving Nebraska, from where my last letter to the "Mission Indian" was sent, your correspondent turned about face and went in the direction of Iowa, the "Hawkeye" State, which, as far as the production of corn, wheat, sleek cattle and prize hogs is concerned, ranks second to no State in the Union. When I reached the shores of the Mississippi the dense growth of woodland covering the hills on both sides of the stream already showed marked signs of the autumnal season, for myriads of leaves had changed from a bright green to the varicolored hues Jack Frost's initial touch imparts to the landscape, and the nights were beginning to grow extremely chilly. Who, as the time of year approaches when all nature is also in the "sear and yellow leaf" and the frost is in the air, but feels pangs of regret and sorrow at the waning glory of the warm summer evenings and delightful mornings and afternoons spent under the leafy boughs of a convenient shade tree?

To a person having just left the balmy breezes and warm sunshine of Southern California, as did your correspondent, the contrast is all the more sharply accentuated by the nipping air and departing beauty of the country hereabouts in the month of October.

In traveling through the middle Western States one's mind is impressed with the fact that the corn crop this year is an immense one. Wheat and oats were rather neglected by the farmers this season, and what acreage has been sown to these cereals, especially in the case of the latter, did not yield as well in point of production as was the case in former years, but the corn crop is abundant and promises rich returns notwithstanding the low prices prevailing.

Apples, too, are plentiful in all the middle Western States, and are being gathered and marketed at present. But owing to the bountiful supply the price has slumped considerably, and farmers generally are converting the apples into cider in preference to taking chance of sacrificing their crop in the open markets. Cider is also the foundation of that universal article of rural use, apple butter, the desire for which only becomes extinct after years of separation from rural life.

I congratulate "The MISSION INDIAN" on the completion of its first year in its chosen field of useful work, and trust that it may round the present century with added worth and increased appreciation by a large circle of readers. W. K.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The presidential campaign came to an end Nov. the 3rd and the result is, that only one of the candidates was elected President of the United States, viz. Hon. W. McKinley. He is now happy and will enter his residence, the White House, in Washington, March 4th, 1897.

Mr. W. J. Bryan is happy too. He did an immense campaign work for free silver and although defeated at the ballot-box, nevertheless is glad, to enjoy the private life of a citizen with his family.

All the people are glad, because the trouble is all over and nobody is honored anymore by nick-names.

Altgeld and Tillman and too much talk of the Populists gained thousands of votes for W. McKinley.

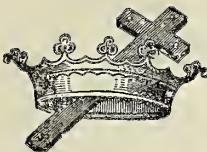
The Republicans have a majority in both houses of Congress. May their work bring about the desired prosperity for this fair country!

The blood-thirsty John Most, vulgo Hannes, is not satisfied with the progress anarchy is achieving in the land of the Red, White and Blue. He is going to live as a hermit in the forests of the West. That's right, Hannes. Your own followers gave you a hint with the barn-door, when you were thrown out of Clarendon Hall, New-York. Now, Hannes, put on first your head and then your hat and let your friends stick in the mud. Show, that you are a man and make your home in the domain of the "Arizona Kicker".

A new phase in the case of the Armenian massacres was created, when the Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone, in a speech called the Sultan "a great assassin." Now the ruler of the Turks wants to have Gladstone arrested and tried for libel. We hope, the Sultan will cool down and count all the victims—and there are thousands of them, approximately 50,000—that were slaughtered in Turkey at the end of the 19th century. Is it not an awful savagery, committed by the unspeakable Turk!

Poor Spain! Revolution in Cuba and revolution in the Philippine Islands and no telling of what will be the end of all this. It will require an uncommon, all-sacrificing patriotism of the Spanish nation to pull through these difficulties.

Emperor Nicholas during his late visit in France was enthusiastically welcomed by the French people. Their rejoicings and "Vive l'empereur" were unbounded. Is this not a queer world? A hundred years ago, Republican France murdered her legitimate king and now she is honoring, entertaining and cheering the Despot of Russia,



All Saints' & All Souls' Day.

On the 1st of November the Church celebrates the feast of All Saints. On this day we joyously look up to the better world, and think of all those who by faith and virtue attained their salvation and who are now in heaven, being in the state of perfect contentment, happy forever.

The 2d of November is the Memorial Day of the Church. The members of the Church assemble in the house of God; the Holy Sacrifice is offered up to Almighty God and our prayers waft to His throne for the souls of our departed kinsfolks, friends, benefactors, for all the faithful departed.

The Church of Christ consists of three divisions: (1) The *Church triumphant* in heaven, (2) the *Church militant* on earth, (3) the *Church suffering* in Purgatory; they form together the communion of saints. There is a constant intercourse between these three divisions of God's army. In heaven are the victors; our veterans, who have gloriously conquered their enemies on their line of march to the heavenly city; here on earth is the second division still engaged in bitter warfare, and in purgatory [the field-lazaret] are the wounded belonging to the victorious army, who, however, are detained there until their wounds are healed, so that they may make a decent appearance before their commander-in-chief on the day of their entry into the city. We who are still engaged in warfare look up to the veteran victors who have gone before us; we need encouragement, for the battle is fierce and the rage of the enemy unrelenting. And from above comes to us valor and inspiration. "If they could conquer, why not we?" If their reward is great and eternal — why not ours too? If by the tactics of the Gospel they avoided the ambuses of the enemy, and if by the weapons of faith, hope and divine love they broke through the formidable hostile phalanxes and safely reached the heavenly citadel — is not that proof, that also we shall conquer, if we use the same tactics and the same weapons, in one word, the same manner of warfare.

A well disciplined army even in the hottest contest does not forget, nor neglect the wounded; but they take them along, shelter them from the enemy and bestow on them all the care necessary to nurse them back to strength, so that they also may take part in the triumphal entry into the conquered city. These wounded soldiers are the souls in purgatory. They have been left in the charge of the Church militant. As they are helpless themselves, therefore we have to take care of them—to carry them along to the last triumphal entry into heaven. In this therefore consists the communion of the Saints, that we are helped by the saints in heaven through their encouraging example and their intercession, and that we in our turn help the suffering souls in purgatory through our prayers and other good works, especially through the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

The Church has defined very little about purgatory beyond its existence and our intercommunion with the souls detained there, and our duty, resulting from this doctrine of succouring them. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin." These words we read in the second book of the Maccabees, they are of the Holy Ghost Himself, teaching that there is a purgatory. Because if there was no purgatory, no possibility of making satisfaction for punishment due to sin in the next life, how then, could it be a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead? Would it not be rather a useless and superfluous work? In the New Testament our Lord clearly supposes this truth, when He says, that there are certain sins so grievous that they shall not be forgiven either in this world or the world to come. It follows thence, that there are certain light sins, that can be forgiven in the next world as well as in this life, or else the words of our Saviour would have no meaning. There is therefore an atonement and remission of sins in the next life and the place or condition of atonement we call Purgatory.

Besides this belief of ours is most reasonable. For since it is, on the one hand, most certain that nothing unclean can enter into the kingdom of heaven, and on the other hand very few even of the saintliest die altogether free from venial sin, it would follow, that if there was no future atonement, most men would be excluded from heaven. After death God deals with His creatures no more in mercy but in justice, and without a satisfaction there will be no remission of temporal punishment. To deny therefore purgatory or a place or condition of

atonement would deprive of heaven almost the whole human race, which is contrary to sound reason, and contrary to the infinite Goodness of God.

In conclusion, having briefly proven the existence of purgatory from the words of II. Macc. 12, 24, we ought to heed the admonition, contained in that text. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

During this month of November, according to the pious observance of the Church, the faithful have the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up for their deceased relatives and friends, they approach the holy sacraments themselves in behalf of the poor souls in purgatory, thus the practice, to pray for the dead, becomes a *holy and wholesome thought* both for the suffering souls in purgatory and also for us, who are living in this vale of tears.

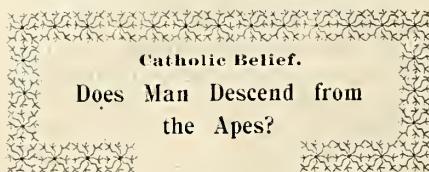
Miscellaneous.

A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight hovering between both, and is more bewitching than either.

Who can fathom the power and tenderness of a mother's smile? It is a healing balm which cures wounds sometimes necessarily inflicted—a bright sunshine which cheers the often laborious difficulties in education. To the young it is a joy, an incentive, a reward; though only a sweet, sad memory to the old, yet it revives a ray of brightness to soothe and encourage, as life with its duties goes on!

CHAUNCEY DEPEW tells this story:

I once asked a New England clergyman, a classmate of mine, who was stationed at Peekskill, what were his intentions for the future of a vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," said he, "my wife and I believe in natural selection, and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was, we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar and an apple. I said: 'If when we come back he is reading the Bible, I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar, I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, I will put him on a farm.' When we returned he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked: 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician out of him.' "



In the last issue of this paper a history of the creation of man was given as narrated in Holy Writ. This history is a subject, which may arouse the attention of every body, whatever his or her belief may be. Hence a consideration of it is called for and proper.

The teaching of the Church and of all christian creeds, that God created man and in particular the first man and the first woman, directly out of the slime of the earth and so forth, has been assailed especially by the so called free thinkers. These learned men say, that millions of years ago, there existed a few original species of matter; from these the more perfect organisms developed. Then came the great struggle or battle for existence; beings of a lower order were destroyed and by and by those, which sailed safely through this chaos of evolution became animals. From these animals at last man came forth. Monkeys or apes. (orang-outang, the chimpanzee or gorilla) are quoted to be the (missing) link.

Science has in many ways made progress and to believe in some kind of evolution in the beginning of the world is neither irrational nor against religion, although the whole teaching on evolution is very uncertain. But as to the creation of man, who is a rational being and who stands above every other living creature known, wise men ought to be very slow before assuming man's descent from an animal. Virchow, although believing in evolution declared, that there are two essential things, which have first to be proved, before they can be accepted as true; viz. the theory, that organic bodies may come forth from inorganic matter and the descent of man from some non-human vertebrate animal. Wallace, who with Darwin was among the first to say, that the origin of species by evolution was probable, is positive, that no matter how the body of man came into existence, man's mental and moral nature must have been a divine creation. We wish to give here a few points.

1) We consider the so-called battle for existence an imagination. We have heard of plants, flowers, trees etc. being brought to a more perfect state, we have also heard of animals being trained, but all this was done by man with his intelligence. Outside of man no creature ever perfected itself.

2) There is no creature known that by evolution changed its species; for instance a mouse never became a cat, nor a cat a dog nor a dog a horse and the offspring of a horse was always a horse; hence says Virchow, "we cannot teach and we can not pronounce it to be a conquest of science, that man comes from ape-like ancestors."

Of course, free-thinkers are still searching for the "missing link". But they have not yet found it, although they tried very hard and considering the ridiculous position of a man, who claims that his fore-fathers were apes, we have to say to these would-be-savants: "We congratulate you from the bottom of our heart on your ancestors".

But sincere christians, remembering how God can do all things and how God gave a direct revelation in the creation of man, will say: "We rather believe the Word of God, than the uncertain and unproved doctrines of infidels, to whom the 21st verse of the 48th psalm may be appropriately applied: "Man when he was in honor, did not understand; he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them!"

Cardinal Manning on Children.

I have sometimes thought when looking on a church full of children there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm or wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden and when he sees this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, not even the garden of Eden with all its glory and beauty of flower and fruits, was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God, than any garden, man ever formed.

In the heart there are so many windings and doubles, so many masks and disguises, so many false lights, so much paint upon the face, and so many artificial expressions of countenance, that it is certain we deceive ourselves as well as others. We must, therefore, be always

pressing onwards in the knowledge of self, with much self-mistrust, and with a desire to know the worst of ourselves.

(Cardinal Manning.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

Samuel Champlain in company with Sieur de Monte established a colony at Port Royal in Arcadia (Nova Scotia) in 1605. Champlain continued his explorations for a number of years, especially in the State of New York; Lake Champlain bears his name and was first seen by him in 1609.

Franciscan friars and Jesuits hastened from their mother country France to America, to convert the Indians.

A mission settlement by the Jesuits on Mt. Desert Island, Maine, was founded at that time. This settlement was destroyed by the English; one lay brother was killed by them; some of the settlers were placed into boats and left to the mercy of the waves, others were made captives and sent to France only after long suffering. Argall is the name of the human brute, who gave such an example of civilization.

Champlain then built Quebec on a more secure spot, and from this station the work of christianizing was carried on. The Indians, who were visited and christianized, were the various branches of the Alconquin tribes, the Wyandott or Hurons and the Montagnais.

The Iroquois or Five Nations in New York, savage and fierce Indians, waged bloody wars against the above mentioned tribes. Thus the work of christianizing was not only retarded, but many of the Mission Fathers suffered death. Thus Father Isaac Joques, Lalemont and Brebeuf died the death of martyrs. Father Isaac Joques' death was related in the last number of the "Mission Indian." Father Lalemant and Brebeuf were slowly hacked to pieces on stakes with indescribable cruelties at the mission of St. Ignatius in 1649.

The Huron tribes were finally destroyed and dispersed by the Iroquois, and thus the Jesuit missions in New York were destroyed. It is an old experience, the children of God are always the more unfortunate in this world. Our Lord says: "My kingdom is not from hence (from this world)." (John 18, 36.)

Still the undaunted Jesuits again resumed their labors and began the more dangerous and difficult task of converting the savage Iroquois. Bravery was always a virtue of the missionaries. If we Catholics would have the spirit, the Apostles and missionaries had, the A. P. A.'s would have to crawl into a gas pipe.

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1896.

NO. 3.

Los Angeles, Cal., December 4, 1896.

My dear Father Hahn;

I most cheerfully renew the approval of *THE MISSION INDIAN* given at the beginning of its publication, by my venerable predecessor, BISHOP MORA. I am sure that it has been a welcome visitor in every home into which it has gone. And as it is published in behalf of our Indian Schools, with a view of making the work of the Schools known, and calling attention to their needs I hope it will receive a generous patronage.

This is more necessary at the present time since the government appropriations are to be withdrawn next June. These schools are deserving of special consideration and the "*MISSION INDIAN*" ought to have a wide circulation both for its own merits and for the cause it advocates. Truly yours

G. MONTGOMERY,

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

CHRISTMAS.

present themselves. The past, the present, the future are there, with the mysterious dealings of a loving God with man. Looking into the dim and distant past the Christian sees our first parents created in original justice, and innocence, and a smooth road marked out for them over which to pass to their ultimate destiny. Then comes the fall, and its consequence: original sin the cause of our evil propensities. The gloom of the fall is made bright by the promise of a Redeemer. For four thousand years the prophets sighed and prayed for his coming. He was the expected of nations, the desired of the eternal hills. In this promise is the first great proof of the love of God for man. Man had offended God; it needed a man-God to make satisfaction for the offence. The Second Person of the adorable Trinity volunteered in His love for man, to become man, and make satisfaction.

What a beautiful idea the poet had, when representing the Almighty announcing the fall to astonished Heaven,

and asking if any of the Celestial powers would be willing to devote himself for the salvation of mankind.

"Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love

Which of you will be mortal to redeem Man's mortal crime? and just, th' unjust to save?

Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,

And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf Patron or intercessor none appeared;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell,

By doom severe, had not the Son of God In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

All the divine hierarchy was mute, neither angel, nor archangel, neither throne nor domination, neither cherubim nor seraphim was willing to undertake

The anniversary of the birth of the Redeemer is looked forward to with anxiety and pleasure by every one. Even to those, to whom its remembrance brings the sad recollection of a lost friend, there is not wanting a joyful desire for its coming. It seems almost impossible for any one not to be influenced by the universal feeling of happiness. The unbelieving who know not Christ share in the feeling, as though it were the result of a natural law. Homes are decorated, special banquets are prepared, Santa Claus visits the little ones, and the old exchange gifts all emblematic of that spirit of charity and love which has, as it were, its birth on Xmas morning.

To the Christian, what a vast view of most sublime and salutary thoughts

the sacrifice. None possessed the love which would give strength to drink the cup to the bitter dregs, without which the sacrifice would not be consummated, nor satisfaction made. The Second Person alone possessed the love that gave strength to be the victim.

He came, as the second Adam to undo, what the first Adam had done. The time fixed in the divine decree had passed, the Second Person became man; man according to His flesh by His birth of Mary; a man divine by His union with the Godhead. He was born of a virgin that he might be free from original sin, and a victim without spot and without blemish. He received life in a stable, in the lowest of human conditions, because we had fallen through pride.

What a mixture of innocence, enchantment and grandeur surrounds the cave at Bethlehem! The youthful daughter of ancient Israel, a Virgin and Mother—woman's two most glorious characteristics—disarming Heaven, and presenting her Son the sacrifice for the salvation of the race!! In that daughter we behold the refuge of sinners, the comfortress of the afflicted, who, all good, all compassionate, all indulgent, averts from us the anger of the Lord. The Sovereign of

Heaven among shepherds, the mighty God wrapped in swaddling clothes, the mysterious star, the air resounding with heavenly music declaring the purpose of the new-born babe!!

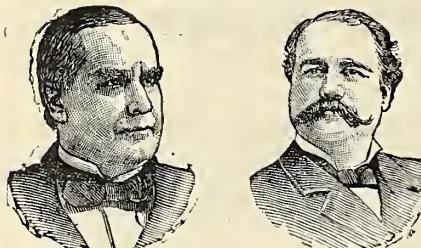
The Christian is overwhelmed with glory when his feeble mind contemplates the stupendous mystery of the Trinity, but standing in the Cave at Bethlehem tears of gratitude and compassion prevent his eyes from being too much dazzled, and allow him, for a time, to gaze on divinity hid under humanity. And whilst he gazes, the thoughts come in upon him of all the God-Man has done for us. His life, His sufferings, His death. The blessings that followed as consequence. From birth till death the Christian life is one unbroken chain of favors purchased by Jesus Christ. The family and the nation are bound together by nothing else than the immutable decrees of his justice and that close-binding bond of affection.

With all these reflections coming so strongly and quickly what remains but to join with the Heavenly choir singing: *Gloria in excelsis Deo?* Glory, praise, honor, to the loving God who has done so much for man. What remains, but in gratitude, to fall down in spirit at the

Crib and adore the Incarnate God. *Venite Adoremus.* But how prostrate yourself in sincere adoration, how sing with the heavenly Choir, if you are still enrolled in the army of the enemy of Christ? If your soul is in sin, whilst you join in these devotional rites what are you but a base hypocrite? You surely are not of those men of good-will to whom Jesus came to bring peace on earth. Peace and sin cannot exist in the same soul.

The four weeks before Xmas are called the time of Advent, and this season is set apart to prepare for the coming of the Savior. Every true Christian should prepare carefully to make sure that Jesus is born in him by his Heavenly grace. Particularly should the sinner prepare: for Jesus was born to die for sinners. Repentance will bring peace. Jesus will be born in the soul by His grace. A good confession and an exceptionally good, Holy Communion will make Xmas a real happy one. Christians, ask Mary's aid to help to prepare for the birth of Jesus. She is the mediatrix between us and the Eternal, and with a heart full of compassion for our miseries she forces us to confide in her maternal aid. Mary, Mother of Love, grant us a little of your true love for the new-born Jesus.

The President and Vice-President
of the United States
FOR THE TERM 1897 TO 1901.



Hon. William McKinley. Hon. G. A. Hobart.

The final count of the electoral votes gives McKinley 272 and Bryan 175. McKinley's popular majority amounts to about one million. It is the largest ever received by a presidential candidate in the history of this country.

St. Boniface's Industrial School.

Christmas is approaching. We have 115 good but poor children at our school. We ask our kind friends to help us to make the holy season of Christmas joyous for our little ones. Any donation, either in money, or provisions or clothing etc., will be thankfully received and

conscientiously distributed. We appeal to your charity, because we need help in our work for the poor Indian children.

A kind friend of our school, whom we do not know, sends us regularly a dozen of copies of *The Chimes*. The children read the paper with delight and we express here our sincere thanks for the favor to the generous giver.

We acknowledge the receipt of a number of vestments and articles of devotion from the Tabernacle Society Cincinnati, O., also from the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood at Mariastein, Egypt, New-Riegel and Thompson, Ohio.

We also received church-goods from Very Rev. Theopistus Wittmer C. P. P. S. Carthagena, O. Rev. Alois Malin C. P. P. S. New-Riegel, Ohio and Rev. Erhard Gluck, New-Riegel, O.

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy name's sake to reward with eternal life all them, that do us good: Amen."

The day of Thanksgiving, Nov. 26th was duly observed at the St. Boniface's Ind. School. In the morning solemn services were held and instead of a thanksgiving sermon, thanksgiving-prayers were offered up to Almighty God.

Sunday Nov. the 29th Bishop Montgomery paid a short visit to the school. The Indian children greeted the Bishop with two addresses, Peter Salyadeo and Jona Laz delivering them clearly and distinctly and the singing of "GOD BE WITH THEE" followed by some appropriate remarks by the Bishop closed the meeting.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MISSION INDIAN.



NOTICE

To the Readers of the "Mission Indian".

Some complaints have been made to us, that the "Mission Indian" does not reach our subscribers regularly. We mail the paper carefully and a mistake on our side is almost impossible. Inform us at once; we will send you another copy.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the first page of the "Mission Indian". If you find there at the bottom "Sept. 1897" the subscription is paid in advance for the 2d. volume, if you find Sept. 1896, pay to our representatives or mail to us 50 cts. either in stamps or money-order: if you find nothing at all on the first page pay \$1.00 in the way indicated.

If our kind readers do so and also gain new subscribers for us, unnecessary expenses are avoided and we are thus substantially aided in our work of charity for the Indians.

B. FLORIAN HAHN, C. P.P. S.

Diocesan News.

The day before 24th Dec. is called Vigil of Christmas; it is a day of fasting and abstinence.

The first Christians used to fast on this day and then watch and pray during the whole night from the 24th to the 25th of December.

On the vigil of Christmas the Church befittingly commemorates the death of Adam and Eve, our first parents, as it were in preparation for the second Adam, Christ, our Lord.

Christmas this year comes on a Friday, and this is the Friday, when the Church tells us: "You may eat fleshmeat." Hence have your turkeys, ducks, pigs etc. roasted.

On Christmas three masses are celebrated in all the churches; the first one at midnight or at 5 A. M., the second between 7 and 8 and third at 9 or 10 o'clock. These three masses are said, in order to commemorate the birth of Christ; His coming forth from the Eternal Father; His birth of the Virgin Mary and His being spiritually born in the hearts of the just and good.

December the 26th the feast of St. Stephen is celebrated; December 27th St. John the Evangelist; Dec.

28th the holy Innocents; Dec. 31st St. Sylvester, and Jan. 1st the feast of the Circumcision of our Lord, when the holy name of Jesus was given to him.

January the 6th is called Epiphany, appearance; on this day the three Magi or wise men from the East having come from far distant lands found and adored the Holy Infant Jesus.

The assistant priest of Father Bannon at Anaheim has gone to Santa Cruz. The position is still vacant.

The surroundings of the church and the priest's residence in San Bernardino bear testimony to the zeal and enterprise of Rev. Father Juan Cabaleria.

Father Reynolds is pastor of the "Needles". He said "good bye" to the celebrated ciudad Gonzales and telegraphed to Dr. Booth: "Coming on overland; hoist flags and order the band for the evening."

Rev. Father Rubio has resigned. Who does not know Father Rubio? Still many of his works and his truly apostolic life and spirit are known only to God. Priests like Father Rubio are an honor to our Church.

Rev. Father McCarthy was highly pleased with his first visit to San Jacinto and the people there were pleased too. Call the 29th of Nov. a true red letter day for San Jacinto. Keep it up, friends!

The German Catholics of San Diego invited a German priest from the East to come and take care of them. Now look here, dear friends, never do any such thing. It belongs to the Bishop to appoint your pastor and Bishop Montgomery will certainly do what can be done. Interference from outsiders will be objected to.

Rev. Father Reidhaar is stationed at Riverside to assist the Rev. Father McCarthy. Father Reidhaar is a linguist; speaking English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Chinese. Hence he will do a good work looking after the christians of the above nationalities and also after the Chino Johns in the county of Riverside.

■ A lady of experience and a practical cook desires a position as housekeeper for a priest. Write to the Mission Indian and mark envelope "A. A."

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated in Banning. Everything went off nicely and the "turkey" is the only thing that suffered. The turkey-shoot afforded all famous marksmen of our town plenty of sport and the "bulls-eye" was perforated quite often.

The San Jacinto Mt. and Grey-back are now looking their prettiest, and have put on their caps of snow for the accommodation of Santa Claus when he comes to visit all the good little boys and girls in Banning. He will have good sleighing whatever side he comes from and the stockings will be all ready for him.

The ball game which was one of the events on Thanksgiving day took place in the afternoon, and in spite of the balmy zephyrs that blew on that day the attendance was quite large, and the grand-stand, or "bleachers" as some one has dared to call that splendid structure, had its usual bevy of Banning's fairest. The result of a very fine game was in favor of Banning's "unconquerable".

The hunters are evidently quite busy in and around the foothills. The sweet music of the gun and clash of the rifle which brings joy to the heart of every royal sportsman, are to be heard from early morn till sundown. The Rev. G. Weckes now stopping at the Indian School is an ardent lover of the sport and the quail fully realize it since his arrival here. In fact all game quail at his approach.

At last nature has favored us with a slight change in the weather. We have enjoyed a little rain during the past month, and as all the fields in this most beautiful valley have been plowed and the barley sown, the country is now gradually being clad in a verdant coat which, to the eye of an Easterner looks as if it were spring-time instead of winter in our sun-kissed land of Southern California.

Mr. Will Mathis the "star" catcher of the Banning ball nine left for Prescott, Arizona on Tuesday Dec. the 8th. He was accompanied by Assidro Lugo the catcher for the Indians of Potrero both having secured good positions there. The greatest loss however befell the Indian School in the departure of Miss Nancy Morales better known as the "Indian Adelina Patti". Miss Morales was the leading soprano of St. Boniface's Ind. School, and the absence of her charming voice is felt very much.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

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BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1896.

We read in one of our exchanges: "Protestants will not convert to the Catholic religion as long as Catholics continue to use profane language and get drunk."

There are ten commandments of God and six commandments of the Church. We may sin in thoughts, desires, words, actions and by omission. If we trespass but one commandment, we sin against the whole law; because by doing so we refuse obedience to the Lawgiver, the good and great Lord in Heaven. Hence to commit a sin, whatever it may be, is an evil, and we may say an infinite evil, because God is disobeyed, as it were dishonored—and God is the Supreme Being, infinitely good and holy.

Sin admits of distinctions. We may sin in a trivial matter; this is called venial sin; or we may trespass God's law in a serious matter—mortal sin. Knowledge and consent regarding sin may also change the gravity of this great evil, as well instructed Catholics know.

Now it does not matter, whether a Catholic or a Protestant or a Jew commits the sin! Sin is sin and God will punish it. St. Paul says: "Immodesty, luxury, idolatry, enmities, contentions, quarrels, sects, envies, murders, drunkenness and such like, of which I foretell you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God."

Should a Catholic by living a vicious life, give scandal, then we may say of him, what the great theologian Adam Moehler said of those, who dishonored their high vocation in life: "Hell has de-

voured them"—"Hell will devour them."

Therefore sin is sin and leads to destruction and if some people watch the Catholics, they may know that there is a hell for all and every sinner, whether Catholic or Protestant or Jew or Pagan. If our Holy Father the Pope, whom we call holy, because he is the Vicar of Christ on earth, the first bishop in this world, the visible head of the Church; if this great Father of all Christians would commit sin, live and die in sin, he could not by the power, with which he is invested as Pope, absolve himself from his sins, but hell would be his habitation. Let it be understood by every one: Sin is sin and leads to destruction!

As we may sin against any one of the commandments, we ought to be guarded in making distinctions. A drunkard is a criminal indeed, also one, who swears and curses; not to mention those, who enjoy in their conversations to stir in the filthy pool of impurity; but they are no worse than a child, that by a licentious life heaps disgrace upon its parents, or a scoundrel, who goes about preaching infidelity or heresy,—or a thief—or a miser—or a slanderer, who robs the good name of his fellow-beings.

Nevertheless the bad example given by others, will not excuse us, if we persist in sin, and those who know the truth and are convinced of the truth, will have no excuse for refusing to accept it on account of the unfortunate Catholics, who disgrace their Church by a scandalous life. Religion does not interfere with the free will of man and he may choose either side—to be good and faithful or to be a sinner.

We are perfectly free, either to go to an eternal hell or to an eternal heaven! But when we appear after death before the all-knowing God, we then cannot say to our Judge: "I saw Catholics drunk" or "I heard Catholics using profane language",

because God will ask us: "What did *you* do? Tell me *your* sins and do not mention the faults of others!

Here in this present life, where we do not know the thoughts and desires of men, where deception is possible, we ought to bear in mind, that God is just and knows all things. He will give to every one his just dues, He will punish the wicked. If we desire to go to heaven and do not live up to our vocation and if any man knows, where to find the truth and neglects to accept it, the sins of our poor unfortunate fellowmen will be no excuse whatsoever.

Would it not be much better to call attention to the good points in the lives of Catholics? It is true and sadly true, that there are luke-warm Catholics; who bear the name and no more. But on the other hand, we have met Catholics, who never get drunk nor ever use profane language; we have met Catholics, who conscientiously pay their dues to the Church, who pay for their own schools, that their children may possess the precious gift of faith and yet pay taxes for the public schools; we have met Catholics that bring up families in the fear and love of God, we have met Catholics, who on Friday remember that Christ died for us on that day and they keep faithfully all the days of fasting and abstinence, we have met good and innocent young people, and also many, that practice heroic virtues, jewels of our religion and the pride of the Church, true models of a christian life. Why not select these as models for your imitation and let blasphemers and drunkards alone, except to help them out of the mire in which they are to perish.

Too many sensational statements are made by the press. Catholics, who give sensational, untrue matter to the press are traitors in the camp. It will take a long time ere the Pope

deposes an archbishop. Bishops generally have their privileges, which even the Holy Father cannot take away. By the publication of such articles, much harm is done! Many, who are sincere but weak are made to doubt and thus sensationalism becomes a seducer.

• • •
Catholic journals should never be instrumental in injuring the cause of the Church. Let our enemies do that kind of work. Then when they attack us, we will answer them.

In the meantime let us never doubt that a religion, which brings forth in thousands of its members the virtues of faith, mortification, prayer, chastity, true brotherly love and mercifulness cannot be the work of the devil, but the Church of God, even if some of its members live a life unworthy of their high vocation.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

It is only a few days before Xmas; therefore your old Uncle gives to one and all his best wishes for a holy and happy Xmas, and many returns. If your Xmas is holy, it must be happy, for you never find any one really good and holy, who is not at the same time happy. Holy and happy will you be if you try as much as you can to love the little Jesus. Nobody else is happy. People may laugh and look happy who are in sin, and do wrong, but they only *look* happy; their conscience makes them unhappy. When the laugh passes over, and the company goes away then they sigh and are sad. If you love Jesus you will hate sin, for sin is his enemy. The little Jesus born on a cold night in the stable desires very much that all children should love Him. He came down from heaven, and became little that little ones might love Him.

Jesus likes to come, and live in the souls of children. He will not come if there is any sin in the soul. If He comes, and finds that you love anybody else more than you love Him, He will not be entirely happy with you.

Do you want to be good and happy?
"Yes, we do, Uncle".

How will you be good and happy?

"By making a good confession and praying hard that we may love Jesus"
Do you wish Jesus to come and live in your soul?

"Indeed we wish it very much".

How does Jesus come?

"He comes by His grace, and He comes Himself in Holy Communion".

Who comes in Holy Communion?

"Jesus comes, Uncle, the same little Jesus that was born in Bethlehem".

Comes to where?

"To dwell in the souls of those who take Holy Communion."

Very good! Now, if what you say is correct, when you my little nephews and nieces, go to Communion, you are like the Blessed Virgin, you carry about with you the little Jesus. Therefore you ought to be very holy, and you ought to pray hard the days before Xmas, you ought to ask Mary the Mother of Jesus to teach, and help you to love her dear Child Jesus.

Everybody ought to say often, — O Mary, Mother of Jesus, and my mother, help me to give all my affection to this divine Child, who alone is worthy of my love. Make me truly good, so that my Christmas may be holy and happy. Always, Your old affectionate

Uncle Tom.

A Great Work, First Communion.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL
Banning, Cal., Nov. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write you this letter, because I am one of your best nephews. But one thing is, I cannot speak much English. I am trying very hard to make my first Holy Communion. Please pray for me, that I may receive the grace of Almighty God. I am your loving nephew

CORNELIO PEÑA.

—
The three loaves signify the three different ways, by which we may help the Poor Souls: (1) Prayer, (2) Works of Penance and (3) the Holy Sacrifice of Mass.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Nov. 3, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Yesterday we had a Requiem Mass at eight o'clock. When the Mass was over, Rev. Father Hahn preached a very interesting sermon.

Father told us, that one night a man came to his friend's house and knocked at the door, and he said: "friend give me three loaves", and his friend told him come in the daytime, but he continued to knock, so his friend arose, took three loaves and gave them to him, and he went away. Father Hahn said that they in Purgatory cry to us, "Friend, lend me three loaves because I am suffering very much". I will try to pray for the poor souls in Purgatory often during this month. And they will pray for me when they enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. I would like you to tell us something about the wind. Why is it so strong? This morning, the wind knocked down the window in our bath room. Write soon again, because your letter is always useful to your nephew

RAMON BARTIOL.

Time is Money.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., NOV. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

The boys have heard of you many times, but they do not know where you live. Please come to see your nephews, and nieces, most of them are well and happy. We all read your instructive letter in the "Mission Indian" about time. We paid much attention to your words, for they were very useful for boys and girls. May God bless you. I am your nephew respectfully

JOSEPH ROAN.

That Was the Reason, Why You were Beaten!

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., NOV. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Will you be glad to get this little letter from me? When the boys were writing to you last time, I did not write you because I had a very sore foot. We played a game of base ball with the Banning boys and I hurt my foot and had to stay in bed. I am glad you told us about the Precious Blood. We will be pleased if you tell us more such lovely things. Good bye dear Uncle. Your loving nephew

BENANCIO SEGUNDO.

It is There Now.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Nov. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my second letter to you, and I was very sorry, that my last letter was not printed in the "Mission Indian". I hope you will be glad to get this little letter from me. We are writing letters to you this morning and some of the other boys are writing to their parents and friends. I am trying very hard to make my first Holy Communion. Pray for me dear uncle that I may receive a worthy communion. Your little nephew

JOSE MARIA GARZA.

The Best Nephew.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Nov. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very glad that I have time to write to you these few lines. I hope that you are well and so am I. I am trying very hard to be a good boy. Dear Uncle, I hope you will excuse me for this time, because this is my first letter to you. Good-bye. I am your nephew respectfully

MARCOS SEGUNDO.

Take a Broom and Sweep Your Diamond!

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., NOV. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is with greatest pleasure, I write to you this letter to tell you something about your nephews. We always read your nice and beautiful letters in our school room. And we enjoy it very much indeed. Last night, Mother Florence asked the boys: "What did our Old Uncle Tom say in his last letter". Nobody knew, but one boy stood up and said: "Your Old Uncle no sabe mucho". We are practising how to play ball. We have a very nice diamond here, only that the ground seems to be very rough. Dear Uncle, what do you think is good to make the soil soft so that we can practise how to be the best players in Southern California. Dear Uncle, I wish you would ask Father Hahn to give us book containing the rules for playing base ball. Dear Uncle, I will now end my letter by saying to you: May God bless you. Good-bye. I am your loving nephew

PATRICIO LUGO.

A Great Power.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., Nov. 28, 1896. }
Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning by the power of my pen I shall have a little talk with you. The first thing that I shall tell you, is that I noticed in the "Mission Indian" a few notes on habits, the reading of which has made me resolve, to try to form good ones, while I am young. I know that my Old Uncle will be happy to hear that his nephew is trying to be a very good boy. I have written to you twice, but you did not print them in the "Mission Indian". Fare well — Dear Uncle. Your nephew

RAMON CHARLIE.

Although Old, I Can Read Your Letter.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., NOV. 28, 1896. }
Dear Uncle Tom:

This beautiful morning, I shall write you a few lines to tell you all the news I can. I shall begin by telling you what we did last Sunday. We played base ball with the Banning boys, but not a regular game, because the Banning boys stopped before we finished playing. I hope you will be happy to hear that your nephews are good players. I think before Christmas we will be fine players. Dear Uncle I have written many times, but you did not have them printed in the "Mission Indian". I hope this letter will be printed in the little paper, this month. Now I will close my letter because I think you are very old and cannot read very much. Your true nephew

FRANCISCO CHAVIS.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN
RESERVATIONS.

Bishop Montgomery Visits San Jacinto
and Cahuilla Valley.
Dedication of Santa Maria de
Nieve.

November the 28th we started from St. Boniface's Industrial School for Cahuilla Valley. Our party consisted of three persons, our beloved Right Rev. Bishop G. Montgomery, the editor of this paper and George Daniel the driver.

On the wagon could be found vestments for keeping services, clothing, lunch and blankets, also barley for the horses.

By the way, the names of these two horses are Billie and Nellie. They are a queer team, because Billie sometimes stands up on his hind legs and Nellie is a very ticklish animal, who ought by this time know better and never try anymore to pull back on the hitching-rope, thus endangering her precious life. Billie though will never have perfect "horse-sense." Thus we find also amongst horses fulfilled, what we say to the young: "Train a horse, when it is young" and to our young people: "A young man according to his way, even if he is old, he will not depart from it." After all, is it not a great God, Who gave

us these beasts, to help us, to be at our service and we are reminded of the story related by St. Anthony the Great. This saint visited St. Paul the hermit. St. Paul died and St. Anthony wished to bury his holy friend. Not having any shovel or spade, wherewith to dig the grave, he suddenly beheld two lions speeding through the desert and as if endowed by reason digging with the paws a grave. Then St. Anthony, astonished at this miracle, cried out: "Great Lord, reward these two beasts for their service in the way, Thou knowest." A similar prayer might be said for Billie and Nellie for their faithful services.

At the town of Beaumont, which is six miles west of Banning, we passed the residence of Rev. Father Fitzgerald. Not knowing that he had already returned from his parish—Redlands—we went on, forgetting to pick him up. Father Fitzgerald understands, how to make a mountain trip pleasant, hence we are sorry for having missed him.

From Beaumont we went on to San Jacinto. It was cold and chilly, even in the cañon which brings before the eyes of the traveler truly picturesque scenery. Do not these huge immovable rocks announce the greatness of God? Up hill and down hill we sped and reaching the other side of the mountain range we said our office. Now this office is a collection of prayers, psalms and extracts from Holy Writ. It must appear queer to non-Catholics, to see the priests saying their office. As every priest is bound under mortal sin to say this office and as Bishops and editors have very little spare time, they will say it sometimes on the wagon; but it is hard labor for the eyes. Says Dr. W. to us one day: "Why do you read so much; you better stop, else you may become crazy."

At 4 o'clock Billy and Nellie had made within one hour and forty-five minutes fourteen miles and we were at the Hot Springs or Relief Springs [hot mud baths] near San Jacinto. The new pastor of this place, Rev. J. McCarthy with Messr. Estudillo and Aguirre met us at the Springs, but as the good Father was very happy on account of his successful first visit to San Jacinto, he nearly failed to notice the episcopal carriage. Both vehicles with their respective parties then went on and arrived at 5.15 at the Church of San Jacinto.

The church is a neat edifice, seating about two hundred and fifty to three hundred persons. It is a frame structure and has many crosses and steeples, no bell, but a sacristy and a little room for the pastor, where he may lodge and board himself.

At 6.30 supper was served by Mrs. F. Estudillo, aided by the ladies of the congregation.

At 7.30 the services at the church began, the little house of God being crowded and even standing room at a premium.

Catholics as well as non-Catholics had hastened to the Church of St. Hyacinth to hear the good Bishop speak. The order of the service was: Rosary, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Bishop spoke for one hour and a half and everybody paid close attention to his words, especially when he explained the rosary to the audience.

The balance of the evening after services was spent chatting until the hour called for retirement. The people of San Jacinto and also the pastor of Riverside did not fully understand, why the Bishop was brought through the mountains at this cold season and when we explained, that the Bishop ought to find out the labor of traveling to the Indians and feeding on acorns, the answer was hurled back to us: "But you ought to know, that it is cheaper to send 'a live Bishop' back to Los Angeles than a dead one." Acts of contrition and good resolutions followed this remark.

Monday morning the team and rig brought the episcopal party from San Jacinto to Hemet Valley, where the residence of Mr. Charles Thomas is always open to the weary travelers and true hospitality shown to everybody. On the way Soboba was visited. There is a Government school on this reservation, where Prof. Burton teaches the young Indians. It does not take a long time to notice, that Mr. Burton is a successful teacher. The surroundings of his school show that attention is paid to industrial exercises, and we may both congratulate Mr. Burton for his successful work and also thank him for his kindness and gentlemanliness shown to us on this and on other occasions.

At 3 P.M. the party arrived at the destination and Mr. Thomas at once showed the good Bishop to the fireplace, where the logs of a pine tree were burning, diffusing heat for the cold travelers. The trip had been very pleasant; it was a warm day, but at the summit of the pass, about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, the wind blew cold and the Bishop was glad, that fifteen minutes more brought us to the fireplace.

After supper, the kind Bishop had a chat with Mr. Thomas around the fireside. Mr. Thomas lives in Hemet Valley since 1860. As he breeds and trains fine horse-flesh and as he has seen the turfs all over the United States and Mexico,

his experiences are very numerous. He related amongst other things, that he visited nearly all the two hundred and seventy-five churches in the City of Mexico; especially also the shrine of "Quadelupe". He stated, that there are twenty one tons of silver in that Church used for ornaments. Mr. Thomas then spoke about the wealth in Mexico and finally gave a graphic description of a foundling-house in New-York, mentioning amongst other things, that he had shipped as a donation to the good Sisters in charge a consignment of port wine for their sick inmates, but when the box arrived, the two jugs were empty. We would call the attention of our confratres to this fact, as many times mass wine may be adulterated by the contents being extracted from the bung-hole and then the vessel filled up with water, thus rendering mass wine unfit for the sacramental purpose.

The boys and girls at Mr. Thomas' residence were rather afraid to meet the good Bishop. But after putting on their best suits, washing, cleaning and shaving they took courage and discovering the condescension and affability of their Bishop, they were delighted to have him in their midst.

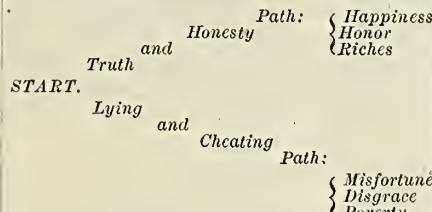
The night was then passed sleeping. The next morning was clear and cold, 4400 feet above sea-level! "This is a great place, Father!" said the Bishop, walking up and down the garden path.

After breakfast we departed from the good Thomas' family for Cahuilla Valley. It was a cold drive for about an hour, but climbing up the hill, which separates Hemet Valley from Cahuilla Valley removed the chilly feeling. On the summit the carriage was willingly boarded again and in one hour and a half Billie and Nellie had brought us to the new Church in Cahuilla Valley, dedicated afterwards by the Bishop to "Santa Maria de Nieve" or "Mary of the Snow", a truly befitting name.

There is no necessity to give an account of the usual, nice dedication-ceremonies. After the blessing of the Church mass was said and after mass the Bishop preached in English. He particularly referred to the necessity of receiving the Sacraments of the Church, alluded to the proofs found in Holy Writ for Confession and Holy Eucharist and promised to come again to confirm those, who ought to be confirmed.

Mrs. Salisbury, the teacher of the Government's School and Mrs. Moses the "Field-Matron" of the reservation were present at the services.

Mrs. Moses kindly invited the Bishop to a cup of coffee and the offer was accepted. Mrs. Moses is but one month in Cahuilla Valley. She was formerly matron of the little boys at the Indian school in Wittenberg, Wis., and transferred from there to Cahuilla Valley. Mrs. Moses is no doubt an earnest worker, although new in the position of field matron. She related to the Bishop, how a little Indian boy lied and received provisions under false pretences. This prevailed upon her to draw the following diagram on the black board, which we here give to our young readers.



Mrs. Moses gave us moreover an account of an interesting Indian trial, which took place about 2 years ago. An Indian left his wife and house, to work in Riverside. His wife in the meantime proved faithless and lived with another Indian. Then came the trial. The woman was fined a calf; the man, who lived with her, was fined a calf too and finally her husband was also fined a calf, for having left his wife and not taking proper care of her. Question: Who got the calves?

It was indeed very kind of Mrs. Moses to show her hospitality to our good Bishop and the favor was gratefully appreciated.

On a hill in Cahuilla, locked up not in a jail but in a square box was Pedro Casero. He had been sentenced by the Captain and the Judge to sixty days jail or a corresponding fine. The poor fellow was suffering from cold and hunger and at the suggestion of the Bishop we went up the hill to see him.

"Why are you locked up here?"
"I didn't do nothing, you know, I am always good."

"Do you feel cold?"
"Garambo, I nearly died of cold last night."

We then told the Captain, that their jail was not in condition to be inhabited by any human being and he promised to remove the prisoner to another more comfortable house. Pedro Casero was accused of having committed some offence and although the Indians do right in punishing crime, they ought to have a suitable jail and then be careful, that no spite work is actuating them. By the way, a similar jail is in Banning and to say the truth, it is a disgrace to civilized people. A criminal ought to be punished but let the punishment be free from inhumanity.

All the Indians at Cahuilla Valley were present at the services and we need not mention, that they all followed the ceremonies with great interest. Why should they not? Bishop Montgomery was the first bishop to see Cahuilla Valley and to behold the natives in their homes.

The return to San Jacinto was made at 1 P.M. At the sulphur-spring of Mr. Thompson we rested and tasted of the sulphuric water. Then on we went, up hill—down hill—over rocks and ditches—crossing many little valleys. The roads generally are in very good condition, thanks to the enterprise and care of Mr. J. Shaver, Supervisor, to whom a vote of thanks was offered by the episcopal party.

At 6.45 the pretty village of Hemet was reached. It is situated two and a half miles south of San Jacinto on the Santa Fe R. R. As it had grown very dark, the nearest road was not found, but at 7.15 a despatch could have been sent to the zealous pastor of Riverside:

"The Bishop alive, his cold almost cured, will return to morrow morning to Los Angeles."

The visit of Bishop G. Montgomery to San Jacinto was a red letter day for the few Catholics there. The visit to Cahuilla Valley was another red letter day for the Cahuilla Indians. The Bishop's kindness and zeal for his flock was the delight and joy of everybody, but was especially appreciated by the people of San Jacinto and by the Indians. Long live Bishop Montgomery!

A Royal Deed.

The great Frederie, King of Prussia, was one of those conspicuous rulers of whom historians never weary of speaking. He could be as kind as he was severe, as forgiving as he was at times unrelenting. Once when he rang a bell for his page, no one appeared. He opened the door of his ante-chamber and found the little fellow fast asleep. A paper, upon which something was written, was sticking out of his pocket, and this the King took the liberty to examine. It was a letter from the page's mother, and ran as follows:

"Thank you, my dear son, for sending me so much money, saved from your salary. It was greatly needed. God will surely reward you; and if you serve Him and your King faithfully, you will have your reward."

Upon reading this, the King went back to his room, brought a handful of gold and put it into the boy's pocket, together with the letter. He then rang loud and long; and the sleeping page at last awakened, and hurried into his royal master's presence, rubbing his eyes.

"You have been asleep while on duty," sternly said Frederie.

"I fear it is true, sir," stammered the boy; "but I was ill last night, and lost my sleep. I pray you forgive me."

Then, in his embarrassment, he put his hand into his pocket and found the gold. The tears came to his eyes, and he turned pale.

"What ails you?" asked the King.

"O sir," replied the boy, "some one wishes to ruin me! I know nothing of this money. It is not mine."

"Sometimes," said the king, gently, "when God wishes to bestow a gift, He does it while one sleeps. Send this money to your mother; and tell her that I say you are a good boy, and that I will take care both of her and you."

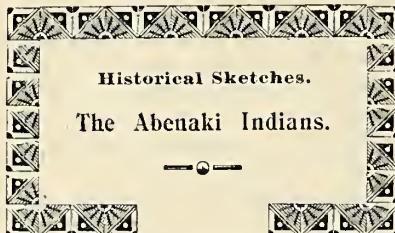
FRANCESCA in the "AVE MARIA."

Spirit (at Lily Dale *seance*): "Don't you know me? I'm the spirit of your mother-in-law." Investigator: "You can't fool me. My mother-in-law always brought her trunk with her."

Good Night.

There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good night! The little one lisps it as gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children, friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barks of life set sail and go onward into the darkness and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us; it is the vigilance of One stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same meaning. "Good-bye" is only God with you." "Good night" is really "Good night," or "God guard the night." It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say "Good night."

Selected.



Before we follow the zealous French missionaries in their work for the conversion of the savage Iroquois Indians, we will briefly relate their labors for the christianizing of the Abenakis and of the Hurons.

The Abenaki Indians belonged to the Algonquins and lived in the eastern part of Maine. They were the first to see the rising of the sun and were less errant than most of the other tribes. Although brave warriors, they were never charged with cruelty. Purity of morals raised them above other Indians.

The first attempt to establish a mission among the Abenakis was made on Mt. Desert Island and ended by the breaking up of the enterprise by the brutal Argal, as related in No. 1 of the "Mission Indian".

In 1646, the Jesuit Father Gabriel Druillettes was sent by his Superior to the Kennebec River, to establish a mission. He first learned the language of the Abenakis and then preached the Gospel to the Indians. God gave a wonderful blessing to his instructions. Preliminary to being admitted as catechumens, Father Druillettes made the Indians make the following promises:

- 1) To renounce intoxicating drinks;
- 2) to live in peace with their neighbors;
- 3) to give up their medicine bags, drums and other superstitious objects. To these demands they all agreed. Baptism was not administered except after duly trying the faith and perseverance of the neophytes. Nevertheless many were baptized and Father Gabriel Druillettes was amply rewarded for his labors and nothing could excel the devotedness of the Indians to their missionary. Still Father Gabriel Druillettes had to experience some mistrust and hatred from Englishmen.

After Father Gabriel, other Jesuit missionaries were the spiritual guides of the Abenakis. Father Sebastian Rale, S.J., was the most conspicuous of them. Unfortunately some of the Indians lands were disputed territory between the French and English and the war of 1703 involved the missions in a desolating war. New England had passed an act, condemning the Catholic missionaries to imprisonment for life, but at the same time, they asked the mediation of the missionaries to obtain neutrality on the part of the Abenakis. In this they failed, and revenge was especially sought for and the life of Father Rale threatened. There existed a deadly hatred of the New-Englanders against this missionary. A rival mission amongst the Indians was begun 1717, but failed. Then the mission of Father Rale was attacked; he fled and lying crippled under a tree in the forest, was not discovered by the English. But everything in his church and in his cabin was stolen, amongst other things the Abenaki dictionary, a philological work of twenty and more years, written by Father Rale and now still preserved with greatest care in the library of Harvard College. After this outrage, the Indians went on the warpath. Father Rale stayed with them, living on acorns and willing to die with his flock. Peace was spoken of in 1724, but before concluding it a last attempt was made on the life of Father Rale. On the 23d of August 1724 a small force of English and some Mohawks surrounded suddenly the village, where Father Rale was staying. As he knew the object of their hatred, he at once went forth from

his cabin and when he reached the mission cross a volley laid him dead at the foot of the cross. The corpse of the aged missionary (66 years at the time of his death) was hacked and mangled, mutilated and trampled upon. Then the English rifled the altar, profaned the sacred host and fired the church. Thus fell the greatest of the Abenakis missionaries.

The missions amongst the Abenakis have been continued up to the present time, although these Indians have dwindled to an insignificant number, not even reaching 1000. We conclude these remarks with the following pathetic lines on the Abenaki Indians.

*We come from the East, from the land near the sea,
By the tribes we are known as the Abenaki.
We first see the sun, when he rises at morn,
We're first on the hill when the new day is born.
First met the pale face who came over the sea,
First Christians became we—the Abenaki.*

*Our fathers now sleep, in the graves by the sea
To the westward are flying the Abenaki,
Our camp fire is quenched and our wigwams are torn
Down the hill slope of sorrow our people are borne,
We have left the dear haunts by the mighty salt sea
And scattered like leaves are the Abenaki.*

*Like birds in the summer, our braves you could see
In the days of their glory—the Abenaki.
Like birds disappearing when winter is nigh
The men of our nation their ancient homes fly,
They pass like the flocks that in autumn you see,
But return not in spring time—the Abenaki.*

*Like stars in a sky that from dark clouds is free
Were the braves and the squaws of the Abenaki.
Like stars when the first flush of morning comes on
In the depths of the blue they forever have gone
And the sun that has dim'd them is glorious to see
And its light gilds the path of the Abenaki.*

Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best,
Planting seeds of knowledge pure
Through earth to ripen, through Heaven endure.

EMERSON.



A CORNER IN SMILES.

An Affectionate Good Bye.

A country minister pathetically took leave of his congregation as follows:

"Brothers and sisters: I come to say good bye. I don't believe God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits you shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go you can not now come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good bye."

The Mission Indian

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1897.

NO. 4.

SAN LUIS REY.

Mission of St. Louis, King.

The heading of the "Mission Indian" ever since its publication bears the drawing of the Mission San Luis Rey.

It is designed by Rev. Paulinus Trost, a priest-artist of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, to whom we again render our sincere thanks.

The Mission San Luis Rey is located near Oceanside, San Diego Co., Cal.

It was founded and established on the 13th day of June 1798 by the Franciscan Fathers Santiago and Peyri. The original plan as well as the buildings erected justify the name San Luis Rey; this mission being the most magnificent amongst the others, the Royal Mission.

The success of the establishment of San Luis Rey is particularly due to Father Peyri, who was one of those apostolic men who knew no fail in their undertakings. The buildings were completed in the year 1802. San Luis Rey is situated upon a hill, which arises slowly from the river and the valley. The surrounding country is very fertile and yielded ample pasturage to the cattle and sheep of the mission. In 1826 Father Peyri had two thousand eight hundred and sixty Indians and his mission was one of the richest in temporal affairs. In the year 1834 the mission San Luis Rey was secularized. The Franciscan friars at that time had 2500 Indians under their spiritual care and they controlled an area of 200,000 acres of land.

The church of the mission was a fine

structure, 160 feet long, 50 ft. wide, 60 ft. high and had massive walls, 4 ft. thick. It had a tower with eight bells and a corridor with 256 arches. There were gold and silver ornaments, not found in that quantity in any of the Catholic churches now in the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles.

Though time has laid its hand on the structure it still wears the traces of its former grandeur. The dome which rises above the sanctuary is perfect in its proportions, to the sides and over the altar are handsome groined arches. On the right of the chancel is an antique staircase leading to a pulpit of Byzantine wood.

When the order of secularization was received in San Luis Rey, Father Peyri had already spent thirty years in working for the welfare of the Indians, he had learned to love his children of the forest and they, in turn, clung to him with the most devoted affection. Wishing, therefore, to spare them pain, he kept his decision to depart a secret, and under the cover of night began his journey to San Diego. As soon as his children became aware of their loss, they determined to bring back by force the Father they loved so well. For this purpose five hundred of them, on their swiftest ponies, soon sped across the forty-five miles that separate San Luis Rey from San Diego. Poor Indians, their father was already beyond their reach, for just as they arrived, the ship in which Father Peyri sailed was weighing anchor. Standing on the deck, with uplifted hands, he blessed his children whose cries were heart-rending; so intense was their grief, that many threw themselves into the water and swam after the vessel, which four succeeded in reaching, and would not relinquish their

hold of its sides, until the good father yielded to their wishes and took them with him to Rome. Could a greater testimony of the Indians' love for him have been given, or a more marked appreciation of his labors shown? All that is mortal of Father Peyri rests in sunlit Spain, but his memory is still held in benediction at the grand old Mission of San Luis Rey.

Connected with this Mission is the memory of another saintly friar, Padre Salvadeo. So few were his words and peculiar his manner, that strangers might be led to think that his mind was somewhat unbalanced. But by those who knew the nobility of his character, Father Salvadeo was reverenced as a saint while the children of his flock loved him as their father. This holy friar and Son of St. Francis led a life of continuous prayer and mortification. Would that all those who labor for the welfare of the Indians, were animated with a zeal as untiring as that, which burned in the breasts of the founders of the Californian Missions.

The Franciscans have ever prized these grand monuments of Christianity in our land and in 1892 it was decided to repair and keep from ruin the Mission of San Luis Rey. Father O'Keefe, from Santa Barbara, was sent to direct the work. On May 12, 1893 the Mission was re-opened and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Among those present were three Indian women who had witnessed the first dedication of their beloved church by Father Peyri.

Much credit is due to Father O'Keefe for the efforts he has made to preserve from decay the majestic old buildings.

There are at present six Franciscan Fathers and ten novices at San Luis Rey. Their Superior is the Very Rev. Francis Alvarez, an old venerable son of

THE MISSION INDIAN.

the order of St. Francis. Rev. Raphael Hernandez is master of novices, whereas the temporal affairs are in the hands of Rev. Father O'Keefe, who by his experience and knowledge of California and its peculiarities is eminently qualified for this position.

The location of San Luis Rey is such as to make it a natural center from which all the other Indian missions in California might be easily attended to. May it rise once more to its former splendor is the sincere wish of the "Mission Indian."

◆◆◆
The Constitution of the United States.
Article II.—The Executive Department.

SECTION 1. Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the president of the Senate. The president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of the electors appointed; and if no person have such a majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, when-

ever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as president, as in the case of the death or constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of the electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No person except a natural-born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President; and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the execution of his office he shall take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

SECTION 2. The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy

of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have the power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in the case of impeachment.

He shall have the power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.

SECTION 3. He shall, from time to time give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

SECTION 4. The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

◆◆◆
MISCELLANEOUS.

He that loseth wealth, loseth much; he that loseth friends loseth more; but he that loseth his spirits loseth all.

Spanish Maxim.

Virtue is the only investment that never fails.

If the fault-finder should spend the time he usually consumes in criticising others in the faithful care of himself, he would doubtless find himself too busy to resume his old occupation.

Diocesan News.

1897.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The new church in Santa Anna was blessed on the 3d inst. Bishop Montgomery preached.

On the same day the anniversary of the blessing of the church in Redlands took place. Father Hahn preached.

Father McGreevy, the chaplain at St. Joseph's Sanitarium, San Diego, is very feeble.

Father Donnelly of Hamilton, Ontario, is staying at Beaumont, and making great improvement in health.

Our theatrical column is not up to the mark in recent times. It cannot be helped. Our loss is Riverside's gain.

Father Scannell of Ventura is sick at the hospital at San Diego. The genial doctor is missed from the old stand.

A practical address was lately given to the lunatics at the Insane Asylum; the subject was: Necessity of Selfrestraint.

The body of Father Blake was transferred from Yuma to the new Calvary Cemetery in Los Angeles. A special vault is prepared for the clergy.

Two Rev. Fathers were described by a railroad man as "the old man and his son." A touching description! It told of the attentive kindness of the younger.

The little trappings of the crib in Pomona were scorched on Christmas evening. It disturbed the stillness of the congregation to the cost of ten dollars to the insurance company.

The Greater Los Angeles is a fine paper, well written, and well brought out. The cut on the third page is exquisite. "Joe", as his friends familiarly call Mr. Lynch, is a writer and a scholar.

How consoling to hear of Xmas. celebrations everywhere! But of altar-rails crowded at midnight mass O'Kane has something to say to persons, who do not know Latin.

It is a mistake to publish mistakes and it is no mistake to keep out mistakes and to keep out those who can detect mistakes. Everybody is liable to make mistakes.

The three new altars at Santa Monica are very pretty. The paths to the church and to the Father's house are all made smooth—which one would expect. Now, Father, for the ambition of your life, the future academy.

Father Barron of the Old Church and Father Clifford of the Cathedral paid a pleasant visit to the Mission Indian's sanctum. The air in San Gorgonio Valley is always refreshing for the City-Fathers.

The German Catholic Society of San Diego through its secretary, Mr. Winter, an excellent gentleman, denies the statement, that a German priest was invited (by that society) to take charge of the new future parish in San Diego.

Father Doyle is progressing famously with his collection for the new church in Boyle Heights. He says "the people come to him with subscriptions." How nice it would be if such a disease was contagious?

The *Mission Indian* is grateful but cannot accept invitations to long range dinners. Ten cents worth of meat, and five cents worth of bread does not balance what the railroad must get, until such time as Dr. Shaw of honey-moon-fame discovers wings.

St. Boniface's Industrial School.

Through the pages of the MISSION INDIAN, we wish to express most sincere thanks to all the kind benefactors of our school, who by their generous contributions enabled us to make the Xmas. holidays a time of joy and festivity for our little ones.

May the Divine Master grant joy and prosperity here and eternal life hereafter to all who so kindly remembered His poor Indian children.

B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

It is cruel of the *Monitor* to begin the year by reminding Scipio Craig of those little mistakes of the past. What were they but trifles—calumnies against the Catholic Church taken from some of the famous "quoters" of San Francisco.

John P. Irish made the mistake of his life in hitting his head against the rock. If he has received hard knocks he has no one to blame but himself. "What will he do?" was asked of one of his friends, "Consult his lawyer?" "No sir—keep still."

The quickness of real genius is striking. Recently one of our confratres visited a public school and was asked by the principal to address the children. He consented and for a moment was non-plused to get a non-sectarian subject. But the movements of a little girl's jaws gave the subject, strictly non-sectarian: "Pepsin-Chewing-Gum."

The Indians at Cahuilla Valley inform the "Mission Indian", that Pedro Casero,

"the prisoner on the hill", was furnished sufficient food, but refused to eat it, saying it was poisoned. They declare to be sorry, that Pedro Casero is not punished for his crime.

Father P. C. Yorke was charged of criminal libel by Geo. Thistlethorn. In the *Monitor* Father Yorke's excellent journal, Geo. Thistlethorn is quoted to have said in a secret council of the A. P. As.: "that he was an A. P. A. before there were any A. P. As. and that Rome's red hand had landed him in San Quentin." The case was promptly dismissed by Judge Campbell in San Francisco. *Et portae inferi non praevalebunt!*

Miss Kane of the Indian School Perris is at present in Washington, D. C. The Indians will miss her very much as she was a great help to them during her short stay. She was very kind, her disposition was motherly in every sense of the word, yet she was firm and there is no doubt that her dignified bearing had much to do with her great success as a matron. It is to be hoped that her health will improve thus enabling her to return once more to the land of constant snow and sunshine.

EDUCATION.

One of the healthiest signs of the times is the veering of the secular press towards directing attention to education. Very much of the education to day is not of the practical kind which Americans ought to have. It is in many cases superficial and lacks thoroughness. A little of everything, but not enough of anything. There are graduates galore, with just enough of knowledge to remove the necessity of using the Scotchman's prayer "God gie us a guid opinion O' ourselves." To point to the cause of this is not an easy thing. Many writers think that what people get for nothing they do not appreciate, they set down the value of a thing by what it costs. Education costing nothing is set down as of little worth. Had the parents of children to pay individually as common justice demands for education, then perhaps it would receive more attention and be more thorough. Common justice of course demands that the duty of education should devolve on the parents, not on the state or taxes. As well may the parents demand food and clothing for their children as education. The duty of the state comes in only when the parent is unable to give education. The omission of religion in education is the beginning of the end.

Sincerus.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S

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BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1897.

Ash-Wednesday falls this year on March the 3d, Easter on April 18th and Pentecost on June the 6th.

Article II of the Constitution, which our readers will find on page two of this number is just now interesting reading for everybody.

The year 1813, when Napoleon's power was crushed in the battle of nations at Leipsic had the feasts exactly on the same dates as the year 1897 will have them.

How was Christmas Night celebrated? Some folks stayed at home or went to church, whereas some visited the theatre and masquerade balls. Christmas-Eve or Night is an ill chosen time for going to a dance except if you dance as did King David.

Congress passed a law, that every immigrant has to prove his ability, to read and write the Constitution in his respective mother-tongue. A good law thus far. Congress though deemed it necessary to except the Cuban patriots. Question: "Are most of the Cuban patriots ignorant people?" or "Is Coxey's army in Cuba?" or "Does Congress desire to increase the number of discontented people in the United States?" It is such an easy matter, to make the people excited!

The candles, which are used and lighted during the services in our churches, are solemnly blessed on CANDELMAS-DAY, February the 2d. These lighted candles have a manifold signification. They represent

to us CHRIST, OUR LORD, *Who was the true light, which enlightened every man, that cometh into this world.*

John 1, 9. They tell us, to raise our eyes toward heaven and to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice. They admonish us, to let shine the light of our good works for the edification of our fellowmen and to guard well the light of holy faith. They teach us, to be children of light, that we may one day enter the heavenly Jerusalem, where the perpetual light shines upon all the blessed.

The secular and political press in this country sometimes discusses religious topics. It is not to be supposed, that the editors of political journals have gone through a course in theology. Hence their effusions on religion are to be read with the distinct understanding, that they cannot be considered authorities.

Still sometimes these articles on religion, written by unauthorized men, are doing an immense harm. They may create in the mind of the reader a spirit of indifferentism, which is the parent of infidelity.

To read in a paper, that the Nazarene (!) was a man, the embodiment of meekness and humility, but that His whole career was one of egoism or sublime altruism, is indeed misleading even if a distinction is made of the two kinds of egoism.

The foundation of the christian religion is the belief in a Redeemer, which supposes that the human race had previously fallen, thus necessitating a redemption. The Redeemer could not be one who was himself in sad need of redemption, hence he had to be holy, pure, without stain. As no such perfect person could be found in this world and as sin is an offence of infinite gravity against God, He decreed to send His only Son, the second person of the Blessed Trinity to take flesh, to live amongst the children of mankind, to teach them,

to prove His mission by miracles and to suffer and die for man's redemption.

These few words express briefly the teaching of all the christian creeds. Those, who say that Christ is not God, but a man, make Christ a liar, as was explained in No. 10 of the I. Vol. of the Mission Indian. Hence he who denies the divinity of Christ, has no claim to the title *christian*, as it would be unreasonable to believe in any of Christ's teaching if He was not a truthful teacher.

From these few statements we may form an opinion of our own, when we read in the papers our Redeemer styled the "Nazarene" with the attribution of being an egoist, and even the far-fetched explanation of egoism, and the extolling of Christ's wisdom etc. will not make up for the irreverence exhibited to the Person of Christ, although, we concede it may have been done unintentionally. But these articles are proof that religion is a dangerous subject to be selected by one, whose calling is for temporal or political affairs.

The "Mission Indian" wishes to call the attention of the kind readers to the above in order to guard them. Christ is our Redeemer. Not egoism brought Him down from Heaven, but His divine charity, His compassion with fallen mankind. It was not egoism, why He declared Himself God, but in order to give testimony to the truth and to convince the world of His divine mission. The following extracts from Holy Writ are good reading in this respect:

He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. Phil. II, 8.

If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou me? John XIII, 23.

Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. Luk. XXIII, 34.

For I have not spoken of myself, but the Father who sent me, he gave commandment what I should say and what I should speak. And I know that his commandment is life everlasting. John XII, 49, 50.

My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do the will of him, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself. John VII, 16, 17.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

When you knelt in the chapel on New Year's morning and felt so happy that God had given you another bright new year, did you think how wisely you should use His gift. Why did God give you another year of life? If I asked you: "Why did God make you?" what would you answer? Oh yes, you all answer quickly. Well then God gives you another year of blessed life that you may know and love and serve him, and that you may grow to be more and more worthy to be one day happy with him in Heaven.

The year is now young and full of life and hope, like my dear nieces and nephews. When it is old and gray and near its grave, like Uncle Tom, you will ask it how it has used you. Its answer will be: "as you have used me." How are we to use all the days, all the hours, all the minutes that the new year brings? This is where we must make our resolutions. We must mean to do something during the year and we must know what we mean to do. Else we are walking with our eyes shut, and may step into a cactus or on to a rattler. There are thorns in every vicious habit, and there is deadly poison in every mortal sin.

What do we mean to do this year? To do the holy will of God in all things. This resolution covers all, and it will be the resolve of every good child of our heavenly Father. But then it covers so much, it is so big that we are apt to forget all about it when we come to little things. What is the first thing that God wishes you to do when you rise in the morning? Why, to say good morning to Him, to come to Him with the love and confidence of a good child and say: "Our Father." And then when you have asked His blessing to ask a mother's love and care of Mary His mother and our mother. Ask God to bless all your work and study and recreation for this day, and to teach you so to work that you may be useful to your parents and to all God's children, so to study that you shall know how to serve Him best, so to play in happy innocence that you may be fitted to enjoy the innocence and happiness of heaven.

Wherever you may be, you have some thing to do during the day. God asks you to do it for His sake. Then it is a beautiful prayer. I hope my dear little nieces and nephews pray more of that then they think. They pray not only when they kneel and speak to their Father Who is in heaven, not only when

they are busy with good thoughts, not only when they are kind to others for God's sake, but they pray also when they are doing work of any kind, if in the morning they have offered their work to God, or at any time resolved to do all for God's sake. Even your play may be thus made a prayer which your good Father will love to receive. How easy it is to pray; and to pray always. What graces God will give to us every day of the year if we only use His gifts well! And then there are days when God will give us special graces: the days on which we assist at mass and especially those on which we make a good confession and communion. These days are the most precious that the new year will bring to you and you must think how wisely you are to use them. Your Saviour then reaches you His hand to lift you up to Him and if you do not take it, and clasp it tightly you will go down. Besides thinking of what you are to do, during the year, it is well to think of what you are not to do. The sin to which we have been most strongly tempted in the past should be thought of that we may conquer it. All our failings, which we know so well are displeasing to God, should be put beneath our feet, that we may climb up to that which is good and holy.

Again we can not be true and good to God unless we are true and good to ourselves and to those around us. We must respect ourselves. We are the children of God and when we do anything that makes us low we show disrespect to our Father. We must not be proud, we must be humble, but we must never loose our selfrespect. The proud man is not further from true humility than the man who lowers himself by lying, impure words or drunkenness.

To those around us we must show charity and politeness. St. John, whose feast we celebrated the sunday after christmas was the apostle of love. At the last supper, when Christ had gathered His apostles around Him on the eve of His death, as a father gathers his children to his bedside before he passes away, St. John showed his love more than the others. He leaned his head on our Saviour's bosom. He certainly loved God, but he tells us that we must also love our neighbor. He tells us that if any man says he loves God but does not love his neighbor we are not to believe him, for he cannot love God whom he does not see unless he loves his neighbor whom he does see.

If we really love those around us as the children of God our love will show itself in our conversation with them and

we shall be truly polite. Selfishness which does not think of the feelings of others is altogether unlike the first love which made Christ die for all men. Uncle Tom loves to think of all his nieces and nephews as not only good children who know and love God, but also as kind, gentle and selfrespecting.

UNCLE TOM.

CHRISTMAS-LETTERS.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Dec. 28, 1896.

Dear Father:

I am pleased to write a Christmas letter to you. This morning I thank you for all what you have done for us. I suppose Santa Claus will come and bring lots of things for all his little friends. Don't you think so? "Yes indeed he will!". In the morning, I felt very happy, "Why?" Because the little Infant Jesus was dwelling within me. Now, I shall pray that you may pass your Christmas Feast-day very happily. I am your grateful boy

RAMON BARTHOL.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.
DEC. 21, 1896.

Dear Father:

It gives me the greatest pleasure to write you these few lines, and I hope this letter will find you well and happy. After you left here, we had snow and it lasted for quite a while. I am going to send a silk handkerchief and a doll for dear little Elvira Gonzales. I have not much news to tell you for this time, as my letter will be very short, wishing you a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year. May the Infant bless you on Xmas night. Your truly devoted child

FRANCES ORTEGA.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., Nov. 28, 1896.

Dear Father:

To-day we are writing letters to you, thanking you for the kindness which you have shown us. I hope Santa Claus would bring just what my heart wants. Would you like to know what my heart wants? "Yes". A stocking full of grace to make me a better child all the days of my life. Last night, all of the children received some candy from Mother Ludovica. We all thanked her for her kindness. There are many children who do not receive the same things as we do. So we all ought to thank God for what we get. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am you loving child

BENANCIO SEGUNDO.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Dec. 28, 1896.

Dear Father:

We are all writing Christmas letters to you, to thank you for all the favors that you have done for us and for the school. We are all preparing for the Feast of Christmas day, the day on which our Saviour was born in the stable at Bethlehem. We hope to make a good and a worthy confession so that we can receive our dear divine Lord into our immortal souls. We try to never offend him again, and try to be better and better every day. We will pray to the Infant Jesus and follow His examples. I will pray for you that the Infant Jesus may bless you. I will close my letter and wishing you a Merry Christmas. I am your loving child

JOSEPH ROAN.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN
RESERVATIONS.

SOBOBA.

The spiritual care for these Indians has been given to Rev. Fr. McCarthy of Riverside.

SAN IGNACIO.

The old church here, built by good Father William, the Indians' friend, is collapsing. A new one will be erected soon, stones and lumber are at the place. A new statue of St. Ignacio, is ready to be placed into the new church. This truly beautiful statue was made by a Sister of the Most Precious Blood, Sister Matura at Thompson, Ohio. There is a great time in view for the Los Cayotes or San Ignacio Indians.

At our last visit there were twenty-five confessions and sixteen communions. Deo Gratias!

SAN ISSIDRO.

The child of Sivamoto Semoatt died being baptized "in case of necessity" by Ignacio Segundo. The people at San Assidro are poor. Twenty-one confessed, fourteen received holy communion in Nov. 1896.

At our last visit there it was cold in the night; elevation about four thousand feet above sea-level. Towards evening a fire was made near the church and every body assembled around it. Now in order to be warm, you will have to turn about occasionally and warm up your back, thus the group at the fire was most interesting and good Gabriel Chapuli showed up conspicuously in his ulster warming his back at the fire place. Gabriel Chapuli is an oldfashioned, but industrious Indian; he is liked by everybody.

SAN FELIPE.

The chapel in San Felipe is a ramado or a house made of branches. As a rule the Indians are believed to be descendants of the Israelites. It is known, that the Israelites had a Feast of Tabernacles, when houses of branches were made for the use of the partakers of the feast. Now all our Indians are accustomed to make and to live in ramadas and particularly at their feasts the whole crowd lives in ramadas or houses of branches and leaves—genuine tabernacles. Is this not one more proof to the general assumption, that the Indians descend from the ten lost tribes of Israel?

AGUA CALIENTE.

During the month of December a caravan of Gypsies victimized the Indians here and in the neighborhood. A

number of women, looking like demons with dirty—say filthy—children guided by three men visited all the Indian reservations. They declared to have the power to cure the sick, to protect the healthy and to understand to trade for the living and the dead. To help the sick, prayers were said and the sign of the cross was made to humbug the Indians. A stick of wood wrapped in a piece of cloth, similar to a scapular, was sold at twenty-five and fifty cents as a talisman or prayers were said and humbug signs were made for a sum of one or two or three dollars. As the Indian horses were very poor, no "horse dealings" of any importance took place.

Here is our advice for the Indians under our care: "Buy a pair of brogans heels and soles nailed by 16 to 1 and kick these Gypsies out of your reservations."

With real pleasure we embrace this first opportunity of thanking all the good people, at home and abroad, who sent us gifts for Xmas. Thanks to our friends. That our dear Jesus from His heavenly home may bless with success all the undertakings of those who remembered us, is the earnest prayer of each and every child of St. Boniface's Industrial School. (Jan. 12, 1897.)

MUST SEEK NEW HOMES.

After Many Years of Litigation the Agua Caliente Indians Lose in the Contest for their Lands.

SAN DIEGO, December 29. The Agua Caliente Indians, a tribe numbering a hundred, [there are about three hundred souls at Agua Caliente, Ed. M. I.] are to be evicted from the lands in this county which their race occupied long before the day when Cabrillo guided his caravel into San Diego harbor, over 350 years ago. Such is the decree of Judge Pierce of the Superior Court, rendered today. The suit, of which this decision was the outcome, was a notable one. Its present title is "J. Downey Harvey, administrator of the estate of the late James G. Downey against Alejandro Barker." The action was to quiet title to San Jose Del Valle, which includes a large part of the famous Warner's Ranch. The action was originally brought by ex-Governor Downey himself, and the Indians have contested it vigorously.

The complaint in the case was filed on August 11, 1892, and an amended complaint was filed two years later. In them the plaintiffs named Alejandro Barker and about 100 other Indians as defendants, but many of the names were necessarily fictitious. A similar com-

plaint was also filed against Jose Quevas and other Indians to quiet title to the property known as San Jose Del Valle, also embraced in Warner's Ranch, judgement in which case was also rendered to-day. The plaintiffs based title to the large and valuable property upon a patent issued to the predecessors of the owners by the United States Government, January 16, 1880. When the case came to trial, after many delays, the Indians headed by Alejandro Barker, a very intelligent Indian, (died Aug. 31, 1896) were present in full force and for days the corridors of the courthouse looked like a great wigwam. Their side of the case was looked after by J. Shirley Ward of Los Angeles. The Indians were naturally much interested in the outcome of the trial, for their farms and homes, as well as the famous Agua Caliente Hot Springs, which they claimed were involved.

It is decided that the defendants have no right, title or interest in the lands or any part thereof. The complaint prayed for a writ of ejectment and the Indians will probably soon be forced to look for new lands to cultivate and new ranges for their stock.

[S. F. EXAMINER.]

LO MUST GO.

The administrator of the estate of the late Gov. J. G. Downey has succeeded in quieting the title to Rancho San José del Valle, which comprises a large part of the Warner Ranch property, and Judge Pierce has issued a writ of ejectment against the contesting Indians. The Indians have lived on these lands for a long time and will now be forced to seek a new dwelling place. Did Helen Hunt Jackson now wield a pen there might be opportunity in this case for much pathetic writing based on fact.

[L. A. TIMES.]

The short story of the foregoing is: Mexico and Mexicans have taken from the Indians nearly all their valuable lands and Uncle Sam finishes up with the "nearly". In the year 1880 the United States Government gave a patent to the predecessors of the owners of the Warner Ranch, who now get a good title to the property. Add to this fact, the general depression all over the country, the suffering and poverty amongst the farming and laboring classes and then compare the jingoism exhibited by congress in regard to Cuba!!

We truly sympathize with the Agua Caliente Indians although we must confess, that having come in contact with so many white people at the Hot Springs the Indians there have not at all been morally benefitted by this contact.

Catholic Belief.

Another Chapter on the Origin
of Man and the Development of
the Human Race.

According to the teachings of Christianity the first man and the first woman were created in a most perfect state of soul and body and by their fall and the reiterated falls of their descendants the human race became deteriorated. Infidels, however, and ap-e-ists would like us to believe the contrary. They assert—of course they bring no proofs, they are too highly impressed with the superiority of their minds not to take their imaginations for facts—man was in his beginning a barbarian and by his own efforts developed himself to the degree of mental capacity and civilization, in which we find him now; or they dream of a first state of natural innocence, when men like children led a life of peace and happiness. By and by the passions awoke and made them rude and brutal. By their efforts they attained a higher degree of civilization, which, however, did not bring them back to their first state of natural happiness, but was rather detrimental to this end. Hence they claim—the aim of education ought to be, to lead men back to that primeval state. Such were the views of an educational system of the French Encyclopedists at the end of the last century—with their leaders Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Such anti-christian doctrines have since been circulated all over the world and we understand how it happened that nowadays a training for good manners and conduct on merely natural motives has pervaded our system of education as much, that we have even [Fræbel] "Kindergartens" built on such principles. Redemption by Christ and perfection through Him is practically denied.

Now what does history say of such suppositions? Does it warrant them or give any facts to make the slightest hope for the achievement of happiness on such principles? Just the contrary. No nation was ever found enjoying that imaginary state of natural happiness, all nations ever met with in a so called natural state and without what we call civilization were never like children, but like the Canacs in Australia of to-day: brutal and full of barbaric vices.

The blow which Rousseau gives to an education consisting merely in mental development and science is well deserved;

the highly civilized ancient Greeks and Romans—in fact all pagan civilized nations were looking—not forward—but backward to the desired "golden age" of primitive mankind. None of them ever had the idea, that they were slowly advancing to a better state and to happiness, but they tried to reduce the "golden age" by works of penance and reconciliation with their gods. And this "golden age" was not a mere natural state to them, but they attributed it to their gods, who as they thought, ruled over men and were in friendship with them. And what development is shown by the most civilized nations of paganism? What poor and ridiculous views did they not have about their gods and everything pertaining to another life! The ruins and the libraries of the Assyrians now found in Mesopotamia prove, that here we must suppose the most ancient seat of civilization. [The tens of thousands and millions of years computed by the self-glorying Egyptians and Chinese for their governments do not deserve consideration.] Now in these monuments, also in those of the last mentioned nations, we find no trace of a development for a state of such perfection and happiness, as the human heart is ever longing for. These monuments tell us of slavery, wars, cruelty, luxury; and in short all nations not entirely guided by christianity are found tortured and disquieted by the whole series of human passions. Ancient civilization was a failure, and the modern one shall be too.

The ruins of Mesopotamia, the traditions of all civilized pagan nations about the "golden age", the temples and sculptures of the ancient inhabitants of this continent in Mexico, Central and South America, the high civilization of ancient Egypt testify, that a more perfect state preceded that of barbarism, that consequently man was put on this earth endowed with a high development of his spiritual faculties.

The same is proved by a study and comparison of the many languages among men. The infidels dream that the language of man resulted from natural exclamations or an imitation of the animals. Expert linguists however show, that the nearer a nation reaches to the origin of mankind, the more perfect is also its language and that the languages of the savage nations are not progressing but fragmentary parts of older and better languages.

In order to make the gradual development of man from the state of an ape probable, the infidels are forced to assume, that man lives on this earth for millions of years. They point to the

implements of stone, bronze or iron, which are found in many places deep in the ground, because thousands of years are supposed necessary for the formation of the alluvium or ocean sediments that cover them. Recently however it was discovered, that hundreds of years suffice! If we consider, how in places the surface of the globe is sometimes changed by earthquakes, inundations and other causes within a few days, then we may realize how eagerly infidels are ready to pick up a pebble in order to throw at the Bible and hit themselves.

We sometimes read in works of geology of three successive ages: the stone age, bronze-age and iron age, and we are told that at first, man employed only stone, which in subsequent times they polished, then bronze, later on iron. Now recent observations have demonstrated, that there is nothing about these three ages. Stone implements are still in use with some nations and it is not very long since they went altogether out of use even in Europe. Some nations never knew a stone age, some not a bronze age; metallurgy demands that an iron age precedes a bronze age; times and places of the use of such implements vary much and so forth. History shows us that all nations living before 2000 A. C. were nomads and shepherd-nations; consequently the earth could not be much peopled at that time comparatively. How does this account for such a long age of mankind? How strange is it, that our globe is not even now everywhere settled and peopled, if the human race had such a long time to propagate itself?

Goethe truly remarked: "The most terrible thing to hear is the constantly repeated assurance that geologists agree on a given point." They have fixed the time that elapsed since the recession of our celebrated Niagara Falls from Lake Ontario to its present place—on the supposition that the present gorge between those points has been eroded by its waters—to 3500000, 35000 and 7000 years. When the French under Napoleon marched into Egypt they found on the temples of Denderah and Esne the zodiacs, through which the sun passes every year. The scientists according to this find fixed the age of these temples and signs to 4600 and 7000 and even 15000 years A. C. Later on Jean Francois Champollion, who first deciphered the hieroglyphics gave incontestable evidence, that the zodiacs were put there in the first two centuries of our christian era.

There is not space enough in this little paper to dwell more on this subject. May these few lines suffice to prove,

that the assertion of infideis, that man lived in the beginning in a natural, but wild state of happiness needs first to be proven, before we can exchange our christian heritage with the illusions of atheists and free-thinkers. *H. W.*



The Indians known by the name of Hurons, called themselves Wendats and they are at present termed Wyandots. Originally they occupied the territory south of Georgian Bay. They lived in eighteen populous villages, numbered about thirty thousand souls and their possessions were included in a strip of land, eighty miles long and twenty-four wide. The five Iroquois tribes, the Tionontates and a few other bands, living from New York down to Carolina were kindred nations, but ought not to be confounded with them.

The Hurons lived in towns, which were well built and strongly fortified; outside of these they had fields of corn, beans, squashes and tobacco. The Hurons were active traders and brave warriors. Their dress was very simple and sometimes entirely absent, hence modesty was not known by them. Their language knew no abstract term; every expression denoted the real and actually present. Their religion was all a myth.

When the Hurons heard of the Europeans, who brought "wonderful things", they went to see them and exchanged furs for the Europeans' articles of trade. This induced the French missionaries in Canada, to go and see them. There were then but three missionaries; still they managed to let Rev. Joseph de Caron go and visit the Hurons.

Father Le Caron set out in the fall of 1615 to go to the Wyandots or Hurons. Twelve Frenchmen with Champlain were with him. The village Carragouha was reached and the gentle missionary had at once a cabin erected for himself. First he learned and collected what he could of the Huron language and vocabulary and then announced some rays of the Gospel truth. In 1623 he was joined by Father N. Viel and Brother Sagard, the historian. Hard indeed was their life. Sagamity, a pottage made of Indian corn, squashes and peas boiled in water was their food, the water of the stream before their cabin their drink and the juice of the maple-sugar-tree their medicine. Mass-wine was pressed from the wild grape of the country. The first

labors of the zealous missionaries were without practical results.

In 1625, the Jesuit Fathers Lalemont, Masse and John Brebeuf landed at Quebec, ready to help in the various missions.

In 1625 Father N. Viel intended to go to Three Rivers in order to meet Father Brebeuf, and also to make his retreat. On the voyage shooting the last rapid near Montreal, he perished. The Indian, who accompanied Father Viel, proved treacherous. He suddenly seized the missionary and hurled him into the foaming torrent—to rise no more. The place today yet bears the name of "The Recollect's Rapid."

The following year, 1626, Fathers De la Roche, Brebeuf, Dallion and De Noué went to preach to the Hurons. After the usual dangerous and hard voyage, they arrived at the place, where Le Caron had been laboring and suffering, called it St. Gabriel and at once resumed the work of Fathers Viel and Le Caron.

Father de Noué was unable to learn the Huron language and returned to Quebec 1627. Father De la Roche followed 1628, but Father Brebeuf still labored on, undeterred by the troubles of his colony. He gained the good will of the Indians, acquired a full command of their language and adopted their manners. Thus he became as one of them and the Indians adopted him by the name of Echon and his words began to move their flinty hearts to realize the necessity of religion.

In the year 1629, Father Brebeuf was recalled to Quebec by his superior, to the great sorrow of his Indians. Arriving at Quebec, he was exiled as a Jesuit and brought captive to England. In his company were Champlain, Le Caron and other missionaries. Finally they were allowed to go to France.

Thus the mission among the Hurons was sadly interrupted, until 1633, when Fathers Brebeuf, Daniel and Pravost again arrived in Canada and after some delay with renewed vigor, although amidst unusual hardships resumed the evangelizing of the Indians. It must be said, that the Huron Mission was the favorite undertaking of the French missionaries. No obstacle seemed to deter them and they persevered until death in their heroic sacrifices for the salvation of these Indians.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The general situation in the United States may be described thus: There is some improvement in business and trade, real estate about the same as before, some bankfailures, congress preparing a

new protective tariff-bill and spending the balance of the time by talking about Cuba. Money will again be appropriated by the millions, although the Catholic Indian Schools will be cut off next July 1.

In Cuba, Maceo, the colored leader of the insurgents, is declared to be dead and some say, he is still living, probably in the other world though. As the Congress of the United States was showing an inclination to interfere in the Cuban affairs, Gen. Weyler tried to redeem his somewhat delapidated reputation as fieldmarshal, hence there is an unquestionable improvement for the Spaniards on the island and the insurgents are losing.

Maceo, according to the *Chicago Record* was a member of a secret society for the negroes and his intention was, to establish a black republic for all the West Indies, he himself aspiring for the presidency. He was a daring soldier, but perished in an attempt to cross the so-called trocha (a line of fortifications) of the Spanish army.

Canada with its new premier or president has quite a troupe on hand on account of the school-question. This question cannot be fully discussed in the "Mission Indian," but so much may be said that the Catholic minority in Manitoba wishes to continue the maintenance of separate denominational schools, some compromise has been made, but it will be yet a long time before the final settlement. We do not understand, why there is so much opposition against Catholic schools. There must be lots of A. P. As. in Manitoba.

In spite of so many apologies made and tolerant words expressed by the Catholic clergy and laity, there is yet much antagonism in store for us. Where and what is the *causa movens*, the "pushing power" behind it?

There is always some revolution in the Central American and South American republics. Hence no need to mention the troubles in Peru.

France has not fully calmed down yet in her enthusiasm for the Russian despot; but after some time, she probably will.

England, Scotland and Ireland are comparatively quiet. The British Empire with its immense provinces all over the world has too much to care for, to allow the politicians time for jingoism.

The Armenian question is not yet settled. Russia and no other power else will dictate the terms to the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire and when the Czar will do so, he will secure for himself what he wants: the European provinces of Turkey.

The Mission Indeed

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1897.

NO. 5.

The Education of the Indian MUST INCLUDE CONSTANT, I. E. DAILY MANUAL OR INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

*"An idler is a watch that wants both hands"
"As useless when it goes, as when it stands."*
COWPER.

Taking it for granted, that the education of the Indian, as well as of all other children, must necessarily include religious instructions and moral training, constant and careful, I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that without manual and industrial training, the Indian can never be made industrious, self-reliant and provident.

HUMAN BEINGS are *born*—MEN are *made*—and men are made only by acquiring active energetic habits in their boyhood, which will fit them for the battle of life and make them proof against the baneful vices of indolence and idleness. Every man and woman is born into this world to do some kind of work. A man without work is scarcely a man, he is merely a rational animal and the very worst type.

It has to be so, for sloth and idleness are capital sins and are the “bane of body and mind — the nurses of wickedness — the chief authors of all mischief and the very bolsters upon which the Devil chiefly reposes.”

Evil thoughts intrude into an idle mind as naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool. Even the Turks have a proverb, which says: “The Devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the Devil.” Lord Chesterfield speaking

of the vice of idleness says: “I look upon idleness as a sort of suicide, for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetites of the brute survive.”

Now there is not one of us who does not know how true all these words are, for what else but sloth, idleness and laziness produces idlers, those drones who, neglecting their duties not only towards God and society, but even to themselves, are not merely failures as men, but verily the cancers of the community? Men or women with no business—nothing to do—are an absolute pest to society. “They are thieves stealing that which is not theirs; beggars eating that which they have not earned; drones wasting the fruit of others’ industry; leeches on the body politic; evil-doers setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites shining in stolen and false colors; tourists without money and vampires eating out the life of the community.”

If then idleness be a vice so degrading and so destructive, who does not see that it behooves parents and educators, who assume the dreadful responsibilities of training boys and girls, to take care above all things, that those entrusted to their charge are taught from their earliest years to frown upon and detest it. Plain practical instructions on this vice and its consequences should be constantly given in *all schools* but particularly in those for the *Indians*. Idleness does its evil work in all classes of the community, but with this great difference in favor of the Indian, namely: the poor Indian is the *helpless victim* of conditions and surroundings which unaided he is powerless to change. Hence they are entitled to our brotherly sympathy and we are bound to do the best we can to

rescue them from their sad environments, and use, the best practical means to save and improve the rising generation. But the question is can that be done successfully? Most undoubtedly it can—by education. The education of the Indian must include *constant, i. e. daily manual or industrial training*. The Indian must be taught to work, and be kept at work; firstly as an antidote and remedy for the baneful vices of indolence and idleness, and secondly to fit him to become an industrious, self-reliant, self-supporting man.

Vices are effectually cured only by practising the opposite virtues. Laziness can be cured but by industry. And as a lazy youth makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree, so too a good boy accustomed to work, makes a good industrious independent workman. And what I say of the boys is equally true of the girls, although their work is of course of a different kind.

As for *book learning* it is simply waste of time and worse, to keep Indian boys for many hours of the day in school. During their time at an industrial school they can and should be taught to speak, read and write the English language and as much of practical arithmetic as they may afterwards want,—but after that, I would let them graduate with honors. The principal part of the day should be given to such manual labor as is suited to the age and strength of each boy. This is not only a sure cure for sloth and idleness, but the best means to make a useful respectable man of him. When a boy, who in school and in the church has received a good religious and moral training, who is taught to be docile and obedient, is shown

how to work and is kept at work by a conscientious overseer, whose discipline is firm but gentle, he soon begins to like his work and wants to do it well. After some time he will begin to feel a laudable pride, for he knows he is somebody and he is forming a character unknown to himself. Then comes self-respect, a consciousness of independence, and when the time comes that he goes out to work for hire you will find him rejoicing in his self-reliance—*pluck not luck* will be his motto,—and he will be delighted to work like a man, for his own support and the support of those depending on him.

This is my idea of education and training, which the Indian should receive, and does receive in the Indian Industrial School at Banning. It may not qualify him to be a politician, or a patriot for boddle, or even for membership in the American Protective Association, but most assuredly it will make him a virtuous, honest, self-supporting and law-abiding citizen. And if not—I give up the Indian Problem.

VERAX.



Extracts from Astronomy.

Interesting for Everybody.

Fixed Stars.

When on a clear moonless night, you look up into the sky, you see innumerable twinkling lights: the stars. Those distinctly visible to the average naked eye number about five thousand, but powerful telescopic glasses reveal a multitude, which reaches into the millions. These stars seem to be fixed to the blue celestial sphere and do not appear to change their places with relation to each other; they are therefore called: *Fixed Stars*. In reality they move in all directions with a motion proper to everyone of them, but on account of their immense distance they show only a very slight deviation from their places in the course of centuries. All these stars are huge bodies of burning matter, surrounded by luminous vapors, supposed to be generally composed of the same so called *elements* as found on our globe. They never show any distinct disk in the telescope as planets do. They appear so small by reason of their incredible distance, the nearest of them is calculated to be over 19,000,000 miles away. Our sun is such a self-luminous star. If we watch the stars from hour

to hour, we shall find, that they as a whole move from east to west every day around a northern star, without changing their position relatively to each other. This northern star is called the *Polar Star* and does not change its place in the diurnal motion of the celestial sphere. If you connect the last two stars of the "Great Dipper" by an imaginary line and prolong this line [after sunset at this time of the year, in the direction away from the horizon], the first bright star which the line will strike, is the *Polar Star*. It forms with some other stars, at present located below it in the evening the "Small Dipper." (See diagram on page 2 of cover.)

The motion of the stars from east to west is only apparent; for different reasons we must suppose, that the earth revolves around its axis from west to east, and thus we are led to believe, that the firmament moves around us in the opposite direction: as one in a rapidly running train will see trees and houses move backward, whilst he is himself in motion. And because the axis of the globe we inhabit always points in the direction of the polar star, the heavens seem to turn around this.

Planets.

Immediately after sunset we may at present behold a very bright star in the west, the brightest of all: *Venus*; a little later we see, nearly over our heads, another bright star with a red light: *Mars*; later still a third star ascends in the east, nearly as bright as *Venus* and of the same white light: *Jupiter*. If we observe these stars closer from night to night, we shall find, that besides the explained daily motion they have a proper motion and change their places among the other stars. For this reason they are called *Planets* — wandering stars. They besides show a more quiet and steady light, whereas the light of the fixed stars is twinkling. Our earth is a planet. Planets receive their light from a self-luminous star and reflect it. Such planets revolve like the earth around their axis and at the same time around a self-luminous star. They may be accompanied by smaller ones, that move around them: satellites. Our moon is a satellite moving around the earth.

Day and Night.

It is known positively that the earth has the form of an irregular ball. Its axial motion (rotation around its axis) is the cause, that the sun as well as the stars seem to turn around us, although the sun is fixed and stands still relatively to the earth. The earth makes a complete revolution around its axis in about

twenty four hours and brings thus the sun over us about half that time—we are in his light and have day-time—and about half that time he is below the horizon—we are in the night. Why days and nights are not exactly of the same length in our hemisphere, will be later explained.

Gravitation.

But if the earth on which we walk is a ball, why do we not fall off? This is due to the force of attraction or gravitation. If you suspend a small leaden ball by a string from a high perpendicular precipice near its wall, you will find that the ball does not hang exactly in the perpendicular, but is attracted a little by the mountain. For the same reason we see how, in our valleys, the clouds have an inclination to hang around the tops of the mountains. The force of attraction is in all matter, and for the convenience of explanation any matter is supposed to consist of very small particles called atoms (the distinction between molecules and atoms as in chemistry is here irrelevant.) Atoms attract each other with equal force, and it makes no difference, of what nature they are or whether anything is placed between them. The force decreases however in the same proportion as the squares of their distances increase. The more atoms a body has, the greater is of course the force of its attraction. The earth consists of so many atoms that any thing on its surface is drawn to its center with such force, that it must adhere to the surface and can never fall off. Compared to the magnitude of the earth the number of atoms in anything on its surface is so small, that their force of attraction is equal to zero and the heavenly bodies are too far away, to interfere with this attraction of the earth on our bodies. For the same reason we are not hurled off into space by the centrifugal force developed by the earth's rotation. The attraction from the earth's center—all atoms between us and the center attract every atom of our bodies—is much greater at any point of its surface, than the centrifugal force.

Why do we not see the Stars in Daytime?

The stars are always standing over us in the daytime, but they become invisible by the reflection of sunlight in our atmosphere; just as a candle-light will become invisible in full sunlight. Thus also the light of the moon causes many stars to grow pale or to disappear. If however we would live on the moon, we could see the stars in full daylight, since the moon has no appreciable atmosphere.

Diocesan News.

Father O'Grady of San Francisco is in Yuma.

The old Church of the Plaza is having a new altar put in.

The blessing of the Cathedral at Tucson took place last Sunday. Father Liebana of the Old Mission preached.

Father Barron came to help at the school during the Forty Hours. No more welcome visitor comes to the school.

Father Bannon is very active in his new missions, Anaheim, Santa Ana and Yorba.

The Ven. Father of the Father of East Los Angeles died last month. He was a native of Limerick, Ireland. R. I. P.

Father Quetu of Prescott is back from his European trip. He looks well, and feels in good form for work. Deo Gratias.

Mr. Edward Fitzgerald the popular S. P. Conductor of the Redlands local has removed his family to Crafton from San Pedro.

San Bernardino makes a big display on the books of "the Mission Indian." Padre Juan will make a cause successful, if active labor can do it.

Prioreess Pia of San Francisco has been visiting her houses in the South. The Orphan Asylum at Anaheim is doing well.

Father Hahn was recently to Anaheim. He met a namesake—a liveryman—must be a relative. Why not trade Billy and Nelly?

Father Schneider of Yuma paid a short visit to Banning. Yuma does not benefit him as much as expected. Still, Father, do not give up hope; you will yet be able to join your beloved Paulists.

"The Riverside Combine" is a huge success. The little missions are doing well. "Ned" will soon know the roads of Riverside County. Exercise is good "for man and baste."

Joseph Scott and Miss Roth intend to have their little duets in a cosy home in the near future. The "Mission Indian" not being poetic, says what it means thusly: "Good luck to ye'se."

Redlands has given the plain square lie to its reputation of bigotry by presenting to Joe Thaman the neat sum of one thousand dollars. Joe was well known as a staunch Catholic and the devoted friend of the priest.

Rumor says: Ontario is to have a span new neat church in the near future.

That's business. It wants a Church, and ought to have one. Father Fisher's popularity with all classes is a sure guarantee of success.

Father Connolly of San Francisco is on a visit to his old friend and fellow laborer Bishop Montgomery. The Father is a most priestly gentleman: no amount of worldly paraphernalia can take away the face of the priest. Usted es Padre, Usted sabe?

How can any one say that bigotry exists where an Amateur Company of non-Catholics gives a concert for the benefit of the Catholic Church? Nobody will catch cold in the Pomona Church in the future. Stoves get cheap towards the end of the season.

Archbishop Riordan intends to visit Los Angeles soon. He will get a cead mille failthe. St. Patrick's Day is still fresh in the memory of the people. "The Mission Indian" wants to whisper to Your Grace that this time the people desire to see and hear you and they will give a little expression to their feelings.

Hurrah!! Riverside again in the lead! Everybody said: "the celebration in honor of St. Francis de Sales was "away up." The "Salve Regina" was grand. "Iste Confessor" stole the crystal tear from the Pastor of Pomona. It brought back the days when a tiny "adolescens" he frisked over the parks of dear old All Hallows.

The second lecture in the course of the Catholic Truth Society of Los Angeles was given last Monday evening at the Los Angeles Theatre by Father Meyer of St. Vincent's. The house was crowded from pit to dome and few lecturers have received greater or more genuine applause, than the worthy Superior of St. Vincent's College, as he stepped forth to address his vast audience. The subject, Confession, was treated in a masterly way, showing in the first place, what it is not and then what it is. To make the matter still clearer, he asked and logically answered the following questions: "Can God forgive sins?" "Can He give that power to man?" "When, where and how did He do so?" A fine musical program, the most inspiring number being the *Gloria* by Haydn preceded the lecture. The members of St. Vincent's choir ought to congratulate themselves upon their artistic rendering of this beautiful piece as one of the Fathers concealed in one of the boxes was so charmed and led away, that he became as one in an ecstasy and thinking he was assisting at High Mass, forthwith took out his breviary and read until the last sound of the last *Amen* had at last died away.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. C. Sweeter is the new roadmaster of our district. Improvements in our countyroads are noticeable every where, and he appears to be the right man in the right place.

A new county-road from Beaumont to Riverside was partly made by Mr. Sweeters and as far as his work extended the road is graded. It really looks as if Riverside Co. would get good roads.

Every one in Banning is pleased with the present Station Agent, Mr. D. W. Gates. He is obliging, taking good care of his charge and is a credit to the Company, by whom he is employed.

Mr. D. A. Franklin one of Bannings young and favorite business men has gone East, to visit friends and relatives, also to see Mr. McKinley inaugurated. His father in the meantime fills his place in the store.

Mr. John McMullen is the new postmaster of Banning. He will take his position some time this month. The office will remain at the old stand, Reid and Franklin's store. John's face is beaming with joy. Congratulations!

Mr. James Bird is visiting his family in Banning. Coming from Chicago where man and beast are frozen and changed into veritable icicles at the present season, he is naturally charmed with San Gorgonio valley.

Mr. Bird is an accomplished hunter and singer of extraordinary ability. He spends the hours of light hunting and successfully indeed; whereas the evenings offer to him ample time to entertain his dear ones with minstrel-songs, Indian war-songs and dances etc.

First a dispute, then a row, then arrests, then bonds, then a runaway, then consternation and sorrow. The dispute arose in Mr. Rappeli's restaurant. Mr. Morely and L. Anderson got into a row the cause being some very strong coffee, given with a dinner of crackers by Mr. Rappeli. Mr. Morely was arrested for assault and battery, convicted and fined. He paid cash. Mr. Rappeli was arrested, because he sold strong coffee without license. Mr. Islin and C. Flinters went on bonds for Mr. Rappeli, who then became a free man. By a doleful mistake, he took a west-bound overland on the "other side" and nobody knows, where his train might be at the present time. His two friends, however, know what true friendship is worth: \$100.00 exactly.

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BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1897.

We call the attention of our readers to the article written by *Verax*, on page 1 of this issue.

The present number of the *Mission Indian* mentions the death of four priests. *Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust shalt thou return.* Gen. III, 19.

The mailing of the *Mission Indian* is done carefully. If the paper does not reach you, the fault is not on our part. Inform us promptly, please, of irregularities.

Two hundred thousand dollars more are needed to carry on the Indian service for the following year, although no more money is paid to Contract Schools. It is a queer world!

Very Rev. Father Clementine, who died Dec. 4, 1896 in Phoenix, Ariz., subscribed for twelve copies of the *Miss. Indian* for his orphans, paying two years subscription in advance. He was a broadminded, pious priest and religious.

Mr. Edward Hyatt, Co. Supt. of Schools, issued a circular "to parents and friends of the public schools", urging them to celebrate Washington's birthday, Febr. 22d, by appropriate exercises and by planting trees near the school-houses (arbor day in California).

Washington's birthday was always celebrated at St. Boniface's Industrial School and it will be celebrated as long as the institution

exists. By the way, the first impulse of hoisting the national emblem upon the top of the school-houses was given in Cleveland, Ohio, and the school-house, which first had the star and stripes fluttering upon its dome was a parochial school.

The Indian problem will not be satisfactorily solved by teaching the Indians how to work, if no provisions are made, to give them work suitable to their capacities. The control which the Mission Fathers had is a thing of the past. The Government of the United States has the solemn duty to care for the Indians, just as well as the people of a conquered nation have to be provided for by the victor—otherwise we are ourselves to be blamed if the Indians gradually vanish and perish by famine and neglect. No subtle legal definition of the social status of the Indians will justify the eviction of the Indians, from their homes, because—in the treaty of Hildago it was solemnly agreed upon "that the Indians shall not be molested in their homes." The contrary was and is done. Where is justice?

The Los Angeles Monday papers always give publicity to a number of sermons, delivered in the various churches by the respective preachers. You find there the Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist etc. together with the Catholic and Jew. It frequently happens that statements made by one speaker, are denied by another. As these discourses can never and will never agree, reason tells us, that some of them must be true and some of them false. This reminds us of the axiom, given in books for the exorcising of the devil: "Diabolus est falsum cum vero misceri." (It is the way of the Devil, to mix up falsehood with truth.) There is and can be but One truth—One God—One soul—One death—One eternity! St. Paul writes to

Timothy: "O Timothy, that keep which is committed to thy trust" and you, kind Reader, "go and do thou likewise."

The best way to acquire a lively faith and to keep it forever is to live a sinless life and to be humble. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God:—Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven! In perusing the various sermons, one feature is very striking. You will find in every one of them numberless statements given, but few proofs to substantiate them. A good speaker, an eloquent man, may deliver a speech full of witticism and striking assertions and it will cost him little trouble to do so—but to prove all and everything is a different matter and the rhetorics of a Demosthenes will avail nothing if the doctrines preached are not based upon truth. Truth alone will last forever!

The national flag of the United States is a beautiful banner. Where is the citizen, native or adoptive, in the States, who does not with pride and patriotic love revere the ensign under whose shadow so many blessings together with liberty are enjoyed. But our veneration of the flag ought to be such as to exclude hypocrisy and uncharitableness. It ought not to be made an opportunity of oppressing those, who happen to believe differently in religious matters. About ten years ago in Ohio a fallen-off Catholic ran for an office. Then a prominent lawyer openly declared, that he would not vote for him, because said he—a man, who is not true to his God, is neither true to his fellowmen. Now with much more truth may we exclaim: "A man, who is true to his God, is also true to his fellowmen." Impartial history tells us, that the truest patriots, the most faithful followers of the star-spangled banner were those men, who were guided by religious

motives in time of peace and war. Indeed Washington is a striking example.

In connection with the change in the administration, the question is asked many times by the Indians: "Who will be the next Indian Agent?" Mr. F. Estudillo wishes to remain in office and he has many friends amongst the Indians and Whites, who desire to have him as Chief of the Mission Indians. On the other hand, there are many other aspirants for the office and nobody can tell, what Mr. McKinley will do. We are told from a reliable source, that an A. P. A. promised to move the office of the Indian Agency from San Jacinto to San Bernardino, if the politicians there help him to get the appointment. There you are! Not the welfare of the Indians, but boodle is the main point in question. We pity the poor Indians, although we are perfectly disinterested as to who will be the next Indian Agent. However it may be truly said, that Mr. F. Estudillo has been an honest officer and no boodle-transaction disgraced his administration. May our next Indian Agent be a just and honest man; we want no favors, but justice! *Non-sectarian*, please.

Correction: Page 7, col. 3, line 11, deeease ought to be disease.

MCKINLEY'S CHARACTER.

A graphologist who has made a careful study of the handwriting of the President elect, claims to have found therein expressions of the following personal qualities: "Hopefulness, good spirits, perseverance, strength of will and tenacity of purpose; ambition tempered with judgment; a capability for strong affection, but with a certain reserve that might amount to coldness with ordinary persons; a judgment not influenced by imagination; a rather artistic tendency but with no great development; finesse, some intuitive power, and a certain diplomatic gift, which we might characterize tact; a certain frank honesty and truthfulness and candor with it all, but a great fondness for approbation and love of

appreciation which might amount to vanity, were it not coupled with judgment and tact."

Graphology, by the way, is more of a science than most people imagine. We have had evidences of the great accuracy with which experienced graphologists read human character from handwriting. *A. P. in the Review.*

Presidents of the United States.

1789-1797: George Washington. (Fed.)
 1797-1801: John Adams. (Fed.)
 1801-1809: Thomas Jefferson. (Rep.)
 1809-1817: James Madison (Democrat).
 1817-1825: James Monroe. (D.)
 1825-1829: John Quincy Adams (Coalition).
 1829-1837: Andrew Jackson (Dem).
 1837-1841: Martin Van Buren (Dem).
 1841-1845: William Henry Harrison Whig. (Died April 4, 1841, and John Tyler became President.)
 1845-1849: James K. Polk [Dem].
 1849-1853: Zachary Taylor [W]. [Died July 9, 1850 and Millard Fillmore became President].
 1853-1857: Franklin Pierce [D].
 1857-1861: Jas. Buchanan [D].
 1861-1869: Abraham Lincoln [R]. [Died Apr. 15, 1865, in 2d term, and A. Johnson became President.]
 1869-1877: Ulysses S. Grant [R].
 1877-1881: R. B. Hayes [R].
 1881-1885: J. Garfield. [Rep.] [Died Nov. 23, 1881 and Chester Arthur became President.]
 1885-1889: Grover Cleveland [D].
 1889-1893: Benjamin Harrison [R].
 1893-1897: Grover Cleveland [D].
 1897-1901: William McKinley. [Rep.]

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

One of Our Own Boys.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, }
 JAN. 10, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

I take the greatest pleasure in writing to you a few lines, to let you know that we are all well and happy and enjoying good health and wishing sincerely that you are the very same. The weather here is little cold, it has snowed three times already, and it may snow again soon, the way it looks anyhow. The country here looks altogether different, than it does at Banning. I must say, it is much colder here than there. But we never mind the cold. We take good care of ourselves not to catch cold and get sick. The Paulist Fathers are giving a mission here, in which we are present every evening. This is the only time, we have else too much to do. To gain the indulgences we went to holy communion last Friday. We have not many patients, only ten; most of them are railroad men. Some are hurt by heavy lifting and the others have caught cold. One girl is very sick with fever. The Doctor is trying hard to get

her well again. She pretty near died the other day. It is fun to hear (although sad tales) the railroad men talk about the accidents they had while working on the cars; talking about wrecks and how they escaped by jumping from the tops of cars. It is enough to make a person's blood run cold. Mother Paul came from Phoenix the other night at 2:30 a. m. The Sisters were very glad to see her again to Prescott. She is here yet and I don't know, when she will leave again. Well Uncle, we think Prescott is a very nice place; it is a good size town to be out in the mountains, it being surrounded by mountains only, not even a plain, all high elevation of land, we can only see a few miles around us, but there at Banning we could see quite away to the east, but not so here. How is Mr. George Restovich? I presume he is getting along all right with the boys? Please Uncle, don't forget to send the "Mission Indian", because I like to read it very much and I will try to get some subscribers for the Mission Indian as soon as I can. I go to town every day but never have any time to see if any one wants to subscribe for the paper. I most of the time go the Drug Store, to get medicine for the patients. The new hospital will soon be finished, the Sisters are anxious to have it ready, so they can move into it.

Well, I think my letter is about long enough, so I will close. Give my best love to all the Sisters and also to you. Many regards also to Mr. Restovich and to the workingmen and boys.

I remain yours truly

W. A. MATTHEWS.

Happy with Jesus.

SAN IGNACIO, Warner's P. O.,
 December 25, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very sorry because I didn't receive your letter which you wrote me some time ago, but my sister received that letter gladly. When I was not here, I was at San Manuel. I was working and came from there to San Jacinto on Sunday Dec. 20. Monday morning I received holy communion. Oh! how I am very glad and happy to receive holy communion. Now I am here in this place at San Ignacio. If you please send me the Mission Indian. I want very much the Mississi Indian. I am well and happy. Dear Uncle, remember me and do not forget to pray for me. I send my best love to all the boys, to know my word. That is all. So good bye. Your kind nephew

PAELO CELESTINO SIYA.

SANTA ANITA RESERVATION,
 WARNER'S RANCH, SAN DIEGO Co.,
 December 31, 1896.

Dear Florian B. Hahn:

I will write to you just a few lines in order to tell you about the Mission Indians. There are so many getting sick. Rosaria Segundo is still very sick. And she cannot get well because it is very cold. One old man died in San Felipe on Dec. the 25th and nobody knew how the old man died. In the morning he was found dead on his bed. Mr. Fernando was buried on Dec. 26, 1896. I have received a letter from Valeo Johnson last month. And we are fond to say, pray for me. Yours truly

Mister FRANCISCO ALBERAS.



The week of the Forty Hours' Devotion was one of special graces and blessings to the inmates of St. Boniface's Indian School, Banning, Cal. In the morning of Jan. 24, about 6:15 the Forty Hours' Devotion to our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His infinite love, was opened by Rev. Father Hahn.

An absorbing reverence for the sacred presence, exposed on the altar throne, seemed to fill the hearts of even the tiniest tots, so fervent were their prayers. In fact, a heavenly atmosphere seemed to permeate the surroundings.

On Tuesday morning a solemn High Mass was celebrated, Rev. Father Barron of Los Angeles acting as the officiating priest, assisted by Rev. H. Weckes and Rev. T. Fitzgerald. At 3 p. m. Vespers were sung, after which followed the procession and benediction of the Most Adorable Sacrament, which brought the beautiful ceremony to a close.

No words can portray the sensation that filled our souls as the tabernacle-door hid from view the "white love of all our hearts."

Mr. Michael F. Fox, who has been for some months directing the printing office at St. Boniface's School, Cal., will bid adieu to our beautiful valley about the 20th inst., as the Indian boys are now sufficiently competent to manage the work under the direction of the Editor.

The avenue leading from the school to the residence of the Superintendent improves greatly the appearance of the school grounds. Much credit is due Mr. G. Restovich for his artistic taste in the arrangement of the shrubbery.

The surroundings of the sacerdotal residence and "Mission Indian" sanctum are terraced and beautified by the Indian pupils under the guidance of Mr. George Restovich.

Times are hard and necessity is the mother of inventions. In former years quite a sum was expended for the candles, needed at the altar. This year our two faithful employees, George Daniel and Joseph Shane manufactured hand-made unbleached candles of first quality. Our bees furnished the wax, George did the squeezing and Joseph the rolling.

Joseph Shane and his boys are making a new vestment-case for Rev. Father McCarthy. It will be fine, because whatever Joe does, he does it well.

Jan. 24, Sunday afternoon, our hostler George Daniel with Father Fitzgerald aboard had a narrow escape, the team Billey & Nellie becoming uncontrollable. Says Joe to George: "Why if you don't take better care, we cannot let you drive this team anymore!" The incident proves, that dangers may threaten us everywhere!

Visitors are welcome at any time to our school, but please mind the hitching-ordinance: "Never hitch a horse to a tree!" The fruits of a few years' labor and care may be annihilated by trespassing this law. Fine: 10 dollars for each transgression.

Father Schneider and Father Barron paid a pleasant call to St Boniface's.

Recently the pupils and friends of St. Boniface's Industrial School were delightfully entertained for three evenings by Rev. Father Florian Hahn, with his famous magic lantern.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. McKinley will enter the White House March the 4th. He has already chosen some members of his future cabinet. May his administration be a blessing for the United States.

Amongst the accidents which happened last month, we have to mention the big fire, which destroyed the State Capitol of Pennsylvania. It is claimed, that many fine speeches, lying ready in the desks of the representatives of the people were destroyed and that this loss is considered almost irreparable.

The funding-bill failed to get the approbation of congress, which means the Government desires, that the Union Pacific and Central Pacific R. R. must pay what they owe to Uncle Sam, otherwise they will be sold to the highest bidder.

The Nicaragua canal bill experiences much opposition in the Senate.

The new iron clad *Brooklyn* struck a rock in the Delaware River, Jan 30th, and is lying helpless near League Island. Repairs will have to be made as soon as possible. The disaster reminds us of a story, related of a shoemaker's apprentice, who having finished the first pair of new boots, asked his boss: "Mister, the new boots, are ready; shall I now mend them?" Indeed the big war-vessels may be quickly disabled.

The coming administration will do two things, to improve the business situation: 1st: A new high tariff law will be enacted; 2d: silver coin will be withdrawn from the circulation by degrees. Protection and gold standard will get a fair trial. Everybody is waiting for better times. May they come!

Queen Amalia of Portugal was declared M. D., which means, physician for sick people. She is also said to be a fine rider and skilled athlete and swimmer. Is that all? How about the byke?

England and the United States have concluded a treaty, to have their disputes settled instead by recourse to arms, by an arbitration court. This is refreshing, consoling news!

Rev. H. G. Dockery, M. C.

*Born April 15, 1860.
Died February 3, 1897.*

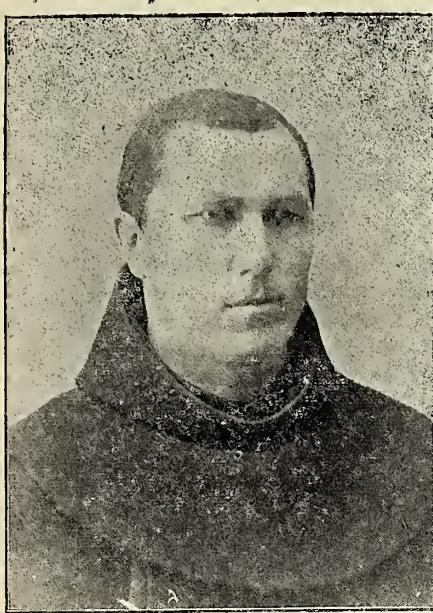
R. I. P.

An immense congregation gathered at St. Vincent's to pay the last tribute of respect to Father Dockery. He was loved and liked not alone by the people of St. Vincent's, but by everyone who happened to be acquainted with him. And his sudden and unexpected death stirred a tender cord in the hearts of all. Father Dockery was born in Monte Christo, Cal., thirty six years ago. In his early years he evinced a calling to the priesthood and after completing his studies at Cape Girardeau, he was ordained and sent to the College at Los Angeles. Here he worked with immense success gaining especially the love and esteem of the boys committed to his charge. That was proved by the number of young gentlemen who stood with tearful eyes around his grave.

Solemn office began at ten, followed by solemn requiem-mass by Very Rev. C. M. Meyer, assisted by Rev. Fathers Antil and Mc Cabe.

Besides the College Fathers, there were present: Right Rev. Bishop G. Montgomery, Rev. Fathers V. Aetker, O. S. F., J. Barron, J. Bot, E. Coté, Joseph Doyle, P. F. Farrelly, T. Fitzgerald, P. Hawe, M. Mc Auliffe and J. Mc Carty.

The Bishop preached a most interesting and practical sermon on the necessity of being always ready for death. The final blessing was given by the Bishop and afterwards the body was removed to Calvary Cemetery followed by an immense funeral cortège. R. I. P.



VERY REV. CLEMENTINE DEYmann.

O. S. F.

Sketch of His Life.—His Death.

Among the sad remembrances of the departed year, one will long be in the minds of all, not only of the Franciscan Fathers but of many people both of the clergy and the laity—namely the death of the Rev. Father Clementine Deymann, O.S.F., Rector of the Orphan Asylum at Watsonville, Cal., and the Superior of the Franciscan Fathers in California and Arizona.

Though Father Clementine was suffering for a long time, yet his death appeared to all too sudden, or, if it were just to say, untimely. Since October Father Clementine's health became worse so that he had to leave his position at Watsonville and retire to St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco. The physicians however expressed but little hope and urged him to go to the warmer clime of Arizona, to Phoenix. Father Clementine departed to survive only a few weeks. His sickness becoming more serious and being long prepared, he peacefully resigned himself to the Will of God and on the 4th of December 1896 he breathed forth his noble soul into the hands of his Creator. His great labors survive him.

Father Clementine was born at Kleins-Stavern, Germany, on the 24th of June 1844. In 1863 he came with his parents to this country, where he soon after resumed his studies with model zeal and energy at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ills. Realizing that God called him to the priesthood and to a religious life as a follower of St. Francis of Assissi, he entered the Franciscan Order on the 8th of Dec. 1867. After one

year's novitiate he pursued his philosophical course at Quincy, Ill. and his theological studies at St. Louis, Mo. In 1871 he took his final vows and the next year on March the 19th he was ordained by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan.

In his ministry Father Deymann was not only successfully active as a missionary but he devoted his leisure hours to literary works of edification and devotion. He wrote and translated several lives of the saints and composed some well known manuals of prayers.

No position was to him too arduous or too humble. Having been pastor for many years he was sent by his superiors to care for the spiritual needs of Catholic prisoners at Joliet, Ill. In 1886 he was ordered to take charge of the Orphan Asylum at Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. Here he manifested a great ability for management and direction. At his arrival the institute was not in an inviting condition, the number of boys being about seventy. He erected a large college, established various shops for teaching boys useful trades, increased the staff of professors to the number of ten, four Fathers, two religious and four lay teachers—so that the orphanage at its present condition is one of the best organized and equipped institutions, sheltering over three hundred orphans.

In every respect Father Clementine was a true unselfish character. As a priest of God he united to profound piety great learning. His simple plain unassuming ways gained him the love and respect of all who came in contact with him. With a truly fatherly heart he cared for each and every want of the orphans both physical, intellectual and moral, which gave him the just title of the "Father of Orphans." His loss is therefore felt by the whole Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles.

His funeral took place at the Old Mission of Santa Barbara on Dec. 9, 1896. Father P. Peter, O.S.F., delivered a short but impressive funeral sermon. Besides the Fathers of the mission were present in the Sanctuary: Rev. Father Stockman of Santa Barbara and Rev. Father Victor, O.S.F., of St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles. In the vault of the mission beside his departed brethren the remains of Rev. Father Clementine were deposited for their final rest, his monument being the tears of orphans.

REV. BONAVENTURE FOX, O. S. F.

Previous to the death of the lamented Father Clementine another Father of the Franciscan Order went to his eternal reward, the well-known Father Bona-

venture Fox of Santa Barbara. Father Bonaventure was born at Kilconnell, Ireland, the 18th of October 1837. In 1861 he made his religious profession and on the 2nd of Dec. 1864 he was ordained priest. Since then for many years he was zealously active as missionary among his own people as well as among the natives on the coast. In latter years Father Bonaventure was greatly afflicted with a lingering disease, which he bore with great resignation and edification to his brethren. He closed his meritorious life on the 2d of Dec. and was buried the 4th of Dec. 1896. R. I. P.

REV. J. M. PUETZ.

Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Tiffin, O. died January the 21st at the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, Los Angeles, Cal. The deceased priest was born Sept. the 11th 1836 at Gillenbeuren, Diocese of Trier, Germany. His parents migrated to the United States in the year 1846, choosing Avon, Ohio, as their home in the New World. Rev. Father Pütz followed the desire of his heart and after completing his studies was ordained June the 26th 1863 by the late R. R. Bishop Rapp of Cleveland. Father Pütz was for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Monroeville, Ohio, where he built a new gothic church. Since 1886, he was rector of St. Joseph's Church, Tiffin, Ohio. This parish numbers about 250 families with a parochial school of 450 pupils. Father Pütz read in the Mission Indian, that Banning was a fine climate for sick people. Being unaware of the progress made by the complication of sicknesses from which he was suffering—he decided to ask for a leave of absence from his bishop. It was granted. In company with the Rev. Father McCarthy of Toledo, Ohio, he undertook the journey to California. It was a voyage to death. Arriving at Los Angeles, Jan. 18th, he, at once, had to be brought to the Hospital, where his condition was declared hopeless by the attending physician Dr. Kannon. Three days afterwards Father Pütz died. His corpse was sent to Tiffin, Ohio, where a true, faithful brother and priest, his devoted sister and hundreds of friends mourn the loss of him who was very dear to all of them. Father Pütz was fully reconciled to the will of God and died peacefully, without pain, as it were passing over to a better, more happy life. His works follow him. May he rest in peace.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MISSION INDIAN.

Historical Sketches.

THE HURON MISSION.

CONTINUED.

The French missionaries guided by Father John Brebeuf, labored amidst the greatest difficulties in the Huron missions. From the year 1615 to 1650 twenty-nine missionaries were active, seven of them perished by the hand of violence. The priests studied the Indian language, composed grammars and dictionaries, preached to the savages and when the end of the missions came, most of the Hurons were Christians.

The greatest danger threatened them from the superstitions of the Indians. When sickness or famine prevailed, the missionaries were decried as the only possible cause and in the beginning even the pictures of the cross were destroyed by savage Indians as the imagined cause of afflictions which were visiting them. The first neophytes also had to suffer ridicule and persecution from their pagan fellowmen.

Thus the trials and toils of the brave Jesuit Fathers were uncommon. Dangers threatened them everywhere: from the heathen Hurons, the skulking, savage Iroquois, from hunger, cold and accidents. Father Garnier on one of his trips of mercy sunk through the ice, wrestling for a long time with floating ice-chunks before he reached more dead than alive the shore. Father Chaumont wrote a grammar along the frosty road and Father Brebeuf, the greatest of all of them, on one of his journeys paralyzed by a fall, with his collar-bone broken, crept on his hands and feet along the frozen road, sleeping unsheltered on the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold.

We have to be brief. The Huron Mission was the forerunner of the missions among the Iroquois or the Five Nations in New York. When nearly all the Hurons were christians, their whole nation was annihilated by the fierce Iroquois. In these awful struggles the missionaries did not desert their flock, exhorting those, who were going into battle, assisting the wounded and dying and caring for the sick.

Fathers Anthony Daniel, John Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemont, Charles Garnier and Natalis Chabanel died, tortured and killed by the Iroquois. Father de Noué froze to death on the St. Lawerence near the Isle Platte; before them all Father N. Viel perished near Montreal and Le

Caron, the founder of the Huron mission died broken-hearted, because he could not return to his field of labor among the Indians. They were brave men.

The Huron missions were destroyed with the nation, for whose salvation they were established. The remaining missionaries partly went to preach to the Mohawks and Iroquois or they were sent to other missions in Asia and Africa. One of them, Father Grenlon traveling years after through the plains of Tartary, met a Huron woman, whom he had known at her home and who had been sold as a slave from tribe to tribe until reaching the interior of Asia. "There on the steppes she knelt and in that tongue, which neither had heard for years, the poor Wyandot confessed once more to her aged pastor."

HORRORS of a NAVAL BATTLE.

In the great naval battle off the Yalu River, the Chinese iron-clad battleship, *Chen Yuen*, was commanded by an American, named Philo McGiffen, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Captain McGiffen, who has but lately recovered in part from injuries received in this historic battle, gives many strikingly interesting details illustrative of the terrible nature of a modern naval engagement between iron-clads. In a recent conversation he said: — "You can form little conception of the awful character of battle inside armor-plated steam-vessels, where space and air are necessarily much restricted and confined. The din made by the impact of heavy projectiles against the thick metal sides is frightful beyond description, and seems to shake one's very life. I wore cotton in both ears, but am still somewhat deaf. As the Japanese war-ships were faster than the *Chen Yuen*, we made all steam possible to secure speed for our evolutions. From being so closely shut, the engine-room and fire-room became intolerably hot; yet the engineers and stokers stuck to their posts, even after the temperature rose to two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The skin of their hands and arms was actually roasted, and nearly every man became blind from the searing of the outer membrane of the eye. One of the enemy's rapid-fire gun-shells struck an open gun-shield early in the fight, and glanced down through the port; seven gunners were killed and fifteen disabled by that one projectile. Very soon I noticed that the Maxim gun up in the foretop on our military mast was silent, and saw a hole in the armor-plating around it. After the battle the officer and six men stationed there were found

dead, shockingly mangled, all destroyed by a single shell from a rapid-fire gun. Late in the action, after my hair had been burned off and my eyes so impaired by injected blood that I could see out of but one of them, and then only by lifting the lid with my fingers, it became necessary for me to observe for myself the position of the enemy's ships. As I groped my way around the protected deck, with one hand on the inside of the armor-plating, a hundred-pound shell struck and came through it about a foot and a half from where my hand rested. In an instant my hand was so burnt that much of the skin stuck to the metal plate—from the sudden heat engendered by the blow. I was not aware that any fragment of the shell or armor struck me, but my clothing was rent to tatters by the detonation or concussion, as it seemed."

Captain McGiffen adds, "Despite much which has been said of the cowardice of the Chinese soldiers and sailors, I gladly bear testimony that the most of my crew aboard the *Chen Yuen* were as brave and faithful as is possible for men to be."

Rev. Father TOM SHERMAN.

Father Tom Sherman recently gave a mission at Franklin, Pa. which was most successful. About a week before Father Sherman came, Franklin was visited by a specimen of the "converted priest" type, who delivered the usual kind of disgusting and indecent lecture, and defied any Catholic priest to answer him. Father Sherman was asked if he had come to answer this individual. He seemed much amused by the question, and answered it by telling the following story:

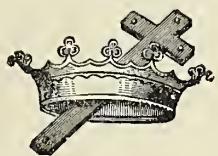
He was once when a boy crossing the plains with a cavalry command, and as they marched along he happened to see a pretty little animal with long fur crawling along a ledge of rock within easy shooting distance. Thinking the animal's skin would be a real pretty trophy he asked the nearest trooper to lend him his carbine for a moment. Loading the weapon and taking aim he was just about to fire when the trooper said with a light sneering laugh: "Mr. Sherman, if you shoot that the whole camp will be laughing at you. Don't you know what it is you are shooting at? Why it is a skunk?" He dropped the carbine and handed it back to the trooper with the same broad grin which sometimes overspreads his feature these days when he is expected or tempted to shoot at like game. In the future my motto will be: Don't shoot.

The Mission Indian

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1897.

NO. 6.



Desires.

More faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh; let the simple words "He saith"
Confirm my faith each day.

More hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear —
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till Heaven's own light appear.

More love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine —
All graces and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

By ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

The Congregation of San Bernardino
of Siena.

A short Sketch of its History.

San Bernardino, California, is unexcelled for its glorious climate and most interesting history.

The Franciscan Fathers who founded the San Gabriel Mission were the first whites to enter this district. Many Mexican families and some people from other parts of the globe gradually followed in their footsteps and when the lands were divided by the Mexican Government, a few noted families owned the valley from the *Sierras* as far as to the *Otro Lado del Rio* or Riverside.

Following the pious custom of naming the different districts of California with the name of some Saint, this valley was called San Bernardino of Siena, after the saint noted for his religious enterprise, especially for spreading the devotion of the holy name of Jesus, in Siena, Italy.

The first church erected in the valley was that of San Salvador in Agua Mansa, where now Colton is situated. From Agua Mansa and from San Gabriel came from time to time one of the Padres to hold divine services in the town of San Bernardino, which were generally celebrated in the houses of some one of the distinguished families living in that place.

Soon afterwards, when the United States took possession of California the population of San Bernardino was increasing, although the Mormons settling in the midst of this community tried their best to stop the immigration to San Bernardino. The spirit of the epoch and the intelligence of the inhabitants of the valley frustrated the plans of the Mormons and San Bernardino soon became a city and the seat of the new San Bernardino County.

It was 1863 when regular services were celebrated in San Bernardino and the Rev. Father Peter Verdaguer (now elevated to the dignity of bishop at Brownsville, Texas) may be regarded as the first regular Pastor of the place. Father Peter was in charge from 1863 to 1869, when the Rev. Thomas O'Donahoe was appointed to succeed him.

Among the new comers of that time was a typical Irish family, distinguished for their religious fervor and devotion. This was the Quinn family, who were the actual donors of the church of San Bernardino. Mr. Aeneas Quinn, a venerable old man, having died in April 21, 1870, his beloved wife desired to erect a monument worthy of his memory and accordingly offered to the Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Amat, then Bishop of the Diocese, to build a church as a memorial of her husband and for the use of the Catholics.

Plans were drawn and the church was finished in the same year of 1870. The building is a brick structure and its dimensions are sixty-five by forty all completed, with heavy and solid foundations. In the front of the church above the main entrance the following self explanatory inscription is beautifully engraved upon marble:

Terribilis est locus iste. Hic domus Dei est et porta coeli.

"Erected A. D. 1870 under the invocation of San Bernardino of Siena at the liberal expense of Mrs. Catherine Quinn, relief of Aeneas Quinn deceased, Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Amat being Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles."

Mr. A. Quinn was buried in the rear of the church grounds and upon his grave stands a marble monument, whose inscription reads as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of Aeneas Quinn, who died April 21, 1870, aged 70 years. Erected by his beloved wife Catherine Quinn."

Father O'Donahoe died January 17, 1872, and then the Rev. Father Verdaguer resucceeded him until June 14, 1874, when the Rev. P. J. Stockman was appointed Pastor of San Bernardino and had charge of the parish for a period of twenty two years. During Father Stockman's charge the population increased wonderfully. The railroads having come in, a vast field was open to commerce and agriculture and the traveler of today no longer can see the old adobe huts of the Indians; they have been transformed into a small metropolis, full of life, adorned with fine homes and beautiful gardens, with a hopeful promising future.

On Oct. 25, 1895 the Rev. Father P. J. Stockman was transferred to Santa Bar-

bara and the present pastor the Rev. Fr. Juan Caballeria was appointed and took charge Nov. 15, 1895.



Father Juan as Father Caballeria is known all over California, was born in Barcelona, Spain in 1865 and graduated from the far famed University of that place in 1888. Completing his theological studies under the oldest masters, he traveled to the far West, was ordained priest in 1889 by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, and entered upon the duties of his vocation at the Cathedral of the diocese. He was subsequently sent to Santa Barbara and to Anaheim and he is working now for the benefit of the Catholics of San Bernardino. His affable and obliging ways endear him to all who have the honor of his acquaintance, while his practical knowledge and enterprise bid fair to reap a rich harvest of goods for the Church.

Socius.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

The Huron Mission.

Death of Fathers Anthony Daniel, John Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalement and Charles Garnier.

The manner of death of the missionaries mentioned in the last issue of the Mission Indian, being recorded in the archives of the Jesuit Fathers is in itself a history and speaks so emphatically of the bravery of the missionaries, that it should not be omitted in the pages of the "Mission Indian."

Father A. Daniel during the summer of 1648 made a retreat at St. Mary's and returned in July to his post, the town of

Traunstayar. He had scarcely arrived at the mission, when after mass the cry arose: "To arms, to arms!" A strong Iroquois force was suddenly attacking the catholic Hurons. Father Daniel exhorts the few warriors then present in the town, hears confessions, baptizes those who desire it, going from cabin to cabin and finally returns to the chapel again. "Fly, brethren, fly; be steadfast in your faith. Here I will die; here I must stay while I see one soul to gain for heaven." When the Iroquois approached the chapel, a shower of arrows was directed upon the brave missionary. His body was gashed, rent and torn. A musket ball finally inflicted a mortal wound and uttering aloud the holy name of Jesus, Father Daniel fell dead. The savages then set fire to the chapel and threw the body of the missionary into the flames, thus his own church became his pyre.

The death of Father John Brebeuf and G. Lalement occurred in March 1649. These two missionaries were at their station St. Louis, when a thousand Iroquois burst upon the neighboring village St. Ignatius. All the Indians at St. Ignatius were massacred, only three of them escaped informing the Fathers and their flock of what was awaiting them. The christian Indians begged the missionaries to flee, but Father Brebeuf stayed with his Indians. Father Lalement implored Brebeuf, to remain with him. Like Father Daniel, the two devoted fathers hastened from house to house to prepare the sick and feeble for death and to assist those who fell in battle. The Iroquois were superior in strength and soon the whole village presented a dismal drama of massacres, the houses also being fired by the brute Iroquois.

Fathers Brebeuf and Lalement were made prisoners. Unspeakable torments awaited them.

They had to run the gauntlet, blows raining on them from a double row of furious savages. Then they were bound to a stake. The hands of Brebeuf were cut off, and heated irons were thrust into the quivering body of Lalement. Hatchets reddened by fire, were applied to the armpits and neck, still, the voice of the aged Huron missionary Brebeuf rang loudly, denouncing the unbeliever and consoling the converts. The inhuman executioners then grew furious; they crushed Brebeuf's mouth with a stone, cut off his nose and lips, they forced a brand into his mouth, so that his throat and tongue refused their office. His scalp was torn off and in mockery of baptism, boiling water was

poured on him. They sliced off pieces of his flesh, hacked off his feet and when they failed, in spite of all these torments to elicit one expression of pain from him, they clove up his chest, tore out his noble heart and devoured it. Thus died the heroic Jesuit Father John Brebeuf, one of the most glorious martyrs in the annals of American History.

Father Lalement too, had to endure a variety of torments. When the savages made a fire around his body, Father Lalement, a delicate man, raised his hands in prayer to heaven. This expression of pain gratified his torturers. The whole night following, every species of tortures was applied to the missionary and towards morning when they inflicted the last mutilation on the body of Father Lalement, he was dead, a charred mangled unrecognizable mass.

We have yet to relate the death of Father Ch. Garnier. He assisted the wounded and dying on the battle field, when two musket balls wounded him mortally. In his agony, he dragged himself to a dying Indian, heard his confession and in the act of giving absolution the faithful Jesuit was tomahawked by an Iroquois.

The Catholic Sioux Indians' Appeal

to the U. S. Senate.

On the occasion of the last congress of the Catholic Sioux at Pine Ridge, S. D., in July 1896, their great missionary and father, Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty, of blessed memory, advised them to petition the Congress of the U. S. in favor of their Catholic schools. The suggestion was acted upon and the following document was sent to Washington:

"We Catholics of the Sioux Nation most respectfully and humbly ask and beg of the U. S. Congress now assembled in Washington, D. C., to revise the late law concerning the religious schools (commonly called Contract Schools, according to which these schools should not receive any support from the U. S. Treasury after the 1st of July 1897.

"We ask this, because the money deposited for us in the U. S. Treasury is our money.....For the reason that the money is ours we are of the opinion that you ought to let us have the choice of schools as we want and like them, either in our own country or in cities, government or public schools, religious or contract schools.

"We do not oppose the government schools or schools of a different creed, but we want you to let us have a school in which our children are taught our religion. Also our friends of other denominations approve of and join in our motion.

"We want our children to be taught and brought up in religion; for that reason we want you to grant our petition. Please consider our statement and petition, assist us, and have pity on us".



A Letter

from

LOS ANGELES.

There are in all the churches of Los Angeles special Lenten devotions on one or two days every week of Lent. It is edifying to see the throngs entering the houses of God or especially leaving after services. It appears to me as if these special devotions would attract very much the hearts of christians; the eloquent discourses given, penance preached and practiced, the passion of our Lord meditated upon touch every heart, and he who is not impressed by them, has no heart.

There will be a "social" or entertainment at the hall of the Sacred Heart Church, corner Sichel Street and Baldwin Ave., East Los Angeles, on Tuesday, March 16, at 8 P. M. The ladies of the congregation are working zealously to make this entertainment a success. March the 17th being St. Patrick's day, the evening before is a time, well chosen, and the friends of the Sacred Heart Church, its deserving pastor and people, are cordially invited and will be heartily welcomed.

The Garcia Diego Guild of St. Joseph's Church gave their first entertainment at St. Joseph's Hall, March 1. This club is named in memory of the first bishop of California and its purpose is, to combine the useful with the amusing by giving from time to time dramatic entertainments. The program for the occasion was befittingly arranged, as the time before Lent sanctions some merriment. The young men realized this fully, giving a fair proof by performing two humorous plays in a creditable manner.

"Virginny Mummy" was a happy choice. Uncle and nephew are the two principal characters. The uncle is an M. D. with the hobby of having discovered the life-restoring elixir. He disinherits his nephew, who does not cherish his uncle's ways, and chooses another profession. To try the efficacy of his elixir, the uncle wants to have a mummy and he advertises for that purpose. The nephew tries to gain again his uncle's favor by procuring the desired mummy. Disguised as a Persian, he succeeds to re-conquer his uncle's friendship. The mummy being a live negro, the elixir quickly restores life to the supposed corpse. The uncle is delighted. Soon though the mischievous negro causes the deception to be discovered. The doctor grows furious, calms down by and by and is reconciled to his nephew.

Though the young men were for the first time on the stage, they did justice to their parts, showing thus the good training received from their kind operatic teacher. They merited deserved applause. The intervals between the acts were filled out with vocal music. The proceeds went to the St. Joseph's Beneficial Society.

One of the representative clubs of Los Angeles is La Mariposa Social club, formed solely for social amusements and entertainments. It is unique in being composed exclusively of catholic young men between the ages of 18 and 30 years. It has been in existence over two years and has steadily increased in importance and popularity. Originally the membership was limited to twenty members. This limit has successively been increased to 40, on account of the increased demand for admission by catholic gentlemen. At present there are 33 members in good standing. Weekly meetings are held.

Mr. Arthur Casey is President. Horace Desarp, Vicepr. J. B. Gibson, Sec. Geo. H. Pausch, Tres.

Members of the club: A. Bissonett, G. J. Bergmeyer, Wm. Brandt, A. B. Clifford, C. P. Clifford, A. Casey, Chas. Clinch, J. R. Colgan, M. E. Conboy, Wm. Connell, Horace Despars, C. J. Engelbracht, Theo. Engelbracht, Wm. Fitzpatrick, J. Fitzpatrick, E. Gergan, J. B. Gibson, M. Gerhardt, Wm. Gerhardt, A. K. Goodwin, F. Kokal, J. Korb, N. Lindenfeld, J. E. Mc. Grath, E. O'Shea, Geo. H. Pausch, H. Rapp, J. Ward, T. E. Collins, Geo. Reis, W. Maloney, Paul Smith, H. Wheeler.

We all need recreation. Lawful and honorable entertainments keep our men from bad company, and from sinful amusements. In this sense, clubs are a necessity.

I need not mention to you, that Los Angeles was actually flooded by the abundant rains of the first week of March. Still everybody rejoices, expecting a prosperous year 1897!

I am very truly yours

P. KENT.

Diocesan News.

Father Adams grows better every day. Thank God. When the Very Rev. Father returns from a much-needed vacation he will be as good as new again.

In the absence of the Vicar General the Rev. Michael McAuliffe will have

charge of the Cathedral parish. It will be well cared.

Ned of the Riverside combine visited the "Mission Indian's" Sanctum. He stayed a few days, and made himself very agreeable to everybody.

Recently at a public gathering one of the speakers got stuck. Why? Something yawned. Moral: Don't wear nice tight doe-skins when you have to speak on the stage.

The new pastor of Yuma, Father Albrecht, is a very zealous and prudent man. He knows that Yuma is in the United States; and whilst he does not neglect the Mexican, he has something to say in English too every Sunday.

Redlands.

Next Sunday, March 21, Bishop Montgomery will be at the Sacred Heart Church to administer the Sacrament of confirmation, and to receive from the noble little congregation payment of half the debt on the Church. A little over a year ago the Church was blessed. It astonished everybody, even the congregation itself. The people, for a time, could hardly realise that the Church was their own, and when they did realise, when they felt the pride and comfort of having their own little Church, again they went to work, and made a grand effort to wipe out a part of the debt. The Catholics of Redlands feel that freedom from debt will enable Bishop and priest to give attention to the more important care of the souls.

The services will be most beautiful and interesting. A solemn high mass will be celebrated with Rev. J. J. Clifford, celebrant; Rev. J. McCarthy, deacon; Rev. B. F. Hahn, subdeacon; Rev. T. Fitzgerald, master of ceremonies. A quartette with Mr. J. Scott as leader will sing the mass and Mrs. L. A. Grant will preside at the organ.

Bishop Montgomery will preach, and services will commence at 10.30 sharp.

FATHER J. BARRON Pastor of Fresno.

Father Barron of the Old Church has been appointed to the charge of the important parish of Fresno. His ability, his store of acquired knowledge and the natural modesty of the good father give a sure guarantee of success. The many acquaintances of Father Barron will be glad, and those interested in the work of the salvation of souls will whisper a little prayer, that God may bless the work. The Mission Indian is glad, but at the same time it cannot help but feel the loss, Los Angeles has sustained in the change.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1897.

Lent is a season of penance.

We all need penance. We all have sinned.

Think, meditate; without meditation no salvation!

Meditation and mortification—twin sisters found together by souls trying to be good.

"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own Soul."

Via crucis, via lucis. Walk daily in the footsteps of the Master. Go alone with Jesus. Use the Stations.

Do not mind others; attend to yourself. "He that is without sin amongst you, let him throw the first stone."

The articles in this issue are rather long; nevertheless our kind readers will find them all interesting.

We call the attention of our readers to the excellent article on page 8: The Early Education of the Child, by Rev. E., C. S. S. R., translated by Rev A. M. Grussi, C. P.P.S.

Cuba, Spain, General Weyler, the insurgents, the filibusters, the newspaper reporters and so forth are all hard cases and nobody knows any more, what to believe in reading about the Cuba revolution.

The U. S. Senate has passed an amendment, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to continue contracts for Indian schools. The House of Representatives has not yet passed the amendment, but the U. S. Senate has again proved itself a conservative body of men, being above and free from bigotry.

President McKinley is in the White House; a new Congress, the 55th, is in extra session; the great majority of the citizens show a hearty co-operation in all the Government is trying to do; now good times, ye heavenly gifts from on high, come on once more to make the people happy!

The island of Crete is the scene of war. The Cretans are christians and wish to be independent of the unspeakable Turks. Greece wishes to help them and to annex the island, but the European powers do not give their consent. The end is not known, but it may be possible, that Greeks and Cretans will get what they want.

The Bible is the great question of the day. Now is the time for catholics to be posted on its inspiration, origin, history etc. Get non-Catholics inquisitive: make them demand of their Ministers an account of the Bible. Abstain from abuse; it is not christian; truth has no need for such a thing. Read, digest, simplify, understand others, and teach. Be brief and clear.

The author of the *Stabat Mater*, which our readers will find on page 5, is *Jacoponi de Todi*, who lived in the 13th century. This remarkable man followed for many years the profession of lawyer at Todi, Italy, and it is said of him, that he was worldly and very shrewd. His wife was an excellent, pious lady, who in order to please her husband, would sometimes frequent social entertainments. On one of these occasions the seats collapsed and many of the ladies were crushed to death. Jacoponi rushed to the assistance of his wife, who was among the mortally injured. To assist her in her agony, he loosened her dress and thereby discovered, that she wore a penitential garb under her costly dress of silk. She

died after a few minutes. This accident changed Jacoponi's worldly manners. To do penance was his only desire hereafter, and in order to suffer contempt, he played the part of a fool so successfully, that when he asked to be admitted into a Franciscan convent, the good friars refused to take him, believing him to be crazy. Then he wrote his immortal ode on the contempt of the world: "Why the world struggles for vain glory." Thus his contemporaries in astonishment discovered his great mind and perfect sanity and he could enter the novitiate of the Franciscan order. He was forbidden to make a fool of himself, although he retained his nick-name Jacoponi, which means "the fat Jacob." As a Franciscan, he lived a wonderful life of humiliation, mortification and penance. His love of Jesus increased daily. "Lord, my God, what art Thou and what am I?" was a frequent subject of his meditations during the night. Asked "what do you want to suffer?" he said: 'All the sufferings of the whole world, of purgatory and hell.' And he had to suffer. One of his satires, in which he arraigned the vices of his age, brought him into conflict with the authorities and he was cast into prison. He submitted to this ignominy with sincere cheerfulness, and for many years his food was bread and water, his habitation the gloomy prison-cell. There was written the *Stabat Mater*, this beautiful hymn (sequence) to the Sorrowful Mother of Jesus, renowned for its deep conception, coming from the feeling, humble heart of the penitent Jacoponi. The door of his prison opened for him in the year 1303, he was allowed to return to the Franciscans, and died three years after—a holy death. His public veneration is allowed by the Church. Jacoponi wrote 19 satyres, 68 hymns, 40 odes and 9 sequences, the greatest of his works and wonders of flowers in the garden of poetry.



Uncle Tom

writes to his

Nieces & Nephews.

This is the time of Lent, and I must tell you something about it. Lent is from the Anglo-Saxon word *laenten*, which means spring-time.

In the Catholic Church Lent is the time of the year for penance. Our Blessed Lord prepared for His sacred passion by prayer and fasting. Lent is set apart to bring before us this example of the Saviour. The Anglo-Saxon word "Lent" is used for two reasons: First, this is spring; and secondly, because as the grass grows up, and the trees blossom, and the whole country looks pretty in the spring, so by the discharge of the duties of Lent the soul is made beautiful in the sight of God.

During Lent, every Catholic, young and old, who has grown to the use of reason, and who has committed any fault against God, must do something in the way of penance to make satisfaction to God. You, my little friends, are too young to fast, but you are not too young to pray; and, therefore, during Lent you must pray more than at any other time of the year. You must try and be, as often as you can, alone with God. God and the soul are more familiar when they are alone together. God spoke to Moses, when Moses was alone with Him on Mount Sinai. On mount Horeb the word of the Lord came to Elias, there alone. John, the son of Zachary, heard the word of the Lord when he, John, was alone in the desert. We read in the New Testament, that Jesus went out into the desert, and up the lonely mountain to engage in prayer to His eternal Father. Alone in the little church with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, what feelings take hold of us! How thoughtfully, how fervently, how faithfully, how confidently we pray!

If you cannot go to the church, or out into desert, or up the lonely mountain, you can be recollected, and in this way, putting all other thoughts aside, you can be alone with God. No matter what you may be doing or where you may be, you can think for a few moments, and have a little whisper with God.

When I said you were too young to fast, I meant, to fast from food. But there are many other things, from which you are not too young to fast. You are not too young to fast from everything that would be displeasing to God. At

school you have your rules, your regulations to do certain things at a certain time. If you do what you are not allowed to do,—if you do not what you ought to do;—if you do not do what you ought to do in the time fixed to do it;—if you talk when you should be silent;—if you stay in bed after the bell calls you to be up;—if you tell untruths;—if you neglect your lessons—you displease God and during Lent is the time to be more exact, so as to get the habit of keeping your rule and making satisfaction to God for all these mistakes.

The little things that you do for God, the little things that nobody sees or can see, these make your soul very pleasing to God. These things are done for God, people do not notice them, but God does. Then by doing little things you learn to do big things for God.

"Why, Uncle, is Lent 40 days?" Because, my child, 40, like seven, is a sacred number. Moses and Elias fasted 40 days; 40 days and 40 nights it rained on the earth. After 40 days they that went out to explore the land Chanaan returned. For 40 days the Philistine presented himself to the host of Israel. The Jews passed 40 years in desert.

The same way in our Lord's life. After 40 days he was presented in the temple; for 40 days He fasted in the desert; and for 40 days He conversed with the disciples before His ascension. So you see 40 is a sacred number, and as a holy, learned man says, does not occur so often by accident in the sacred scripture. But the chief reason for the 40 days of Lent is in imitation of the 40 days of our Lord's Fast.

"But, Uncle, there are more than 40 days in Lent."

No, my dear, from Ash-Wednesday to Easter Sunday makes 40 days, when you subtract the Sundays. When you are in danger of not keeping the fast of Lent, remember the words with which the blessed ashes was put on your foreheads the first day of Lent: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return." Will I please a little dust to hurt my immortal soul? Will I take the pleasure of a moment for an eternity of joy? No I'll keep the fast, I'll be a good child. Jesus help me.

The last time your old Uncle went to Confession he got the "Stabat Mater" as a penance. He thought, then, that it would be nice for his little nephews and nieces to have it in English, so here it is:

STABAT MATER.

*At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.*

*Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.*

*Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One;*

*Christ above in torment hangs
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.*

*Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold.*

*Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?*

*Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent.*

*For the sins of his own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.*

*O thou Mother, fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above;
Make my heart with thine accord:*

*Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.*

*Holy Mother, pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.*

*Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.*

*Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
All the days that I may live.*

*By the cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.*

*Virgin of all virgins best,
Listen to my fond request,
Let me share thy grief divine;*

*Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.*

*Wounded with His every wound,
Stabbed my soul till it hath swoon'd
In His very blood away.*

*Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment day.*

*Christ, when Thou shall call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory.*

*While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in paradise with Thee. Auen.*

I have received very many letters from my little nephews, and nieces. I should love to have them all printed, but there is no room this time. Father says: "Uncle Tom I will give you more space in the next number." Hasta la vista.

UNCLE TOM.

Nancy's Note.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, /
FEBR. 15, 1897.)

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is a long time since I have written to you not because I have forgotten you entirely, no

indeed not, I would never forget you and I never will. I hope that this letter will find you enjoying good health, and I assure you that this letter will both please and surprise you to hear that I am working in Prescott. I will not say much about Prescott for I have been here only two months.

The Srs. of St. Joseph have a very nice Academy here. And the Srs. of Mercy are building a hospital in the suburbs of town. There is a military post about a mile from where I live, I see the soldiers very often at mass on Sundays. Our Church is a brick building with stained glass windows.

I do not like Arizona as well as California, for there is no fruit nor flowers nor pretty lawns nor nice trees. Did you ever see Arizona, Uncle? If you did I am sure you would not like it. I think California is the Paradise of the earth.

The Paulist Fathers gave a mission here last month, Assidro, Valeo, William Matthews, Frances Ortega and myself, made it up. I wish you would have seen how pious the people were during it. Dear Uncle, I think my letter is getting too long, pray for me and I shall do the same for you. Your devoted niece

NANCY A. MORALES.

Lots of Rain Everywhere!

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Mar. 2, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my second letter to you. I hope you will be glad to hear from our School. We are all trying to be good girls and often think of you. I just came down from the shrine. I wrote to you last year but you did not print it in the "Mission Indian." So I hope you will by this time. We had nice rain down here and the river got high. When the wagons cross the river, they stick in and they cannot get out. I suppose you had some rain up there like us and some snow. All the Sisters are well and the children also. My studies are Catechism, reading, spelling, Bible History, Arithmetic, Geography, but I like reading and Catechism the best of all. I have charge of the Sisters dining room. It is dinner time so I must stop writing with much love to you. I remain your affectionate niece

SALVADORA MACHADA.

The Seraphic Smile.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., FEBR. 28, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

I suppose that you have forgotten all about me. I still continue to go to school, Sister Margaret is our school teacher, I like her very much, she is so good to me, not only to me but to all.

I am a member of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Father Hahn is our pastor, he is a good friend of the Indians. I am afraid we could never get along without him, he is so kind and cheerful, no matter where you meet him, he is always smiling, and sometimes I wonder if he does not smile in his sleep.

Dear Uncle, did it snow at your place? We had very big snow storm here, San Jacinto mountain was just covered with snow and many of our flowers and pepper trees were just hanging down to the ground, and lots of them were broken down by the snow.

Lent will soon commence, and all the Christian people will have to fast for their sins. Dear Uncle, I am afraid I have tired you too much with this letter, wishing you the blessing of Almighty God. Your devoted niece

MIGUELA BRITAIN.

The High River.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Mar. 2, 1896.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

To-day I am writing to you, to let you know how we are getting along. We are all improving in our studies, and we learn how to sew and work on the drawn work. This is my first letter to you so I hope my letter to come out in the "Mission Indian." I was not here last year, that is the reason I did not write to you. I hope you will excuse me. I was in the kitchen last week, so to-day is Tuesday and I am out of the kitchen, we are all kept busy here. It is very nice and green, we had a fine rain, the snow is on the hills, it is very nice to see the snow. The river was very high, now it is down a little, but any way the wagons when they want to cross they have trouble. All the Sisters are well and they are kind to the children. I like to be with the Sisters. I wish to be with them all the time. I will try to be good. I must stop with much love to you. I remain your niece

SHOLASTICA L. QUISQUIS.

You should not hope thus.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., FEBR. 15, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is with the greatest pleasure I write this letter to you, in order to inform you that I am well and as happy as I desire to be. The last issue of the "Mission Indian" was duly received here and read with much satisfaction, especially Uncle Tom's letter, which was the most valuable of all. The article gave us the greatest delight by informing us of many useful things.

We had Forty Hours' Devotion and prayed for three days adoring our Lord in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Last week it was raining for three days. I hope you had more rain than we, because I think you live away out in the mountains. I remain as ever your loving nephew

PATRICIO LUGO.

Amen, Ramon.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., FEBR. 15, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

With great delight I write you this letter.

We have here two niues for playing base ball, but not very good players. Some of the boys are so very small yet. I think that you will send the base ball suits, caps and slippers for your nephews, then we can play more easily. Do you know how to throw "curves" Uncle? Oh, yes, indeed, Uncle is the best pitcher in the world, he can show us how to throw "a curve, strike, or slide."

Some of your nephews are sick, and I have the charge to take care of them during the night. They sleep down stairs, but the others sleep up stairs. Well I will close my letter, because it is very near twelve o'clock, any how I have to write again next month, consequently you do not want a very long letter. With all my heart I say, God bless Uncle Tom. Your nephew

RAMON BARTHOL.

The Obedient Man Speaks of Victories.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JAN. 28, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning I felt so happy that I felt like writing a short letter to our Uncle Tom. I will try now in the new year very hard to be a good child and try to obey my superiors all the days of my life. During the Forty Hours' Devotion I prayed very hard and went to confession and in the morning received Holy Communion.

Dear Uncle, we are very happy and pray that

a long and happy life may be granted to our Dear Uncle Tom. Your loving nephew
MARCOS SEGUNDO.

It is called the "Incarnation of Christ."

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., FEBR. 15, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write you these few lines in order to tell you all the news I can think of. On Christmas night we had a high mass at twelve o'clock in the night and at ten A. M. That was the day on which our Saviour Jesus Christ was born in the Stable at Bethlehem.

Dear Uncle, "Do you know how this mystery is called?" Please he so kind as to explain it to us in your next letter. Then on the twenty-fourth of Jan. we had Forty Hours' Devotion, and we prayed with all our hearts to our dear divine Lord that He might give us and to all creatures the graces we need.

We played base ball yesterday by ourselves just for a practice. We have no base ball suits. Of course your nieces and nephews are growing very fast. Dear Uncle, did you make your Christmas duty? I suppose you did because your letter was much appreciated by your nephew

PETER SALVADEO.

God Bless You Too, Santiago.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., FEBR. 15, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning I have time to write you these few words. We read your nice letter and were glad to hear from you. Dear Uncle, this is my third year in school.

I was very sorry that my letter was not printed in the "Mission Indian" the last time. We had Forty Hours' Devotion on January 24, and we prayed to our Blessed Lord and Redeemer for you and everybody. We went to confession and on Tuesday morning received Holy Communion.

I am trying to be a good boy this year, and enjoy my studies very much, but one thing is, I do not like to speak Spanish, because Father Hahn does not wish the boys to talk Spanish, he likes the boys to talk English.

I am trying to learn the Carpenter trade, and I like it very much, besides that, I have many other charges, but I will not explain them to you this time because my letter is almost too long now. May God bless you. I remain your true nephew

SANTIAGO SAUBEL.

My Eye is still keen.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., FEBR. 15, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is a real pleasure to write you a short letter. I prayed that your New Year may be brought up well and happy. We read your nice letter in our school room, and were very glad that our old Uncle did not forget his nephews.

All your nephews are enjoying a good time. Some of your nephews told me that you were a great ball-player in your younger days and that you even now in your old age still keep a "good eye." Is that so Uncle? Your grateful child

RAMON CHARLIE.

News-Boy on Redland's Local: "Los Angeles and San Francisco papers!" After a while, eating peanuts, absent-mindedly: "Los Angeles and San Francisco peanuts!" (On half shell; curtain.)

The Yuma Indian Training
School.

Letter to the "Mission Indian".

Dear Editor:

Being in Yuma during Xmas. week and having nothing particular to occupy my attention, I thought I would pay a visit to the Indian school in the old Government fort, on Yuma hill. Having a good opportunity some days previous to my visit, to see the older Indians, passing to and from the town, my impressions in regard to their progress towards civilization were very meager indeed. On arriving at the school, I made my way to the office of the Superintendent, in order to get permission, to visit the different departments. I was received most cordially by Mother Ambrosia, who not only granted permission, but also sent a guide to show me around, and explain anything, that might be of interest to me.

It was then about 9 a.m. and time for school. The school bell was ringing, the children assembling in lines with the most exact precision, the drum beat was heard, and all moved together in military step to their class rooms.— There are three separate apartments for the boys: One for the large, one for medium, and one for the small boys. Through the courtesy of one of the teachers I was invited to enter. The exercises commenced with a short prayer recited by all, immediately after the Star Spangled Banner was sung by the whole school led by their teachers, and let me assure you, Mr. Editor, that there are many pupils of the little red school house of California, who could not render it half so well.

We next visited the girls department, where we found seventy neat, tidy Indians girls busily engaged with their studies. On entering they all arose and saluted, by saying: Good morning, Sir. After returning the salute, and at a signal from the teacher, they were all seated, strictly observing perfect silence and good order. Their general appearance and demeanor demonstrated the fact, that their progress towards civilization is fast becoming a reality, through the unceasing efforts and example of their teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph. We passed on to the laundry, where we found six of the larger girls hard at work, washing, starching, ironing and assorting clothes given in their charge. Next to the laundry is the

Indian kitchen, where all the food is prepared for the pupils of the school. The bakery is in charge of two young Indian men, graduates of the school. Every thing looked neat and clean. We sampled their bread and found it good and well baked.

We next visited the trades department. In the shoemaker's shop there are six boys employed learning the trade. I was shown a sample of their work, and let me say, in all candor, that I never wore a neater or more complete shoe. By the way I have been informed that their teacher is a No. 1 mechanic, which accounts in great measure for the efficiency exhibited by the boys.

In the carpenter shop we then found six boys learning the trade. Some of them are fair mechanics. I was informed by their teacher, who by the way is also an excellent mechanic, that they were quick to learn, well disposed and perfectly obedient to his instructions.

Our next visit was to the sewing department, which is in charge of a Sister teacher. Here twelve girls are taught dress-making, millinery, embroidery, fine needle work, and operating on the sewing machine. All the garments worn by the girls and small boys, the sheeting, hat-trimming, toweling, mending etc. is all done here. This teacher also instructs the girls and boys in music and singing. In remarking to my guide, that the children all looked so neat and clean, I was informed that each pupil had two suits, one for every day, and one for Sunday. Dresses or any part of clothing, hats and so forth, when soiled or torn, are immediately sent to the laundry, washed, mended, and returned to the clothes room, which promptness accounts in a great measure for their neat appearance. We next visited the dormitories, which are kept in most excellent order. Each pupil has a separate spring bed, with good heavy mattress and pillow, two sheets, pillow slip, double blanket, comforter and white spread, more comfort and accommodation than the great majority of white children have even in their own private home.

As Xmas. was drawing near, I asked my guide what time divine services would commence on that day. I was informed that services would be at 6.30 A. M., conducted by Rev. Fr. Schneider, assisted by a choir composed of boys and girls of the school. Thanking my guide for courtesies extended, I wended my way slowly towards town, reflecting on all, I had seen.

On Xmas. morning early I again started for the school. On arriving I met one of

the employees, who kindly informed me that services would be held in the large dining hall. Slowly walking towards the building my attention was called by the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the boys and girls approaching from different directions. I said to my friend, "don't they look fine." He answered "yes, they all got new suits yesterday for a Xmas. present and they feel proud and happy." They passed slowly into the hall, which was tastily decorated with evergreens. A temporary altar was arranged and adorned with the most exquisite taste. The solemn peals of the organ announced the commencement of divine services. The Rev. Fr. Schneider accompanied by two acolytes approached the altar, and solemn high mass began. The choir, consisting of ten boys and ten girls, led by two Sisters, intoned the *Kyrie* in magnificent voice, and to my surprise continued to render their parts without the slightest jar or mistake during the mass. To say that I was edified beyond measure listening to these Indian children singing the praises of God and looking at the little ones, holding up their little brown hands towards heaven, petitioning the Holy Infant on Xmas. morning for grace to become good and obedient boys and girls is but mildly expressing my thoughts at that moment. I thus witnessed with great joy and gladness the fruits of patient labor amongst the offspring of the despised red man of the plains.

After services, I had the honor of an introduction to Rev. Father Shneider. He is never so happy as when attending to the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor Indians. He informed me that the outlook for the future, in regard to the spiritual welfare of the Indians was very promising indeed.

I was told, that Santa Claus did not forget the poor Yuma Indian children. He brought them two lovely Christmas trees, loaded down with toys, candies, cake and fruit.

During the time of recreation, and whilst engaged in manual labor, the boys are under the watchful care of a disciplinarian and a *general* supervisor. The "general", as he is called, keeps a sharp eye around the hill, and looks upon himself as the guardian of the honor and order of the whole institution. He works with his eyes.

I called on the Superintendent, Mother Ambrosia, and congratulated her on her successful mission amongst the Yumas. She modestly replied that she and her faithful associates have done no more than what they considered a

sacred duty and that this was her eleventh year amongst the Yumas.

Thanking her kindly for privileges granted, I returned to Yuma a well satisfied and happy man.

Respectfully

C. D. F.

Dr. Hefferman is the resident physician in charge of the Institution and the whole reservation. The Doctor is a man of great fidelity in the discharge of his duties. He is most charitable and generous, and has always some small change for a poor hungry Indian. The most admirable feature of his character is that his charity, whilst great and extensive, is entirely devoid of any element of ostentation. When some good thing has been done, some kindly act performed, and its author cannot be discovered, it is always safe to lay it at the doctor's door. To say this much will doubtlessly displease him, but Doctor remember we say this in order to make the works of God known. Ed. Miss. I.



Early Education of the Child.

Very interesting.

From "THE MESSENGER".

To-DAY I shall speak to you on a subject you like to hear about, a subject you all love and are greatly interested in. "The Child"—this, dear parents, shall be the topic of our present discourse. Let the love you bear towards your children engage for me your closest attention.

What is the child? The child is the purest reflection of the divine likeness, an angel in the flesh, the dearest and most precious creature of God on earth. The Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist excepted, there is nothing in this visible world that God loves more than the child.

What else is the child? It is the hope of both earth and Heaven. The whole human race lies hidden, slumbering peacefully, within the child. The infants now resting on the bosoms of their mothers or lying in their cradles are the future fathers and mothers of the family, the rulers and subjects of the State that is to be, the priests and faithful of the Church in the time to come. Yes, Heaven itself buds and blossoms within the child.

What shall it be—weal or woe, a world better or worse, Heaven or hell? Either one or the other will come from the child: the education of the child must determine which of these results shall follow. A man will be like the education

he has received, good or bad. The world depends on education for its good or evil condition: if the people are educated as Christians, the world will be Christian; if they are educated as heathens, the world will be heathen. Yes, even the kingdom of Heaven depends on education: by means of education Heaven is either filled with human beings, or it is deprived of them.

No doubt the world is wicked and corrupt. No one denies this. Nations torn by internal revolutions, the poor waging an economic war against the rich, infidelity, apostacy from God and Christ, vice and crime in every shape and form—all these social evils are rapidly multiplying; murder, robbery, fraud, immorality—these and all other crimes are scarcely less rampant now than even in pagan times. The world is so depraved that great men, saintly Bishops, are justly apprehensive of some impending catastrophe. They fear that God will not permit the world to remain in this condition much longer, that the end of the world is near at hand. Whence do all these evils arise? They have their source in the pernicious education now prevalent. Whence the flood of corruption that now sweeps over the earth? Education, perverted in its principles and methods, is the origin of it. It is this evil education that precludes all hope of a better future, that deepens the abyss of destruction and hurls a countless number of souls into hell.

What more do we see in the child? The child is the apple of contention between God and the devil, between the Church of Christ and the world. Yes, of this great strife the child is the precious object. He that has control of the children commands the future destiny of the world. There is no question more written about and discussed in parliaments than the question of education. The Church knows no better means for the conversion of the world than a good, religious education of the children at home and in the school. On the other hand Satan and the world also know that there is no better means for the extirpation of the Church and the Christianity than to have the education of the children in their full control. Hence the axiom: "He that instructs, governs; he that teaches, rules, he that has the children, to him belongs the world." The enemies of the Church would institute no "culturkampf"; they would not molest the Pope nor exile the Bishops; they would permit the priests to preach and the people would be allowed to pray—if only they could have the sole privilege of educating the youth,

if only they had the school in their power.

But to whom does the child belong? To its parents. To the parents God gave the child; it is their own exclusive property, their own flesh and blood. Who is vested with the sole right and authority over the child? The parents. No one can justly deprive them of their child. To whom belongs the prime duty of educating the child? The Bible declares time and again: "Parents, educate your children!" For this most important task the best opportunities, the natural faculties, the supernatural graces are given to the parents.

Who, therefore, are primarily responsible for the education of the children? From whom will God demand the souls of the children? On whom must fall the complaints so often and so strongly made concerning the wickedness of the world, the loss of so many souls? Parents against you the State and the Church will make their accusations; on you will fall the accusations of the Guardian Angels of your children; Jesus, the friends of the "little ones," will accuse you before the judgment seat of Christ; and if through your fault your children see themselves damned, they will curse you forever in the fire of hell. The parents are the first and chiefly responsible ministers of God's kingdom on earth. If they do not fulfil their duties, than the designs of the Most High God are frustrated.

But it is not really my intention to frighten you; on the contrary, I wish rather to console you. I therefore say to you, dear parents: If your responsibility is so great—and it is great, indeed!—than it must be possible for you, nay, it must be easy, to give your children a good education. "The greatest of all arts," says St. Augustine, "is the education of children." This is the art that the parents must know and practice.

(To be continued.)

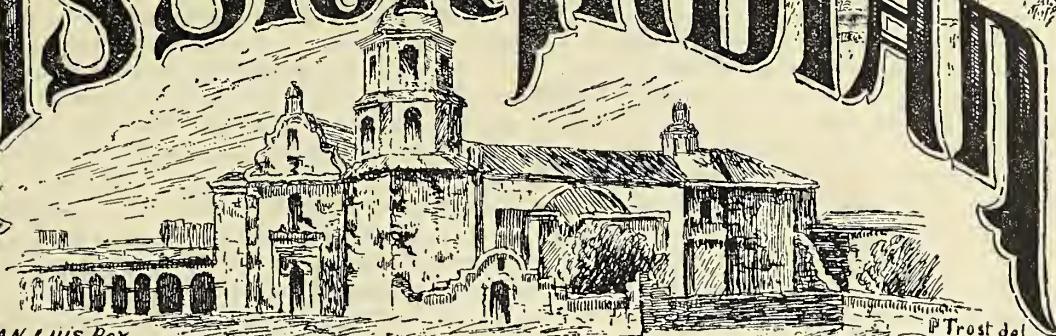
Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.

We ought to deal kindly with all, and to manifest those qualities which spring naturally from a heart tender and full of Christian charity, such as affability, charity and humility.

These virtues serve wonderfully to gain the hearts of men, and to encourage them to embrace things that are repugnant to nature.

St. Vincent de Paul.

MISSION JUDAH

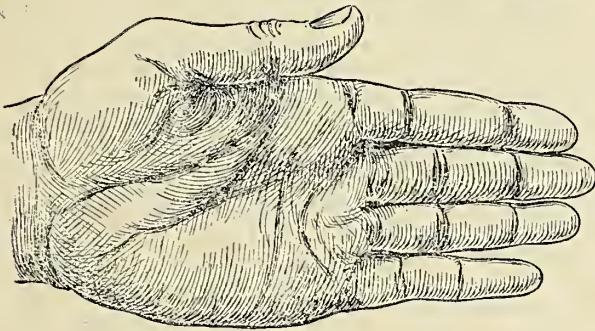


VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1897.

NO. 7.

RULES FOR THE EARLY EDUCATION OF THE CHILD.



The Children must be carefully Guarded.

The Children must be Developed and Cultivated.

The Children must be Led On by good Example.

The Children must be Kept under Discipline.

The Children must be Educated as long as they are in the Infancy.



Early Education of the Child.

Very interesting.

From "THE MESSENGER", continued.

Why is it that so many parents bring up bad children? Because they do not know the art of education. This discourse is intended first to benefit those who have children; but it is also directed to all those who have the intention of entering the married state. No one should dare to enter this state who has not studied and learned this most important art. I shall teach you this art in a very short time, if you are closely attentive. It is contained in five principles; and these five principles I shall inscribe on the five fingers of your left hand, in order that you may ever have them plainly before your eyes.

First principles of education: "The children must be educated as long as they are in their infancy." Every principle must be clear, so that one may be able to say: "That is nothing but the plain truth." Now then, hold up your little finger:

1st The Children must be Educated as long as they are in their Infancy.

Perhaps the priest asks (in confession, as he is bound to do): "How is it with regard to the fourth Commandment—the education of your children?" The mother answers; "Oh, as regards the fourth Commandment I have nothing to accuse myself of. My children are yet small; they are only babies." Just as though the art of education could not be thought of in this case! But this is the very time to think of and practise the art. Suppose a gardener, in the spring time of the year, would make the following remark: "I can do nothing just now. The trees are yet too young, the plants are too small." What would you think of him? When the trees are young, when the plants are just beginning to peep out of the earth—why, just then is the time for the gardener to be near them, to tear up the weeds, to remove the harmful worms, and insects, to moisten the soil with his sprinkling can. When must you begin to educate your children? Holy Scripture tells you: "Educate your child *ab infantia*"; that is, you must begin to educate your child

even before it can articulate a single word. Educators and theologians all agree in saying that the child must be educated from the very time of its birth. The period from the child's birth till its seventh year is the most important period of its whole life.

"But," replies the mother, "how shall I treat the little creature? Shall I whip the baby? That would avail nothing. Shall I speak words of exhortation? These the little one cannot understand." The Holy Ghost answers: "Accustom your son to what is right from the very beginning of his way; then he will walk on the right road also when he is grown up."—"Accustom your son!" The child is like soft wax. When it begins to stretch out its tiny hand for something, it will not care particularly whether the hand be the right or the left one. If you permit the child, for a time, to use its left hand in reaching for objects or in handling its toys, it will thereby accustom itself always to use its left hand. The child will remain "left-handed" all its life. Certainly, that is no sin. But as it is in this one thing, so it is in all other things: "Once a use, ever

a custom," says the proverb. Custom becomes, as it were, a second nature. A man will do readily and easily what he is accustomed to do, even though it be difficult; but he will omit doing even what is easy, if he is not accustomed to do it. For example: Is it an herculean task to say a short prayer every morning and evening? Who does it? Only he that has been accustomed to say this prayer from the early days of his childhood. And the same rule can be applied to many other things.

Many parents wish to reap where they have not sown! They do not sow the good seed by "accustoming" their children. Will the soil remain unproductive? These parents will notice very soon that the weeds are growing up; and greatly frightened they will ask: "Whence comes the cockle?" You did not sow the wheat—you did not work—while your child was enjoying the spring-tide of its life. Accustom your child to order and cleanliness, and it will grow up with a love for order and cleanliness; accustom it to frugality, and it will cherish and practice frugality also when it is grown up; accustom it to modesty and decency, and it will be modest and decent as long as it lives; accustom it to be peaceful, and it will be peaceable during all the years of manhood or womanhood. Yes, accustom your child to anything else that is good and virtuous, and it will retain that custom to the end of its life. This is as true and certain as it is true and certain that two and two are four. So do not forget what your little finger shall remind you of: "The children must be educated as long as they are in their infancy." It is now, during the first seven years of their life, that you must work faithfully and earnestly. What you neglect to accomplish during this period you can scarcely retrieve by anything you may do later.

Second principal of education: "The children must be kept under discipline." How clear and self-evident this principle is! Inscribe this principle on your second finger, the ring-finger of your left hand. The ring may be said to signify "discipline." Now then, hold up your ring-finger:

☞ The Children must be kept under Discipline.

On the south side of your house you have planted a vine. The first warm rain of the early spring has fallen; the sun sends down his bright, warmth-giving rays—now watch! See how the vine begins to sprout, how the buds are ex-

tending their tiny fingers! The vine is unfolding its new life with irresistible power. Within a few nights the young branches have grown upward, clinging with their tendrils to the wall; or they are creeping low over the ground beneath them. What must the vine-grower do in order that the vine may yield its expected crop? He must cultivate the vine: he must prune, tie and direct the branches; he must keep the vine "under discipline." The child is just like such a vine. It grows up rapidly. All its faculties are fast developing. A brood of vipers—the evil passions of the soul—is awakening and beginning to stir; the ugly reptiles are creeping forth from every corner. Who must now be near the child, to prune and tie and direct the fast-growing branches? The child itself cannot do this.

Parents, this is your work! You must cultivate the vine; you must keep the youthful passions under discipline. The Holy Ghost exhorts you: "Bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord." Do you not perceive the passions sprouting forth, even though the little one be only 3 or 6 months of age? There is covetousness—do you notice it? The child is determined to have what it sees; you can scarcely satisfy its craving. There are plain indications of gluttony, of envy, of stubbornness, of spite; there are outbursts of anger and fury.—Do not imagine that these "little passions" are insignificant. If you allow these "little passions" to grow, they will soon become so strong that it will be impossible for you to subdue them. Many fatal mistakes are made in this very regard. So many parents, instead of trying to curb and subdue the evil passions of their children, rather excite and foster them. They provoke their children to anger, they arouse their envy, they encourage them in stealing. There are many persons who are beastly intemperate in eating, whose "thirst" is so clamorous for drink that they can scarcely quench it. Whence these evil qualities? When they are children their parents continually urged them to eat and to drink, to glut themselves with the "good things" of the table.

There are many others who are brimful of vanity, overflowing with pride and self-conceit. Whence these evils of their character? Many parents go to excess in "dressing up" their children. The children must be the living puppets of every new fashion; they must stand before the mirror to gaze upon and admire themselves; they are excessively praised and flattered in the presence of their companions—etc. Children may be seen

conducting themselves most scandalously in the school-room, in church and on the street; they are quarrelsome at play, they ridicule old people, they break windows by throwing stones; and one cannot help thinking: "These children are not kept under discipline at home by their parents." Holy Scripture says: "Man was destroyed because he would not accept discipline."

(To be continued.)

Cardinal Gibbons on Catholic Schools.

The following lines, written by Cardinal Gibbons on pages 324 and 325 in "The Ambassador of Christ" are significant and coming from such an enthusiastic patriot and citizen of our Republic as His Eminence, are worth thoughtful consideration:

"The best criterion for estimating the value of a Catholic school, is to compare the religious progress of two parishes some years after their formation. Let us suppose that both parishes had, at the time of their foundation, equal advantages as to the wealth and number of their members, and in all other respects, with this single exception, that one was furnished with a school while the other had none. At the expiration of a decade of years it will very probably be found that the parish destitute of a Catholic school has been marked by a very slow growth, or has barely held its own, or in some instances, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the rector, may even have retrograded. The ranks in the house of God that were depleted by the deaths of parents, have been but partially filled up by their children.

"On the other hand, the parish that was blessed with a Catholic school, beholds springing up a new generation well-grounded in the principles of religion and virtue, docile and obedient to the law of God and teachings of the Church, the hope and joy of the minister of Christ."

"The number of converts added to the fold compared with the army of youthful confessors of the faith, growing in spiritual life, and equipped with the panoply of religion in the [parochial] school, is proportionately as small as were the ears of corn gleaned by Ruth in comparison with the harvest gathered by the reapers before she entered the field."

A Corner in Smiles.

The *Iconoclast* calls Col. Ingersoll "the oratorical Blind Tom" and says of him:

"He simply sets words to music and gives us a euphonious Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye."

Diocesan News.

A new church is a necessity for the Anaheim Catholics. Build it large enough! It will be filled.

St. Francis de Sales' Church, Riverside, has a neatly frescoed sanctuary and is illuminated by electric light.

Father Curran is happy. The harbor will be built at San Pedro. His congregation is sure to increase.

Bishop Montgomery will lecture in Redlands at the Academy of Music on Easter Monday. The good Bishop is untiring.

El Rio or New Jerusalem is preparing for the arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Good Father Pujol rejoices. He loves his flock.

A salvation-army man said to one of our priests: "May your ministry be always fruitful." The same prayer prays the "Mission Indian" for the esteemed Pastor of Fresno.

The Sisters of St. Dominic at Anaheim have considerably enlarged their orphan asylum and its stately appearance speaks better than words for the energetic, industrious daughters of St. Dominic.

Rev. Father McCarthy was agreeably surprised on the 33d anniversary of his birthday. His neighboring brother priests presented to him the handsome vestment case, which now adorns the sacristy of the Riverside Church.

The Los Angeles carnival—La Fiesta—takes place April the 20th to the 24th. Merriment and enjoyment are no sin, but it will be well for sincere catholics to be guarded against sinful dissipation. Masquerades are vehement temptations—beware, beware.

The rock, which we were willing to furnish, should the harbor have been given to Santa Monica, is not wanted at San Pedro. Mr. Huntington of the S. P. Co. is going to haul the rock from his own quarries. Anyhow Mr. Huntington understands money and business transactions better than we do.

St. Francis de Sales Church, Riverside, was the scene of a very impressive and solemn ceremony last Saturday, the occasion being a "Requiem Mass" for the repose of the soul of George Downey, who died recently in New York. The deceased was a relative of Father McCarthy and one of the charter subscribers of the "Mission Indian." He leaves a mother and brother, to mourn his loss.—*May he rest in peace.*

St. Boniface's Industrial School.

"A Kentuckian" sent a Manual of Prayers for the boy communicant, who would best know his catechism. Jose Maria Garra won the prize.

Our orchard is in bloom. How beautiful! The barley in the fields too is at its time of bloom. 1897 promises to be a good year.

Mr. Schroeder's place is now filled by Mr. Gerhard Miller, a competent shoemaker. He is kind to our boys and a man of principle.

Mr. Philips of the firm Wilcox and Rose was at the school doing some plumber's work. Wilcox and Rose are the plumbers of Southern California and Mr. Philips is their "best man."

Amongst the many visitors to the school we mention: Father Fitzgerald, the Walter Lecky of the "Miss. Ind." etc., Mr. Alphonse Roth, Mr. D. McDonald, Mr. Jim McDonald, Att., Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and others.

Mr. Alexander Schroeder had charge of the shoemaker-shop at the school. He is opening now a shoemaker- and harness-shop in the town of Banning and he can be recommended as a reliable, excellent business-man.

Of all the children now outing, we hear very good reports, one excepted. It appears almost to be impossible that white, civilized people would degrade a poor Indian girl. It characterizes a man as a scoundrel!

George experimented. He first sowed the barley and then plowed it under. It did not grow. Some one asked George: "Did you ever see your father use the plow instead of the harrow?" George is silent. He experimented on a small patch.

We do not intend to have commencement exercises this year. The time needed for such exhibits will be applied in careful and conscientious study of the ordinary branches in the school, which will benefit the children just as much.

On Passion Sunday April the 4th 17 pupils, 10 girls and 7 boys, made their first communion. The good children showed sincere earnestness and their happy, beaming faces on that day proved, they had been the temples wherein the God-Man dwelled under the mystic emblem.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. Bird is making some improvements on her place in town which add to its appearance.

A musical and literary entertainment, which took place on the 20th of March was a decided success. The talent came from Banning and Beaumont.

The frosts did very little damage to crops in this section, some of the early varieties of almonds are injured, but the later ones are safe.

Banning is entertaining several sick people, that is, they were sick when they came, but have very much improved since trying this climate.

The Banning Indians went to San Bernardino to play a game of baseball with the San Bernardino teams yesterday. They were beaten.

A new harness and shoemaker shop has been started in town. Mr. Schröder is the proprietor and he comes well recommended and will no doubt soon build up a thriving business.

The work on the Company's ditch in the canyon is nearly completed and we understand that when this is finished the new ditch to extend around the hill north of town will be immediately begun.

A game of baseball was played on the 21st between teams picked from Banning, St. Boniface's and other clubs. The score resulted six to four after a close game.

Mr. Franklin our popular merchant has just returned from a trip to Sedalia, Mo. While there he became a Benedict. He is now receiving the congratulations of his friends, who are everybody.

The desert is quite active now, some of Banning's young men being out prospecting. No doubt the warm weather will soon cause them so seek the refreshing influences of Banning's famed climate.

A curio social was held at the residence of Mrs. McDonell under the auspices of ladies, during the past month, which was museful and well attended. There were curios from China, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, Alaska etc.

Professor Hyath, County Superintendent of Schools, visited Banning schools on the 24th and 25th ult. He seemed very much pleased with everything about the school and went away saying that he had found it one of the best in the county.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1897.

The Lord has risen, truly! Al-leluja!

Let us rise from sin and live forever with Jesus!

We naturally talk about Irish or German or French or Italian or American Catholics! We ought not. Catholic means universal; it means the religion of all ages, all countries, all nations. God is our Father, we are His children; brothers and sisters we are—do not forget it!

Mrs. Quinton is very much interested in the *non-sectarian* Civil Service. We cannot but admire her zeal for the Indians, at the same time we have to admit, that Capt. Pratt is about right, when he opposes the scheme, to place laundresses, cooks and missionaries under the protective wing of the Civil Service Law.

The "Outing System" as especially introduced and recommended by Capt. Pratt of the Carlyle School may have some practical and beneficial results for the Indians, but it will certainly end in the extermination of the Red Race. As to the rude and savage foot-ball-game—where does the civilization of the Indian come in? This much for the friend, who sent us the "*Red Man*".

The Indian Rights Association is said to advocate the policy, that all the Indians be transferred from the control of the Federal Government, and placed under the laws and care of the resp. states. How wrong. The New-England people have succeeded in driving the Indians west-ward. Now they desire, that the Western States alone bear the burden of providing for the remnants of the red race.

President Cleveland extended the scope of the Civil Service, adding nearly eighty six thousand places to the classified list. There shall be no more spoils of office, as only 775 federal offices remain unprotected. The following offices in the U. St. Indian Service are now subject to the Civil Service Commission: Teacher, principal, superintendent, matron, physician, industrial teachers, cooks, seamstresses, laundresses, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, saddlers, farmers, nurses, Kindergarten teachers and teamsters. *Ne quid nimis!*

From the Debate
on the

Indian Appropriation Bill.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota said in the United States Senate on February 17, during a debate on the Indian Appropriation Bill:

"During the first two administrations after we had adopted this policy (of asking the co-operation of the various denominations in educating the Indians), not a single Catholic school was engaged in the education of the Indian children. The Protestant churches of this country commended this policy. The Protestant churches built the first Indian contract school; but, Mr. President, in 1880 we made the first provision for contracts for the education of these children in schools under the control of the Catholic Church. The Catholics were enterprising, and by 1885 they were getting three-quarters of the appropriations, because they had built the schools at the invitation of the Government, and then it was that we began to hear the cry that there should be no sectarian education; then it was that the clamor arose to abolish sectarian education for the Indian children, and it was continued until this time."

"Mr. President, I am well aware that we have an Indian Rights Association, organized, I suppose, to protect the Indians of this country. One of its most active centres is located in the State of Massachusetts. They are very solicitous about rights and privileges of the Indians, terribly anxious; and along with the same idea cherished by their ancestors, the people of Massachusetts are particular about the religious belief of the Indians they favor. Myles Standish, when he assassinated his victims, and was therefore made a saint by the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, expressed no regret, and the Rev. Robinson declared that we must take into consideration the hottemper of the little captain, and stated that his only regret was that he did not stay alive until he could be converted.

"So this association to-day is anxious about the rights and privileges of the Indians; yet because those Indians happened to believe the doctrine of the Catholic Church, they would drive them from the schools, turn them loose on the prairies, and make no provision for them whatever. Oh, Mr. President, I am tired of the contemptible hypocrisy of the Indian Rights Association. I am sorry that it finds representation on this floor. Whilst it may contain many philanthropic and excellent people, its affairs are controlled and directed by persons who have no respect not only for the interests of the Indians but in many cases for truth itself."

Senator Allen of Nebraska, the son of a Protestant minister, showed how ridiculous is the cry about the union of Church and State. Among other things he said:

"I noticed a day or two ago that a distinguished Union general, under whom I served during the later war, died at St. Louis, a man, Mr. President, who, I believe, was greater than Marshal Ney; greater, in my judgment, than any subordinate commander in this country or in the old in a hundred years of the world's existence. It so happened, when I came to read his obituary, that I learned for the first time that he belonged to the Catholic Church. He was A. J. Smith, a man pretty nearly eighty-four years of age. Mr. President, when that man was riding in the storm of battle, leading his hosts in defence of our country, did anybody say that was a union of Church and State? This Government employed his great services, and he rendered them freely in defence of the flag. You might as well say that the payment of that man for his services was a union of Church and State as to say that the payment of these church organizations for their services in educating the Indian youth of this country is a union of Church and State. That is not the union of Church and State to which we refer. The union of Church and State to which we refer, and which is contrary to our Constitution and contrary to our traditions as a government, is the establishment of a particular church organization and the supporting of that church organization by general taxation levied upon the people."

We are rather inclined, that the cry non-sectarian is a great fraud and humbug. After experiencing so much with non-sectarian people and non-sectarian institutions, we cannot say otherwise, than all the talk about non-sectarian Indian schools or sectarian Indian schools is a put up job.

There is the model Indian school at Carlyle, Penn. Its Superintendent and the paper published there are sworn enemies of Catholics. Many Government's inspectors of the Indian schools, whom we met were protestant ministers. Many employees in the Government's Indian service are members of the so-called Indian Rights' Association, which is a society for Protestant missions. In all the Government's Indian Schools there is a so-called "Sunday-School" (should be Christian Doctrine). Mrs. Quinton and her friends had much to say about the Indian service under Mr. Cleveland. We do not mention the "field-matrons" and some more important points, "how fallen away Catholic Indians are privileged" — but let every reader of of little Mission Indian be convinced, that all the talk and *tumult in Indian School matters* about sectarian Indian schools and non-sectarianism is insincere and a fraud.

We do not blame the Government's officials for teaching religion, but if teaching religion is non-sectarian in the Government's schools, it is also non-sectarian in our schools and the cry against Catholic Indian schools was nothing else than the out-burst of bigots.



Beloved Children: Next Sunday is Easter-Sunday, the day on which Our Blessed Lord arose from the dead. You know who Our Blessed Lord was: He was the Son of God, the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary—true God, and true man—having the nature of God and the nature of man, two natures; but only one Person—the second Person of the Blessed Trinity. You all remember the history of the Incarnation, and you know too about Our Lord's life.

Jesus Christ lived 33 years in this world: 30 years He spent in a private life, and 3 years in a public life.

His public life closed with His death on the cross. On the evening of Good Friday Jesus Christ died on Mount Calvary. He was buried the same evening. He lay in the tomb a part of Friday, all Saturday, and part of Sunday. Early on Sunday—Easter Sunday—He rose from the dead. The feast is called the Resurrection. Resurrection means to rise again, but when used about Our Lord it has a special meaning which you, my children must always remember:—it means that Jesus Christ by *His* own power raised Himself from the dead.

When a person dies the soul and body are separated. When Jesus died His soul left the body; the soul went to Limbo, the body was buried. But the divinity was not separated from soul, or from body. From the moment that Mary consented to be the mother of God, the second Person of the Trinity assumed the body and soul, and was never to be separated from either. Hence, my children, the body in the tomb was the body of God, and the soul in Limbo was the soul of God and each, body and soul, had in itself power to do all things, therefore power to rise up again after death.

There are bad people, my children, who say that Jesus Christ was not God, but a holy man raised up by God. He could not be a holy man, if He told big lies; and if He was not God, He told awful lies, for our Bible tells us in more than 40 places that He told the people He was God. Not only did He say He was God but He worked great miracles to prove what He said. God alone can work a miracle, hence, if Jesus Christ was not God, God came, and worked a miracle to prove that Jesus was, what He was not, that is my children, God is a deceiver—which cannot be. So then Jesus was truly God. Through His public life He Himself pointed to His Resurrection as the great, and crowning proof that He was God. He did so more than once. Look at St. John X, 17-18: "I lay down my life, that I may take it again; and I have power to lay it down, and power to take it again." In the same II. chap. v. 19: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." He spoke of the temple of His body. This is enough, and I want to show you two things here that proof Jesus to be God. First, His power, His own intrinsic power, the power in Himself to raise Himself from the dead showed He was God, for only God can restore life after death. Second, to foretell with certainty free future events belongs to God alone. God may tell others as *He* did the prophets. If Jesus was merely a prophet, God gave *Him* knowledge to tell what did not happen, namely that He Jesus would raise *Himself* by *His* own power. God again a deceiver, for Jesus did rise.

The death of Jesus was a free future event. He told of it, *He* told of *His* Resurrection after His death. It happened just as He had told. Therefore, *He* was truly God. God in Prescience, God in power. Prescience is what the learned people call that whereby one is

able to tell free future things with certainty. St. Paul writing to the Corinthians says: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain, for you are yet in your sins." How is this, my children. If Christ did not rise would it not be enough to save us to have him die? It would, if *He* so wished; but He always spoke of *His* Resurrection in connection with *His* Passion, and great and good writers speak of the Resurrection as the efficient cause of our Resurrection, that which will enable us to rise. Anyhow, this much is certain that the great power of Jesus, *His* power as God, was shown in the Resurrection, and thereby all were made certain of the infinite efficacy of *His* Passion and Death. The Resurrection of Jesus was the model for our Resurrection without which we would be still in our sins.

Now, children dear, what lessons are we all to learn from the Resurrection? We cannot think of the Resurrection, without thinking of the passion and death of our dear Jesus; and we cannot think of the passion and death without thinking of what caused them—our sins. And how can we think of all our Lord suffered on our account without seeing *His* great love. It must bring a tear of sorrow to the eye of every child to see all Jesus suffered for sin—sorrow for sin is the first lesson of the Resurrection.

This will mean rising from the death of sin to the life of grace, through the Sacraments.

Jesus rose to die no more. "Christ being risen, dieth now no more, death hath no longer dominion over Him." When we rise from sin, we must rise to die no more, to sin no more. We must not be found in the company of sinners, in the occasion of sin. To those who looked for our Lord in the tomb it was said "why seek you the living among the dead, *He* is not here; *He* is risen, behold the place where they laid *Him*."

Those children who have risen with Jesus must rise to die no more. They must no longer be found in the company of the bad. They must not be seen with those who do not go to mass on Sundays; they must not be seen with those who curse and talk bad language; they must not be seen with those who are idle, lazy, and waste time. No; now in grace they must labor and pray that they may persevere; for perseverance alone will make sure a glorious Resurrection. My risen Jesus, may we all one day rise unto glory with Thee.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

The following interesting case was the topic of conversation for some time. Jim St. Marie, a white man married to a half breed Indian woman, keeps his stock feeding on the lands of the reservation. His cattle was trespassing on the property of the neighboring Indian, Bautista Machado, who wanted to be indemnified for the alleged damages. As peaceful settlement was impossible, a law-suit took place before Judge Martin Largo. The defendant Jim St. Marie was aided by counsel Jose Miguel, whereas Henry Pablo acted as lawyer for the prosecution. Also Captain John Thomas was present at the trial, besides a number of interested and disinterested by-standers. As Mr. St. Marie is not entitled to any personal interest in the reservation, his wife holding as a half-Indian title to the lands etc., she especially was interested in this most important law-suit. The *casus delicti* was a calf, being a prisoner in the care of the Indian authorities.

Henry Pablo, the prosecuting attorney, explained that Mr. Jim St. Marie or his wife ought to pay some money for the damage his live stock was causing on the Indian reservation. But the lawyer of the defendant, Mr. Jose Miguel, contended, it ought not to be so, but that Bautista Machado ought to be glad if he is not made to pay damages to Jim St. Marie, because he captured and unlawfully imprisoned his fine calf. Still the pleading of Jose Miguel did not appear convincing to Judge Martin Largo, and Mr. Jim St. Marie or his wife were condemned to the sum of seven dollars, including fee for Judge and also feed for the delinquent calf.

After the trial, Mr. Jim St. Marie appealed the case to the higher tribunal of the Indians, the U. St. Indian Agent.

Bonds (!!) were offered but not accepted by Judge Martin Largo. The Judge remembered, how he was fined a short time ago upon the prosecution of Jose Miguel, his own son, in the sum of five dollars and he thought: "If it was just to fine me \$5.00, let the others pay their fine too, or restitution to me; what was unjustly taken from me before?"

Finally the beautiful calf in the case was taken by force by the defendant party and thus everything remains "in statu quo" i. e. in the same state as a thousand years ago.

Captain John Thomas and Judge Martin Largo were suspended from duty towards the end of March. Hence

the case about the calf was decided in favor of the other parties, just as we expected.

CAHUILLA VALLEY.

Pedro Casero had to go once more to jail. After the appeal to the U. St. Indian Agent, the case was reviewed and carefully investigated and the conclusion reached was, that the punishment inflicted upon Pedro Casero was not too severe. Thus he had once more to do penance and "entertain himself" in the prison-cell for sixty days, to which he was condemned by the Indian judge. This final decision has proved satisfactory to everybody.

Keep from sin and crime! Love order! Whoever neglects to do so, will have to bear the consequences. No personal spite nor any special favoritism shall weaken the arm of justice. The Indians, who try to have order in their villages are to be recommended and encouraged. The breaking down of the authorities among the Indians will surely lessen the influence of the other authorities. *Manus manum lavat*, one hand washes the other, says the Latin proverb.

Two men of the Cahuilla Indians are in the penitentiary having been convicted of stealing cattle. Their punishment is to be nine, resp. ten years in San Quentin. This sentence appears to be very hard and more so, because the Indians say, that no stealing took place at all, but that the stock of one of the ranchers was trespassing the premises of an Indian, eating up the barley in the field whereupon one of the Indians shot at the cattle, wounding but not killing a steer. The Indian, who did the shooting and the one, to whom the gun belonged, were found guilty of cattle-stealing. The Indian Inspector, Col. Lane has ordered a careful examination of the resp. court-proceedings and if the case is discovered to be resting on wrong testimony, the Governor will be petitioned to pardon the two unfortunate Indians.

The U. St. Indian Agent Mr. F. Estudillo, went to Temecula, Pichango, Rincon, Pala, La Holla, Mesa Grande, Agua Caliente, and San Issidro—everywhere difficult cases to be settled, the most difficult of them at

AGUA CALIENTE.

Here in this peaceful summer resort, where about twenty Indian families are living, cared for by Mrs. Babbitt, teacher of the Government's school, Mrs. Dr. Halloway, physician, Dr. C. Wainright, Mrs. French, field-matron and missionary, the Catholic priest, the protestant minister and Mr. Estudillo, the Indian Agent, not to forget the captain Pedro Aulin, the Indian judge, the police-

man Domingo Moro, also Ambrosio Ortega, sexton of the Church and some more or less important officers; here—where the winds blow cold in summer and in winter, where the Rabbitt's House is situated up in the clouds and where the pine and the live oak softly move their evergreen tops; where all is calm and serene—where the boiling hot mineral water bubbles up in a big stream—a salutary sulphur wave—there was some trouble. Too many cooks spoil the broth!

Ramona and Maria Antonia are sisters. Both desire to have share in use of the Hot Springs. The Captain objected. The Indian Agent was appealed to.

A meeting of all the Indians was held March the 24th and 25th. There were present besides the Indians, the U. St. Indian Agent, F. Estudillo, C. C. Wainright, D. Med., Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. French and others. An agreement was not brought about, as one of the families refuses to allow the other Indians to use the waste water, coming from the Hot Springs. The case will not be decided, until the lawsuit pending in the Courts is settled. Should the Indians lose their lands, then the proprietors of Warner's Ranch will own the Hot Springs and no doubt, a fine sanitarium will be erected. Poor Indians—sued by the white people—defrauded of their homes—split into two factions and quarreling amongst themselves! Verily, the attempt to divide them in religious matters is bearing bad fruits.

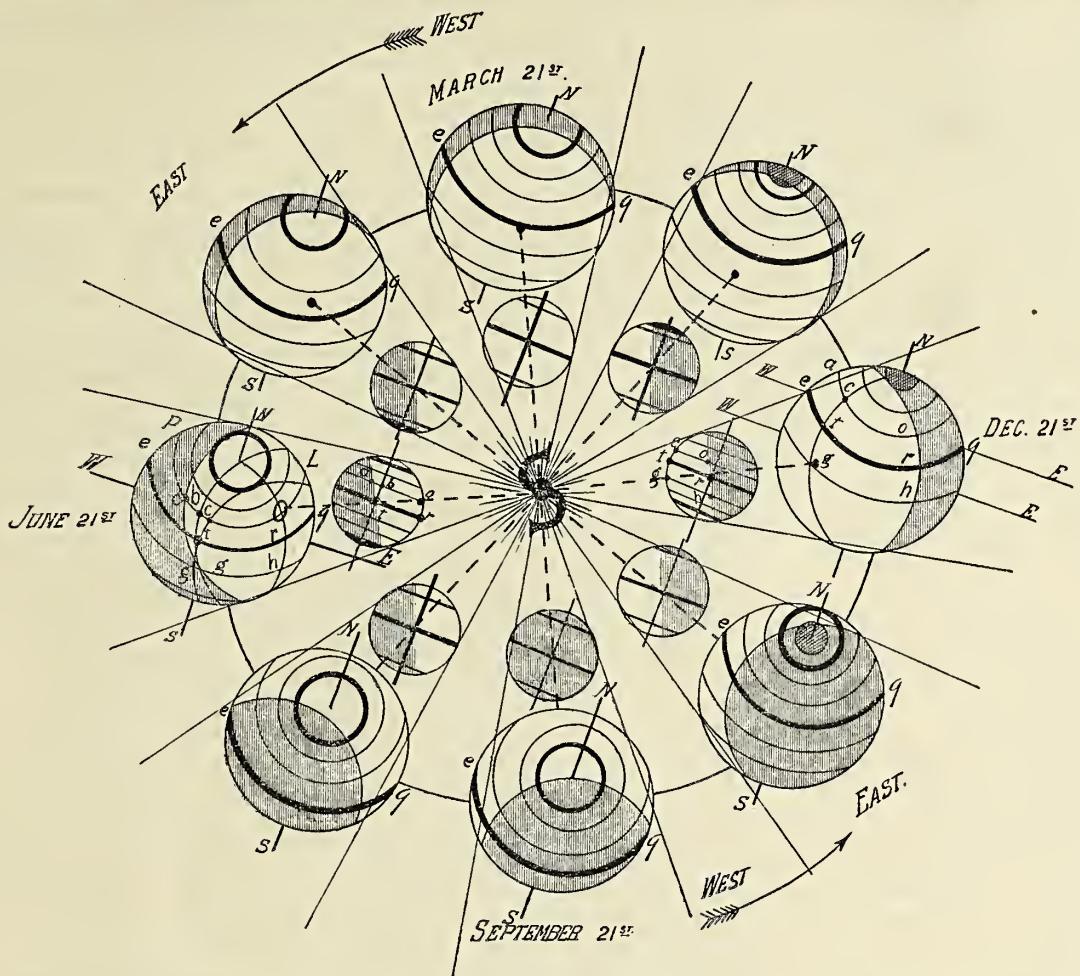
The Indians still are in their homes at Agua Caliente. There is a strong belief, that they cannot be driven away. *Melior est conditio possidentis*—Possessory right has the first claim.

Captain Pedro Aulin is very sick. His eyes are greatly inflamed and he may thank God, if he gets rid of this ailment without losing his sight.

SAN FELIPE.

The Indians here are always in trouble. Lately their horses were again confiscated by the manager of the San Felipe Ranch. The authorities ought to put an end to these outrages once for all.

An Indian from Santa Isabel came to San Felipe. He was very sick and apparently died. Then the San Felipe Indians bought lumber, calico and candles for the burial. When they were about to place the corpse into the coffin, the dead man revived again and lived five days more, whereupon he once more expired and this time for good. There was much talk about this queer incident.



THE SEASONS.

The earth, while rotating on its axis from west to east, revolves around the sun in the same direction, in about 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days or a year. The path of the earth around the sun is nearly circular and is called the "ecliptic." Were the earth's axis perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, the sun's rays would always fall vertically on the equator, therefore, there would be no change of seasons. The axis of the earth is inclined to the ecliptic at an angle of 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the perpendicular, consequently, its equator must form an angle of 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ degr. with the ecliptic; for this reason, the sun seems to climb higher from Dec. 21, until June 21, and to recede from June 21, until Dec. 21, because the axis of the earth retains the same direction throughout the year.

The following figure illustrates this, *S* in the center of the figure represents the sun, the globes, the earth, the arrow indicates the direction of the earth's motion around the sun and on its axis; the shading of the globes shows the parts of the earth that have night, the deeper

shading the parts that are in continuous night; the dotted lines represent the rays of the sun which fall vertically. *N* *S* marks the earth's axis, *e q* its equator.

It will be seen that when the earth is at the left of the sun, his rays strike vertically all places 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of the equator; for the earth's rotation will bring successively each of the parallels through the point marked *o*, which is but little below our place of habitation, therefore, on the 21, of June the sun is almost directly overhead. The North Frigid zone being within reach of the sun's rays has continued day, while the South Frigid zone is in continual darkness, or night. When the earth is at the right of the sun the contrary takes place. The rays of the sun fall vertically 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south of the equator, and obliquely on our hemisphere.

When the position of the earth is above or below *S*, the sun's rays fall vertically on the equator. In the first case Spring begins for us, and Autumn for the Southern half of the globe; in the second, "vice versa." The other positions explain themselves.

The more vertically the rays of the sun strike the earth, and the longer our hemisphere is exposed to them, the warmer it becomes, thus is the heat of summer explained. Nevertheless, it grows warmer after the 21, of June, although the days become shorter, and the sun's rays fall more obliquely, on the part of the globe in which we live; because the days have been longer than the nights for quite a while, and still continue to be so, therefore, the earth loses less heat in the night, than it gains during the day. Besides ice and snow from the northern regions have been melted and carried off; the winds coming from these regions have for this reason ceased to cool our atmosphere. Warm southern winds have gained over them.

For contrary reasons the winters with us become coldest after the 21, of Dec. Although the days begin to grow longer; the earth loses more heat during the night, than it gains in the daytime, besides the days have been shorter than the nights for sometime, and snow and ice have accumulated in the north. The general trend of the mountains of our

country being from north to south, they do not keep off the prevailing cold blasts which rush in from the north, should they be covered with snow and ice they will add to the severity of the winter. On the summits of high mountains, the air is rarefied. The thinner the air the less heat it can receive and preserve. Snow will appear sooner, in such places, and melt later.

Inequality of Day and Night. At the equator day and night are always of the same length, twelve hours each. The earth being a ball half of its surface, in whatever position it may be, must necessarily be illuminated by the rays of the sun, while the other half is in darkness. As the equator is at all points equidistant from both poles, and rotating around the earth's axis once within 24 hours, every point of it must become exposed to the sun's rays for half that time, and averted from them for the other half. The small globes show this plainly. The shading on the globes shows further, that on March 21, and Sept. 21, just half of each hemisphere is illuminated at a time: Day and night are equal in every part of the earth. In the other positions more or less than half of each hemisphere is illuminated, according to its direction towards the sun, and this the more or less so, the nearer we go to the respective pole, until we reach a circle where the sun always shines or, on the opposite hemisphere where his rays never fall.

Days and nights are unequal, at the poles there is always day or always night respectively. Days are longer than nights, the nearer we approach the illuminated pole, which has continuous summer, and shorter, as we draw nearer the averted pole which will have winter.

The arches the sun describes over our hemisphere in summer, and the corresponding arches he makes in the skies, are indeed longer than the arches he describes over the same portions in winter. Compare the globes to the right and left of *S*; but on June 21, these arches do not differ much in length from each other, and grow smaller towards the north, nevertheless, the days are longer than the nights the further north we go during the summer; because all circles parallel to the equator move slower the farther north they are, and in summer the sun is seen longer in the skies.

While it takes the equator 24 hours for a complete revolution, all the parallel circles, north and south of it, will perform this revolution in the same time; since they become gradually smaller, their motion must become

gradually slower. Thus see globes left of *S*, it takes *t* (sunrise on the equator) six hours to move to *r* (noon on the equator; *t* *r* $\frac{1}{4}$ equator); in the same time *b* will have moved to *o* (noon for places $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of the equator) and *a* *b* represents the time. The sun has risen earlier at *a* than *t*; therefore he will set later at that point of the globe opposite to *a*, where *a* will move out of his light. At the pole the sun will move around the horizon in a complete circle.

What is east and west, and why does the sun rise and set more towards the north in summer and towards the south in winter, and never exactly in the east and west in the part of the earth on which we live? When *a* has morning an observer on the side of the globe opposite to *a* has sunset. The sun has remained in the same place, and the direction, in which we see it, is nearly the same with regard to the place of the sun in relation to us. The expressions, east and west, refer not to the real place of the sun but to his apparent place, or rather to the direction in which the earth revolves on its axis.

If we look towards the pole of the heavens, the Polar star, to which the axis of the earth is directed—or towards the north we call east and west a direction perpendicular to the foregoing, at the right and left respectively. Now, an observer at *a* will see the sun rise in the direction *a* *S*, hence northeast, because east is the direction *a* *E*; at sunset on the opposite side of the globe, the line *a* *S* will be northwest, because having turned he sees the sun at his left, a direction opposite to that in which the earth is moving. The points *o*, *r*, *h*, are at sunset in winter at the right of *S*, *o* *S* is a southwestern direction, as the figure shows.

H. W.

The Name "Crank".

It is claimed by one authority that the first "crank" was Morse the inventor of the telegraph. According to the popular story, when Morse made his first appearance in Washington and when congress met he was on hand to try and secure an appropriation of \$17,000 to build an experimental telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore.

He brought along with him his wires, instruments and electrical generator. The former he stretched in and around the Capitol building, with instruments here and there, and the generator which was operated with a crank he placed in a convenient location and secured the service of a man to do the generating. The experiment created intense interest

among the members of congress, and especially among the northern members of the senate. They became so absorbed in Mr. Morse and his experiment, and they neglected their business in the senate to such an extent, that that body was frequently without a quorum. The center of their interest was the crank machine turned by the man in his operation of generating the electric current for the wires. The interest but increased as Mr. Morse each day more clearly demonstrated the practicability of his invention, and the public's business in the senate suffered accordingly. Finally, Senator Benton's patience became exhausted at the want of a quorum and, rising in the senate one morning he said: "Mr. President, it is quite evident to my mind that we will never be able to proceed with business till this crank man and his bill is disposed of and with the object of hastening him to fold up his crank and get away from the Capitol so we may have the attention of the senators I move that the bill appropriating \$17,000 to construct a line between this city and Baltimore be put upon its passage. As soon as word went out that the bill had been called up, the northern senators flocked into the chamber, and in a few minutes Mr. Morse was made happy over the passage of his bill. But from that time on he was known as "Morse the Crank."

Comment on our Exchanges.

Le Progres and *Francais* are two French weeklies of Los Angeles. The French people take a pride in keeping up their mother-tongue; they love the republican form of Government and the enthusiasm for the Russian despot is excusable at this time of patriotic demonstration.

"The Young Catholic Messenger" Dayton, Ohio, is a fine magazine for children, at the low price.

"The Chimes" is an interesting publication, but the make-up is inferior to the "Messenger."

"The Monitor" of San Francisco shows decided improvement in the arrangement of matter. It ought to be in every catholic family.

"The Tidings" has reduced the number of its pages, but enlarged their size. *The Tidings* ought to have a large circulation. Many a dollar is spent for injurious reading, many a nickel goes for a paper without news, 2 cts. pay for the Catholic Tidings of Los Angeles. Read it; it is newsy.

"The Messenger" of Collegeville, Ind., \$1.00 a year is a neat magazine, treating mostly on purgatory.

Three college papers reach our office: *The Student*, *The Collegian*, and *Mt. Angel's Banner*. In former issues we referred to the *Student* and to the *Collegian*. *Mt. Angel's Banner* tells us many nice things of Brother Joseph. This religious of St. Benedict assisted us last year in our work at the Banning school. We pray to God, that one day we may be able to say in the "Mission Indian": "Father Joseph will say his first mass etc. etc."

Ration Day on the Indian Reservation.

By ALICE ROLLINS CRANE.

In "THE GREATER LOS ANGELES."

During my study of conditions existing among the Indian tribes of the Southwest, extending over a number of years, I have been amazed and disgusted at the lamentable mismanagement existing on the different reservations I visited. The system—or rather lack of system—practiced by the government agents in dispensing the nation's bounty to its savage wards could not well be more vicious or absurd.

Eastern people, who judge of Indian affairs by "Official Reports," or from the even more imaginative accounts of sentimental or interested writers, can form little conception of the impression these officials made upon the mind of a candid observer on the spot. They have been led to conclude, on the strength of these authorities, that the savage tribes of the West are fast becoming civilized and Christianized through the influence brought to bear by the Indian Bureau, furnished with abundant means through the generosity of a paternal government. I have no hesitation in stating positively that nothing could be farther from the truth.

The average woman is, as a matter of course, supposed to be incapable of comprehending proper business methods. Nevertheless, however limited may be my own capacity in this respect, I claim to possess a modicum of common sense, and have become convinced that this useful, if humble, mental quality is woefully wanting in the administrations of our Indian reservations. For example, let me describe the mode of issuing rations and supplies on the Apache Reservation, at San Carlos, Arizona:

The rations are distributed every Saturday, and clothing, blankets, and other less perishable commodities quarterly and semi-annually, in such cases from supply depots established at Fort Carlos and Fort Apache. Fort Carlos is situated on a mesa, or elevated plain, near the center of the reservation, which is eighty square miles in extent, and Fort Apache in the White Mountains, in the northwestern section.

On these occasions all the Indians on the reservation, who are able, gather at

the distributing points; one member of each family detailed to receive its due allotment. These representatives are ranged in a long line in front of the low stone warehouse, where the goods are stored, as New Yorkers are accustomed to see people stand before a theater or opera house to secure tickets for some extraordinary performance, or we in the West observe our winter tourists lined up in front of a postoffice window at holiday time. The distribution then commences.

On ration day, the recipients, usually squaws, present themselves, each with a huge gunny sack, and one by one in answer to the number, hand in the required slip, and are furnished with their share of governmental bounty. The allowance is controlled by the number in each family, and is issued as follows:

First, a quantity of sugar, plentifully mixed with sand and dirt, is scooped into the scales and dumped into the sack, which the Indian holds open to receive it. On top of this are thrown the stated number of pounds of "coffee-beans"—originally so designated, doubtless, to satisfy the scruples of some over-conscious agent—for the fragmentary particles to which the name of the invigorating Arabian berry is here applied includes a considerable mixture that bears a highly suspicious resemblance to the succulent vegetable product popularly supposed to be the chief article of diet of the cultured Bostonese. On top of these "beans" is heaped a due amount of rice of the cheapest grade, to which has been added a quantity of broken cobble stones and gravel. All of these are, also, mixed with a substance resembling wool, doubtless ravelings from the sacks.

"Why do you do that? It is an outrage," I indignantly remarked to the handsome, debonair young New Yorker, who was superintending the distribution, alluding to the useless blending of the commodities.

"Oh," he answered with a laugh and a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder at my misplaced sympathy, "we do it so the squaws may have something to keep them busy between ration days."

I said no more, but turned my attention to the meat distributors, who were pitching great chunks of skinny, tough-looking beef at the government victims.

The cattle are slaughtered, dressed and hauled to the warehouse, where men stand over the carcasses with saws and axes, hacking off pieces regardless of joints or the grain of the meat, and

tossing them, one by one, to the waiting Indians, as if feasting caged beasts.

It is an amusing yet melancholy sight to see the wretched, half-chothed, dirty squaws, old and young, trudging off with their big gunny-sacks containing a heterogeneous mixture of three, or sometimes four or five, different staples, over one shoulder, together with a sack of salt, or flour, and perhaps four or five pounds of wormy dried apples, occasionally allowed them as a special luxury, and a great piece of bloody meat balanced on the other, and dangling down their backs. Some I saw riding, three together, on the backs of poor scawny cayuses [ponies] or burros [jacks], their meat and provisions tied to the animals' sweaty flanks, a spectacle calculated to destroy the appetite of a delicate person for some time thereafter.

I was kindly invited to dine with a government official, whose table was of course furnished with the best of the beef; but I found it almost impossible to masticate my portion, although still possessed of a full complement of the strong, sharp incisors provided by nature. I learned from the agent that there were between four and five thousand Indians on the reservation; and there must have been over two thousand provided with rations on the occasion I describe.

The distribution of clothing presented scenes even more shameful and ridiculous than those I have already described. The apportionment of clothing, etc., is made as in the case of rations, each family receiving the number of garments to which its numerical strength entitles it, without regard to the age or sex of its members. Misfits of the most grotesque character are, therefore, rather the rule than the exception. A big "buck" of perhaps two hundred pounds weight may be seen holding up to view, with the idea of exchanging it for something more suitable, a flannel undergarment designed for a child of five or six years; while a squaw in the dawn of womanhood exhibits a pair of jeans overalls, a man's calico shirt, and a pair of hob-nailed cowhide boots of an enormous size, and a tiny girl drags after her a suit of men's cotton-flannel underclothes big enough for a stuffed Jumbo.

When the supplies are all issued an attempt is made to effect a satisfactory exchange; but, as may be conjectured, this in many cases proves impossible, accounting for the fact that, as I rode through the reservation, I saw many men, women, and children, without

other clothing than breech-cloths, although the squaws usually make every effort to, at least, provide themselves with blankets.

Those who fortunate enough to secure garments they can wear, or are able to exchange for such—they do not require a fit, but only something they can get into—immediately don their new habiliments on the spot, and strut around with an air of excessive pride and triumph. A young “buck,” with a pair of new cotton-flannel drawers, even though they may be slightly baggy; a shirt on the outside, and his head bound with a bright bandana handkerchief, considers himself quite “The glass of fashion, and the mold of form.” Too many are, however, doomed to disappointment, and are compelled to resort to forlorn expedients for another three or six months.

People who picture to themselves the Indians as exhibiting, at such times, the gratitude and delight of children gathered about a bountifully laden Christmas tree, are cherishing an altogether mistaken notion. I never elsewhere saw congregated so many scowling, careworn, altogether unhappy looking faces as I beheld at Fort Carlos on these occasions. Savages, like children, are much less easily imposed upon than is generally supposed.

If the realization of the socialist’s dream of the time when a paternal government will provide for each individual according to his needs is to be anything like this, let us by all means cling to “our present rotten system” as long as possible.

There is another warehouse at Fort Carlos, besides that in which the general supplies are stored, which appears to be a sort of annex to the Patent Office. Here are found specimens of the most expensive agricultural machinery, some of which have been stored out of use for many years, while newer and more improved varieties are constantly being added, and piled up idly, to become the prey of rust and decay. There are also other superfluous utensils, for instance, an expensive set of surveyor’s instruments. I believe, indeed, they have almost every device one could think of, from an Edison phonograph to a patent milking machine—there are no cows milked on the reservation at present, but there might be sometime; and the Indian Bureau, in its wise foresight, is prepared for the most unlikely contingencies.

I did see a few Studebaker wagons used by the Indians in hauling wood to their wick-i-ups; and one which was

being driven to the nearest railway station, Fort Thomas, with a load of canaigre, a species of root now extensively used for tanning, which grows here wild and is dug by the Indians, when they can sufficiently conquer their constitutional inertia.

While the most absurd extravagances are indulged in on these reservations, essential expenditures are sadly neglected. Within a quarter of a mile of Fort Carlos—where an agency has been located for many years—runs the Gila river, which has no bridge, although its banks are fully forty feet high, and alarmingly steep; in going down with a vehicle you are obliged to shut your eyes and trust to Providence to preserve you from broken bones and your horse and wagon from destruction, while climbing up is a more formidable, if less dangerous, undertaking.

plauded enthusiastically this doctrine, whereas the more dignified and rational teaching of the Bible was repudiated. Indeed they throw stones at the Bible and hit themselves.

We distinguish generally five races of man:

1) *The Caucasian or white race*, found in Europe, in the northern part of Africa and the western part of Asia. The Caucasians have a white skin, an oval skull and smooth soft, long-curved hair.

2) *The Mongolians or yellow race*, found in eastern Asia, have a yellow skin, “eubical” skull, flattened face, narrow forehead and black, smooth hair.

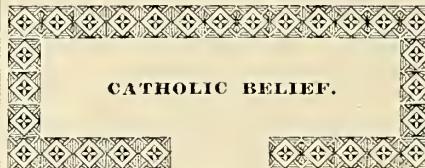
3) *The Indians or red race*, found in North and South America, have a red skin, an elliptic or egg-like skull and black, smooth hair.

4) *The Aethiopians or Negroes, the black race*, have the homes in Africa and are noted for the black color of their skin, curly black hair, a narrow forehead, short, wide nose and broad, “turned up” lips.

5) *The Malays or brown race*, found in Australia and on the islands near this continent. These people have a brown skin, a small skull, the face of the negroes, but their hair is “woolen.”

Besides these five races of mankind, we also subdivide each race into many species or tribes; for instance the Caucasians in Europe are subdivided into Celts, Goths, Teutons etc.

Although we thus distinguish the inhabitants of our globe, nevertheless an essential mark, justifying a complete radical, essential distinction, cannot be found.



CATHOLIC BELIEF.

Holy Writ teaches clearly and definitely, that the human race has one common father and mother, whom we call our first parents, Adam and Eve. This is commonly expressed by “the unity of man” and thus we are in reality children not only of God, but also children of one original family and actually brothers and sisters.

The principal words referring to this doctrine as contained in the Bible are the following: “And God created man to His own image; to the image of God He created him, male and female He created them.” I. Gen. 9; 27. “And God blessed them saying: Increase and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it.” I. Gen. 1; 28. “Increase and multiply and fill the earth.” II. Gen. 9; 1. “He giveth to all life and breath and all things; and hath made of one all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth.” Acts 27; 25, 26.

This teaching of the Bible has been assailed by those, who assert, that man descends from an animal; and also by the materialists, who claim, that the color of the skin, formation of the skull and variety of language, would indicate a plurality of original ancestors of mankind.

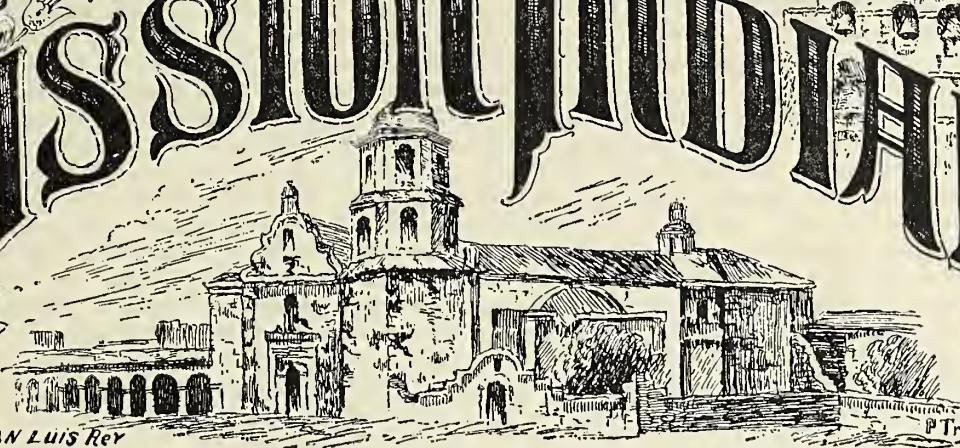
Strange. When the learned men began to teach, that man is the result of evolution, every would-be-savant ap-

MISCELLANEOUS.

Writing on the “Warnings of Washington” contained in the Farewell address, Prof. Courtenay de Kalb, of the Rolla School of Mines, says in an article in the *Independent*: “We vaunt our patriotism, and we are a patriotic people. The love of our country, of our institutions, and of our principles never dies out; but the slumbering ember which blazes only with the winds of sudden enthusiasm is a different thing from the sacred fire maintained ever brightly burning upon the altar.”

“In a little town of Indiana the word “Franciscan friar” occurred in one of the readers of the higher classes. The lady teacher, gave the following explanation: “Franciscan” means “French”; “friar” is something like a priest; a “Franciscan friar” therefore is a French priest!—

MISSION INDIAN



SAN LUIS REY

P. Frost del.

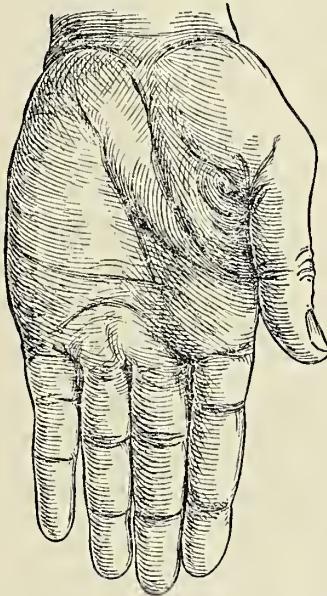
VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1897.

NO. 8.

Early Education of the Child.

From "THE MESSENGER". Continued.



The Children must be carefully Guarded.

The Children must be Developed and Cultivated.
The Children must be Led On by Good Example.
The Children must be Kept under Discipline.
The Children must be Educated as long as they are in their Infancy.

In two things, dear parents, must you keep your children under strict discipline. First, educate them so that they will ever be truthful and sincere, that they will avoid telling lies. If your children will not admit their faults, what can you do to rid them of these faults? There are parents who have nothing but praise for their children, whereas all other people find fault with them. The neighbors, the teachers, the priest—yes, everybody complains about the behavior of the children; the mother alone says: "I cannot imagine what is the matter. Our children are better than all others." Yes, indeed; your children are adepts in lying; they can make you believe that black is white and white is black.

Nothing is more dangerous for your children than the abominable practice of lying. How do children acquire the habit of telling lies? 1st. By deceiving them with exaggerations, or by telling them "lies for fun." The child laughs at your joke; and then it will repeat the lie to others "just to make them laugh also." 2nd. By chastising them unreasonably. The child happens to break an old, worn-out cup. You act as though that were a terrible misfortune. The next time such a thing happens the child declares, "I didn't do it." Here is a lie uttered from fear of the threatened punishment. 3rd. By giving them your own bad example, or by encouraging them in telling lies. The mother says: "If papa comes home this evening and asks you, you must tell him that you don't know anything about it." "If the teacher asks you to-morrow morning why you missed school so long, you just tell him it was on account of sickness." "Go and see who it is that rang the door-bell. If it is the man with the grocery bill, you tell him I am not at

home"—etc. Parents take care that your children will not acquire the habit of telling lies; do not furnish them the least occasion for ever telling a lie; never let a lie from them go uncorrected.

Secondly, it must be your constant endeavor to break down the self-will of your children, so as to render them prompt and willing in their obedience. It does not lie in human nature to be always promptly and willingly obedient. On the contrary. Human nature being perverted by original sin, man is rather inclined the other way. There are children—children so young that they might still be called infants—who are "chokefull" of self-will. "I will—no I won't!" You exhort and entreat: "My dear child, please go and do this!" What answer do you receive? "No, I won't do it!" "Please, darling, don't do that!" Answer: "I'm going to do it anyhow, and I don't care!" How can you educate such a child? All your good words of exhortation and instruction will redound from the child's heart just as a rubber ball does when it is thrown against the wall of your house. Says the Wise Man: "Bow down thy son's neck while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so he be a sorrow of heart to thee."

Why are there so many disobedient sons and daughters? When they were small, how often were they addressed in words like these: "My darling, what do you want? Do you like to eat this, or shall I cook something else for you? Do you want to go to bed now, or do you wish to stay up longer?" etc. What is the consequence? The child soon gets the conviction: "What I want, is right, what I want to have done, must be done!"

"Our Johnnie," remarked a certain

mother, "is a very good little boy, only he will have his own way about things. We must do what he wants, and he is all right." This foolish mother is even proud of her "good little boy." Long ago, when he was yet a baby in the cradle, Johnnie found out that by crying and squalling he could compel his mother to do his will. And when he was old enough to walk—why, then he was the king of household! For instance, Johnnie was resolutely bent on enjoying the sole privilege of closing the door whenever anyone went out of the room or came in; and woe to him who would not let the door open for him to close it! Once it happened that the hired girl went out; and being in a hurry, she closed the door after her. Johnnie runs to the door as fast as he can, but alas! the door is already shut! And now, what happens? The little king is grievously offended. He throws himself on the floor; he screams, kicks and scratches from very rage. Says the foolish mother: "O Johnnie, my darling, did you come too late? But don't mind it. Here is some nice candy for you!" Johnnie screams out: "I don't want any candy. Why didn't she leave the door open?" The silly mother calls back the servant, and the door is opened. "Now, Johnnie, my dear, go and shut the door!" But Johnnie bellows out more loudly still: "I won't do it now—no I won't!"

No wonder that such children, when they are thirteen or fifteen years of age, cause their parents a world of trouble. They are controlled by all sorts of wild passions; they are as expert in telling lies as spiders are in spinning their cobwebs; they are disobedient and utterly unmanageable. The parents complain and lament most bitterly: "What can we do with such children? We may say or do what we please, they will not mind us. They only laugh at us; they aggravate us almost to death." Can we have any pity for such parents? One cannot but think: "The poor children were brought up without proper discipline."

Third Principle of Education:

"The Children must be Developed and Cultivated."

Parents, hold up your first finger, the index or teaching finger. The rose—with its beauty, its rich color, its delightful odor—lies inclosed within the bud. In like manner do the faculties, the talent, the abilities lie dormant within the child's soul: the mind with its faculties, the imagination and memory; the heart with its sentiment and desires;

the will, the conscience, the intellect. The rose-bud is developed by the Creator Himself. But who must develop the Creator's image, namely the child's soul? During the first seven years of its life the child attends no other school than that of its father and mother; it has no teachers than its parents. How eager the little one is to learn! As often as the child gazes intently on any object, the desire to know and learn instinctively arises in its youthful soul. If you pronounce the word slowly and distinctly, behold! the child's memory forthwith exerts its power, the intellect seeks to grasp the idea. As soon as the little one begins to talk, it will ask you all sorts of questions: What is this? How? Why? Where is this from? For what purpose? Thus one question crowds another. You need only devote a little attention; you must try to answer the questions, to instruct. You can do so occasionally, while engaged with your work, while preparing the meal, in some of your leisure moments. The child is docile; it readily believes all you say. Teach it to memorize some little verses; get it to answer questions suited to its young intelligence; let it hear you narrate some little stories or anecdotes, etc.

If the parents fulfill their duty in this respect, the child will develop into a splendid work of art; if they neglect this duty, all that is beautiful and promising in its soul will be nipped in the bud.—The children are fed, washed and clothed. But then they must keep quiet; they must be banished, as it were, into some corner of the house. If they will not submit to this kind of discipline, they are treated to a flood of curses; and then they are driven out to run the streets. With many parents this is the whole art of education.—"When the children are seven years old," such parents usually say, "we will send them to school." Very well. What is it you will then send to school? The injudicious gardener begins to sprinkle his flower-bed after the roots of the flower-plants have become dry within the soil. What will such sprinkling avail? It comes much too late.—Do you wish to observe the children in school? Well, here they are before you. It is the first day of school. There sits a pupil eight years of age. Speak to the boy—he will not understand what you say; ask him his name, and he can scarcely pronounce it for you; his whole appearance and manner is so stupid and washy, one might think he has come into the world only a few days ago. Here, right next to this boy, there sits another. What a difference between the two! This boy looks

at you, his bright eyes so full of eager intelligence; he really understands all you say to him; his mind is so acute that he is able to answer any question he is asked—and the little fellow is only six years of age! The first boy, after six months, knows no more than he did on the first day; he cannot understand nor remember anything. His talent is buried: he will remain a blockhead all his life. The other boy daily increases his store of knowledge and amiability; in the years of his life he will be happy. The first remains unfit for anything in life; his earthly career will be a miserable one.

In the child's soul there lie hidden faculties of another kind, namely the religious faculties—faith, hope, charity, reverence for God, conscience; also the germs of the moral virtues—humility, patience, etc. These also must be developed, otherwise religion will never take root in the soul and heart of the child.

"Instruct thy children!" "Teach thy son!" "Be instant in season and out of season!" Such expressions as these are repeated hundreds of times in the Sacred Scriptures. Parents, cultivate the hearts of your children! Speak to them frequently of God, His love and goodness. Cultivate their conscience: "My child, how dare you do such a thing? What will God think of you, who sees and knows all things, who hates and punishes sin?" etc.

There are persons who seem to have no conscience; the sentiments of love and gratitude towards God are entirely unknown to them; they have no idea whatever of religious joy and piety. Their talents are buried. Parents, recall to mind every day what the index finger tells you. Most men are bad only because of their stupidity. See how diligently and perseveringly the painter works to finish his picture. Your task, dear parents, must be to develop human beings who are to shine forever in God's heavenly exhibition.

(To be concluded.)

Letter - Box.

FULLERTON, ORANGE Co., APRIL 14, 1897.

Dear B. Florian Hahn, C. P. P. S.

I will write to you these few lines in order to tell you that I am here and working every day; and also I never forgot to pray for you.

I have been in San Pedro and Whittier, Los Angeles Co., and there is a church here and there is one in San Pedro and one in Wilmington. Tell me, did you go to Warner's Ranch? Tell me, how are the Indians in San Issidro Reservation. Please send me the Mission Indian to Fullerton P. O., if you can.

From your remainder

SEÑOR DON FRANCISCO ALBERAS.

Diocesan News.

The Paulist Fathers had a successful mission in San Bernardino.

Mr. Eugene Roth's "mighty deep" is away down, but awful grand.

The "Concert and Lecture" at Redlands on Easter Monday was a big success.

So was the Tallyho-ride. Father Fisher and Alphonse Roth can make a long trip seem very short.

Father Barron entertained besides the Bishop eight of his neighboring priests. He has indeed many friends.

Father Fitzgerald's words Sunday evening: "Let no man rob you of that faith, which God gave you!"

First Communion every where. "When the vine blossoms, the old wine is fomenting." Hence our joy!

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who celebrated his silver jubilee as a bishop is called "the silver-tongued orator."

Father Harnett of East Los Angeles has been appointed Vicar General of the diocese during the absence of Father Adam.

The Vesper Service at Pomona was both beautiful and edifying. It ought to be imitated. But "San Jose, sweet San Jose!"

Father McCarthy of Riverside was missed from various celebrations recently. The manager of "a combine" is not always free.

The Rev. Michael Riordan of Menlo Park paid a short visit to Banning. The good Father is a most genial soul. Come soon again, Father.

"Come in time to get from the master of ceremonies your place in the ceremonial part of the service"—Thus worketh the new deanery. *Deo gratias.*

The Very Rev. J. G. Alva, Commissarius the Franciscans (province of Aztatca, Mexico), paid a short visit to the novitiate in San Luis Rey Mission.

Father Hahn was summoned to San Francisco in the Waldteufel case. Mr. Waldteufel jr. admitted his guilt and was then declared "not guilty."

Miss Lillie Scanlon sang a little song for the Indian children. Her sweet contralto charmed the "Redskins;" they ask "will that lady come again?" What answerest thou?

The gentle, amiable, Pastor of Santa Monica spent a few days at the School. He was looking for a little rest, and found it. Banning is a great climate.

The Celebration at Pomona on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was splendid. The Deanery is in the lead in modern times. Two assistants wanted.

Bishop Montgomery made the hit of his life at Redlands: He "popularized," and made attractive, the much-calamинiated and much-detested confessional.

Cussen and Cunningham have removed to number 218 South Main St., where they occupy the finest funeral parlors this side of the rocky mountains. These parlors have a frontage of 25 feet and 150 in depth.

The Rev. Clement Moloney, who was ordained on Easter Monday, said his first mass on Low Sunday. The Mission Indian prays that the young Levite may be always faithful to the Sacred duties of the priesthood.

Cardinal Gibbons in the Ambassador of Christ writes:

"A meditation every morning, though it be brief, should rarely be omitted. It is a refreshing, purifying spiritual bath, preparing you to appear with a clean heart before the great king at the sacrificial Banquet, and invigorating you for the work of the day."

The Bishop administered confirmation in Fresno on the 2nd inst. The Bishop spoke in the highest terms of the manifest improvement in Fresno during Father Barron's short administration. The Bishop delivered a grand Lecture to a vast crowd,—a crowd not only from the town, but from the country round about.

The new St. Mary's Church at Boyle Heights, Los Angeles, will be ready for services within two months. Stations, four statues and stained glass windows were donated. As everything is paid for, there will be no debt on the new church. Father Doyle was indeed very successful and we understand, why he feels happy.

The few German people at Lancaster are showing their delight and happiness, to have Father Schleicher attending to them. The services are held regularly, the parishioners come, not only women and children, but also the men. A new steeple with a bell adorns the church, pews have been made and a number of church articles purchased. How much good could be done everywhere, if we just widen our hearts!

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

A large number of our citizens attended fiesta.

A watchman has been located in town for a short time.

Mr. Charles Carpenter is again visiting his many friends in Banning.

Haying is now well under way, a good crop is expected with fair prices.

A large force of men are working on the new ditch line and work is progressing rapidly.

Mr. J. W. Chase Jr. (son of J. Chase) and wife, are visiting their family in this village.

Professor Hyatt, County superintendent of schools, paid Banning another visit last month.

Mrs. Coplin has sold the Restaurant to a Chinaman and the business will continue at the old stand.

John Frulon's team ran away on the desert. One horse was killed but no other serious damage resulted.

A large party of those interested in the study of minerals took a trip to San Jacinto Mountains on Saturday.

Mr. Stingley has sold out his barber shop to Mr. Allen, who is an experienced barber and no doubt will give complete satisfaction.

Mr. Hathaway and his mother spent a week in Catalina during the past month. They report having had a pleasant time.

The Atlantic and Pacific View and Portrait Company has located in town for two or three weeks and is prepared to do all work in its line.

Mr. Thomas Ryan of the Lost Horse Mine has been very sick with an attack of appendicitis. An operation was necessary and he is now nearly recovered.

Mr. Southworth sprained his ankle on the 20th ult., a large pile of flour fell upon it. During his inability to attend to business, his place was filled by Duane Hauverman.

A stage line is to be started from Palm Springs station to the principal mines on the desert. Messrs. Carpenter and Hamilton have charge of the station on his end of the line and will conduct a feed stable also.

Reid and Franklin will establish a branch store at the same place.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

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Payable in Advance.

Entered at the Banning Postoffice as second-class matter.

BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1897.

The Indians at the Fiesta refused to see the masquerade on Spring Street in Los Angeles. Hear! Hear! They showed good sense.

Emperor William of Germany called the members of the Reichstag, who opposed his unreasonable navy-bill: "unpatriotic." Tyrants and bigots are always ready to cry *patriotism*, if somebody happens to disagree with them.

A band of Indians danced at the Fiesta in Los Angeles. We consider it poor policy, to inveigle the Indians to make fools of themselves for the amusement of their models in civilization. Talk about disorders amongst the Indians! Where do they learn it? From the whites!

As to the war between Turkey and Greece, we have to record the action of the German emperor, who has loaned some of his best generals to the Moslems, to help them to fight the Christians. The house of Hohenzollern has followed a similar, heathen policy since its foundation and we recommend this fact to the careful consideration of those who know only one side of the Night of St. Bartholomew or the Spanish Inquisition.

Much is done for the education of the Indian children. Very little is done for the bettering of the Indian's condition at home. The Mission Fathers preached to the Indians, converted them; administered the Sacraments to them. The Fathers likewise controlled the Indians in their temporal affairs. This control has been taken away

from the Mission Fathers and to day no padre has any authority in temporal matters. Nevertheless the authorities of the State have not gained thereby and the Indians live without proper control or supervision. The way it looks we must admit, that the Indian problem will never satisfactorily be solved. The only thing to be accomplished is to save the Indians' souls—model farmers, model mechanics and model cooks notwithstanding.

Indian Appropriations.

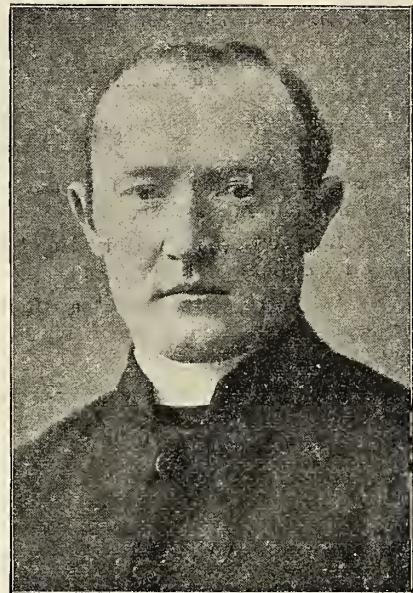
DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Washington, April 15.—The senate spent today considering the Indian appropriation bill, but did not complete it.

Mr. Vest of Missouri spoke in criticism of the provision of the bill abolishing sectarian Indian schools. He knew, he said, that what he said would subject him to bitter criticism. He was brought up a Protestant, and had no connection with the Roman Catholic Church. But he had no sympathy with that cowardly and ignorant sentiment that any religious denomination could menace our liberties. He had been reared to believe the Jesuits were opposed to republican institutions. But he had traveled through the Indian country, visiting the schools, and had found them a travesty on education except when conducted by the Jesuits. Broken down preachers and defunct politicians were sent out to the western country to teach the Indian children. He had found, he said, that the only Indian schools accomplishing any good were those conducted by the Jesuits. The ceremonial of the Catholic church seemed to appeal to the Indians.

"If I had control of these schools," proceeded Mr. Vest, "I would give them to those who have studied the Indian, those who have taken the young Indians from the tepee, segregated them from their fathers and mothers and taught them the religion of Christ, even if the cross is the emblem of their religion. I would infinitely rather see them Catholics than savages. I do not belong to that sect who would rather see an Indian damned than see him in the Catholic church."

Mr. Vest said he would make no effort to oppose the provision of the bill, but would content himself with this protest.



Very Rev. PATRICK HARNETT,

*Pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish,**EAST LOS ANGELES, CAL..*

was born in the year 1857 at Limerick, Ireland. He made his classical and theological studies at the Carlow college, Ireland, where he also received holy orders, in 1881. After his ordination he came to California and was stationed at St. Vibiana's Cathedral for seven years. In the year 1888, Father Harnett was placed in charge of the Sacred Heart Parish in East Los Angeles, where he since has been successfully administering to the spiritual wants of the East Los Angeles Catholics. The Very Rev. Father Adams, after a most serious sickness, left for his native home, Spain, Easter Monday, and the Very Rev. Patrick Harnett has been appointed Vicar-General pro tempore in Father Adam's place.

Father Harnett may be regarded as the founder of the Sacred Heart parish. The beautiful church, which was erected under his directions is evidence of his zeal; the love of his parishioners towards him and the esteem in which he is held by Catholics and Non-Catholics speak for his wise and successful administration.

The distinction accorded him by our Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery is well merited.

THE GOOD BISHOP

writes to

Uncle Tom's Relatives.

Love

Labor, truth, and justice.

My dear little Friends, Marcos Segundo, Daniel Gonzales, Peter Salvadeo, Esperanza Brittain, Rosie Chilten, Benancio Segundo, Ramon Garra, Joseph Roan, Ramon Charlie, Virginia Flores, Blase Gonzales, Francisco Chutnicat, Jose Maria Garra, Mary Banks, Ramon Barthol, Valentine James, Patricio Lugo, Louisa Modesta, Santiago Saubel, Mabella Brittain, and Stephen Saubel:

I received your letters yesterday, along with the beautiful basket. I am very grateful to you not only for your letters, and the basket, but for your good wishes, and the prayers you say for me. I must tell you something, and you must promise me not to say anything about it.

It happened that when I opened the box containing your letters, your good Uncle—Uncle Tom whom the readers of the Mission Indian know—was standing talking to me, and when I told him that I had a basket of letters from my dear little Indian friends at Banning, he almost got jealous, to think that his little nephews and nieces had written so many beautiful letters to me. But your Uncle is a very good old man, and he promised that he would not feel hurt about it, for he loves his little kinsfolk very much.

I am delighted to see how well you write and spell; and I am sure it is great happiness for your good Sisters to see you making such progress. When comparing your letters with those written to me a year or two ago I can see better than yourself the advancement you have made. And the beauty of your letters is that I am sure you speak the sentiment of the heart. The tone of religion, and your love for your holy faith, manifested in them, assure me that the heart is innocent and good.

You will all be men or women in a very few years. You will not have then the good Sisters, Father Hahn, and Uncle Tom to guide you, and inspire you with good thoughts and holy resolutions, but will have to depend on what you are now learning.

I will say therefore study to be industrious; love to work, and gather for yourselves; be truthful in every word you utter, be honest in all your dealings. Love to be contented with little honestly labored for rather than to have much, but gained in some improper manner. When people know that you are industrious, always keep your word,

and never talk or covet that which is not yours, they will respect you confide in you, and help you along. Thanking you again for your kind good wishes, and hoping that God will always bless you, I remain yours very sincerely

† GEO. MONTGOMERY.

LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM.

Glad to see Jesus.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you and I hope you will be glad to hear from our School, I am in the Third Reader and like it very much. Dear Uncle, are you anxious to hear what we got the other night? "Certainly your Uncle is old but he likes to hear good news." One of the Sisters brought the image of the little Infant Jesus to our school room for the children to see, and we were very glad to see the new little Infant Jesus and I will not forget to ask Him to help me to be a good girl. Dear Uncle, I do not mean to pray for myself, but surely to pray for you too.

Dear Uncle, on Christmas morning we had a very nice time, also on New Years day. Why don't you come down and see your little nephews and nieces? We are very anxious to see you soon. Be sure and have my letter printed in the "Mission Indian." I remain your loving niece

ANDREA B. GAUCHEÑA.

"Short but Sweet."

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 28, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I would have written to you before but I had so much to do. We were working for the fair. But now we are finished. Do you think we have forgotten you? Oh! no not at all we think of you all the time, but have not had the chance of writing to you. Now I have the chance of writing to you a short letter for the first time this year, last year I wrote to you many times but you did not have them all printed in the little Mission Indian.

I think it is hard for you to read long letters because you are old, but I think you can read my letter because it is short. If I see this in print it will encourage me to write more and more. I am your loving niece

MARIANA CABRILLAS

A Child of God.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

To-day I am going to write you just a few lines, it is getting to be a long time since I have written to you, I would have written you before but I am always busy in trying to learn drawn work, and some more girls too. I am trying everything to be a good child of God, there is nothing in this world that could make me feel so happy than the Sacraments. Dear Uncle, what do you think is a good way to convert all the infidels? All these people ought to subscribe for the "Mission Indian." I will have to close my letter by saying good-bye God bless you. I am your loving niece

ROSALIA M. A. OLIVARES.

Devoted to the Sacred Heart.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am glad to have a chance to write to you, and I must tell you all about our school. I am

in the third reader, I study Catechism, Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, and Bible History.

Our school is always pleasant, come down some these days and see our place, everything is in good order. We go to Holy Communion the first Friday of every month.

Next week it is my turn to help in the kitchen. Dear Uncle, I hope that you are very well pleased with my words, hoping to see this letter in print, I remain your affectionate niece

ANNA GARCIA.

I'll tell Father.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I will again write to you dear Uncle only a few lines more. I am in the third reader and I am trying my best to get a higher reader this year if I can. We are all waiting for you to come and see us. Tell Father Hahn to bring the magic lantern before vacation. We went up to the shrine to make a visit to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and stayed there praying and singing for quite a while and than we came down to compare letters to you. I think I will stop writing wishing to see you soon, and also to see my letter in print. I am your loving niece

VICTORIA T. RIVERIS.

A Corner for you Dear.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very glad to get the chance to write you a few lines, although I do not know you personally, but I think you must be fair, because you take so much trouble to please us little people. Our teacher gave us permission to write to you. I am fourteen years of age and have not written to you before! I see quite many nieces who write very long letters. I am afraid if there be too many letters, there will be hardly any space for mine, this time my letter is very short but the next time I will compose it longer. I think it is time to bid you good-bye. Your loving niece

CARMELITA NADRN.

Kind Sisters.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am most anxious to write you a few lines in order to tell you all about our school; as I never have any chance to write to you. This is my first letter to you. I stayed home last year to mind my aunt who was very ill, but now she is well, and I am back to school again.

We had lovely rain down here last week and the river was very high. This morning we went up to the shrine to make a novena to the Blessed Virgin. I have been in school four years and the Sisters are very kind to us. Dear Uncle, I would be very glad to see my letter printed in the "Mission Indian." With fond love I am your loving niece

ROSALIA M. M. NEJO.

Nice Rain.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, { SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you this year, and I hope that you will be glad to hear from your nieces. We are all very anxious to write to you and tell you about our School. Dear Uncle, we had a lovely rain last week and it was very

nice. Now the hills are beautiful all covered with green grass and we always go up there to enjoy ourselves. I wish you could come down to see us sometime will you please? We had a grand time Xmas day also on New Year's day. This is my seventh year in school and I wish to remain longer with the dear Sisters. I am fourteen years of age. My father died about seven years ago. May he rest in peace. Pray for me dear Uncle so that you and I will see one another in Heaven before Almighty God. I remain your niece

JOSEPHA RICARDES.

Historical Sketches.

Missions among the Iroquois.

Catherine Tegahkwita.

ever went into a battlefield with anything like the brave daring spirit that animated the good and great missionary fathers. They sought to bring a knowledge of the Gospel to the wild Indians and this all-absorbing desire made them heedless, if not entirely forgetful, of the fact that their lives were in danger every moment. Indeed, the founder of the mission, Father Jogues, suffered a glorious death at the hands of those very Indians whom he came to save. His life and death were like that of the Divine Master. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church. The light of the Gospel was kept on spreading among these poor wild people.

The Huron missions did not terminate with the death of the devoted Jesuit Fathers, but the number of the Huron tribe had dwindled down to an insignificant number, which finally chose Detroit and Sandusky as their homes.

The suppression of the Jesuits towards the end of the last century deprived the Hurons or Wyandots of their pastors. The Hurons were subsequently deported to the Indian territory, where they are the smallest but the wealthiest of all the exiles. About the catholic mission amongst them reports do not say, who of the seven catholic missionaries in the Indian territory is attending to their spiritual wants.

After the downfall of the Huron nation, the French missionaries devoted themselves to do the more difficult and dangerous work of christianizing the savage Iroquois.

From 1642 up to the present time, not only Jesuits, but also other priests, religious and secular, worked incessantly for the conversion and salvation of the Iroquois. The small space allowed us in the Mission Indian justifies but a brief reference to this missionary labors. Careful historical researches mention forty missionaries, nearly all of them from France, who christianized and pastorized the Iroquois Indians. The first and greatest of them is the martyr Jesuit, Father Isaac Jogues. As we have related some of his works and his manner of death in former numbers of this paper, we now give a short essay on the life and death of Catharine Tegahkwita, called the "Lily of the Mohawks," whose saintly life more than anything else speaks for the successful labors of the missionaries.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." No story of Romance is stranger or more interesting than that of the Mission among this savage tribe. No soldier



CATHERINE TEGAHKWITA.

The faithful companions and successors of the heroic, Father I. Jogues were undisturbed, and undismayed by his cruel death. In fact that death gave them new courage, and more hope: For they knew and felt that Father Jogues in Heaven could help them just as much, and more, than if he were with them on earth.

At Cunawaga in 1675 the missionaries were comforted by the conversion of the daughter of an Algonquin woman—Catherine Tegahkwita. In her uncle's hut Catherine waited on Father Fremin and his companions. The sweet kind ways of the good Fathers won the affection and respect of Catherine, so that she longed to be a Christian. But she feared to make any reference to it, for her uncle with whom she lived hated the christians, and she was a poor helpless orphan. However a suitable opportunity presented itself. At the season when most of the Indians were away in the fields or woods Father James de Lumberville visited the sick who remained at home. Tender eyes, and a sore foot kept Tegahkwita at home. When the Father visited the hut where she was, she was glad. She told him, how she desired to be a christian, and the opposition in the way. She told him how her friends wanted

her married, and that she disliked marriage. The missionary was very much pleased, but he took the matter calmly. During the following winter he gave Catherine instructions, and being assured of her candor, courage, and simplicity she was baptized on Easter Sunday 1676 at Lapraire.

True to the lights of conscience, in the absence of Gospel light, Catherine Tegahkwita generously gave her soul to God. No obstacles could prevent faithful perseverance in the discharge of her devotions, mortifications and good works. Her own relatives made cruel sport of her on Sundays and holidays. They worked in the field; this brave child refused to work, and was punished by getting no food on those days. Even the children mocked her, and in derision called her the "Christian." Things went so far that a wild brave rushed into the cabin to tomahawk her. But when she knelt to receive the blow her calm, dignified, noble bearing so affected the furious savage that he slung back in awe.

At last Catherine found her way to the Convent by the Madeline and then lived a holy life, and died a happy death. Such instance of most extraordinary devotion among the poor Indians gave great clear, comfort, and courage to the devoted missionaries.

Cardinal GIBBONS, Archbishop RYAN, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop KAIN of St. Louis Appeal in Behalf of the Missions for the NEGROES and INDIANS in the United States.

Although late, still very interesting.

The following appeal in behalf of the Negro and Indian Missions in the United States has been issued by the commission for the Catholic missions among the Negroes and Indians, which is composed of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Kain of St. Louis:

"Dear Fathers and Brothers in Our Lord:

"The needs of our Negro and Indian missions urged us last year to address you a special appeal. To see that, notwithstanding the financial embarrassment felt throughout the land, the collection for 1896 shows an increase over those of the three preceding years, is truly gratifying to all who take interest in this work.

"The spiritual needs of the Negroes and Indians living in our midst, at our very doors, strongly impressed the Fathers of the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore. They felt that these peoples have very special claims upon our charity, that Jesus Christ, who loves them, who shed His blood for them as for us, will surely hold us accountable if we fail to do what we reasonably can to secure to them the religious blessings which we enjoy.

"These are, we doubt it not, the sentiments of your own hearts—they must be the sentiments of all who duly appreciate of the value of their faith. We have constantly brought home to us what the truths and practices of our Catholic faith mean for our own people. Before the child is able to reason out a line of conduct for himself, faith comes to tell him what he ought to do, and to give him motives that will strengthen his will to do it. Is he led away for a time by the seductive charms of worldly pleasure? Where else than in the teachings of faith does he find the motives that enable him to triumph at last over his evil propensities and to keep straight on in the way of virtue? As reflection and experience mature his mind and character, he clearly realizes that faith has been the inspiration and support of all that is high and noble in his life, that but for it he would have entered upon courses without the power of coming back, which should have made his existence a wreck. Have we not found our own faith deepen as we daily touch the fact of the lowly and humble lifted up to noble living through

the power of the faith of Christ? Where is there outside of Christian peoples any parallel to it? History tells us what the masses in all ages have been, when not leavened by this divine principle.

"Our own flocks have the fulness of the gift of faith. They must see what its possession means. They must burn with the desire to bring to others the same happiness. They must long to help to secure to men and women capable of knowing and loving and enjoying God what will make it possible for them to lead lives worthy of their exalted destiny. Zealous priests, devoted religious, men and women, have felt these things stir them to the very depths of their souls, and they are giving their lives to impart treasure to their less favored brothers. Our people will share in their labors and merits, will strengthen their hands and increase their power for good by generously giving according to their means. Nor will they, when the value of their faith is vividly brought home to them, be less generous in securing its advantages for their own.

"While the collection of the last year has been larger than those immediately preceding, the amount gathered for the missions during the past five years has fallen considerably below the figure reached during the five years from 1887 to 1891. At the same time the number of churches and schools for the Negroes and Indians, of missionaries and Sisters working among them, has considerably increased. Above all, the appropriations formerly made for our Indian schools are being more and more reduced, till as some of the Bishops say in their reports with keenest regret, that they will be obliged to abandon this work. You will not allow this to occur. You will gratify the longings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the welfare of these souls whom He shed His blood to save, and whom He has left it in your power to befriend."

An Exchange of Opinions.

THE MISSION INDIANS. — The preparation in California of a giant petition to the incoming Congress for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of the "Mission Indians", has directed general attention to this degenerate group, descended from a splendid race. There are some 5,000 Indians who are known as the "Mission Indians" of California. Their ancestors numbered fully 75,000 a century ago and were supposed to be as perfect and interesting specimens of the red-skinned race as could be found at that time. To-day

the Mission Indians are scattered in communities of 300 or 400, among mountains and foothill valleys, remote from the towns and cities. They grow fewer every year. A writer in the *N. Y. Sun* draws a gloomy picture of their condition. Ever since the disestablishment of their missions under Mexican rule, in 1832—he says—these Indians have been neglected, and almost forgotten, except by writers, who see the picturesque in the degeneracy and feebleness of the red men of this day.

Four or five years ago Congress appointed a commission to establish reservations for the Mission Indians, and as a result there are some twenty six reservations, ranging in size from eighty acres to several thousand, in San Diego and Inyo counties.

The moral condition of the Indians is deplorable. They are not vicious or revengeful, but chastity is an unknown virtue among them. They are lazy, passionately fond of drinking, gambling, and horse racing.

Thus does this glorious Republic allow her wards, the original masters of her soil, to degenerate. Talk about Spanish cruelty in Cuba and the Philippines! It reminds one of the beam and the mote.

C. D. U. in the *Review*.

To THE EDITOR OF THE REVIEW.—Sir: In reference to the article in No. 52 of THE REVIEW about the Mission Indians, based on statements of the *N. Y. Sun*, allow me to say:

The suggestion that a new commission be appointed to look into the condition of the Mission Indians ought not to be encouraged. The statement, that the Mission Indians are lazy and immoral, drunkards and gamblers, is exaggerated, as many reports on our Indians are. The Mission Indians live not only in San Diego Co., but in all those counties where missions had been erected by the Franciscan friars, Inyo County does not belong to them. The twenty-six reservations were not created by the commission appointed by Congress four years ago.

The report on the missions among the Negroes and Indians shows that not a cent was allowed for the missions in the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. Mother Katherine, O. Bl. S., has materially aided the missions; the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Los Angeles has erected a number of chapels for the Indians and more will be built in the near future. If the Indians are left severely alone, if proper missionary work is done for them, they will be as good and better than any other Indians in the United States.

There are two Catholic boarding schools in Southern California—for the children of the Mission Indians. There is also one Government boarding school for 150 pupils, and 17 day-schools accommodating nearly 400 pupils in San Diego and Riverside Counties.

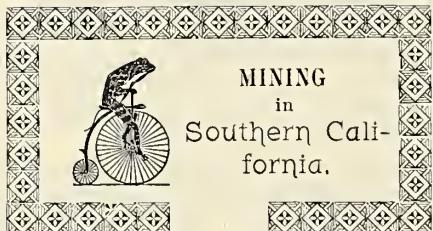
The teachers in the government day-schools teach as much or more religion, than is taught in any Catholic contract-school; they are not at all non-sectarian. Besides these teachers, there are also "field-matrons", who have ex-

plicit orders to teach religion. Two preachers are living among the Mission Indians, one of them travels from one reservation to another, holding his services in the government school-buildings.

This contradictory teaching of the Indians is doing great harm; it bewilders those who are not sufficiently posted in religion. There may be some bad Indians amongst them; but let me assure you, that my personal experience during the past seven years tells me, that many of them have purer morals than those who claim "that chastity is unknown to them." "He that is without sin amongst you, let him throw the first stone."

The Mission Indians number not more than three thousand and the Catholic missions amongst them ought to receive better attention and more aid than at present. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

B. FLORIAN HAHN,
Priest of the Society of the Most Precious Blood.
Banning, Cal., March 22nd. 1897.



Mining is carried on in a lively manner in Arizona and Southern California. Arizona appears to have the best of it, nevertheless prospectors in California have found gold-mines which are going to be big successes in the near future. These mines are open and worked for but a short time, and now command prices, that are extraordinary, if the respective conditions are taken into consideration.

Mining depends greatly on the location of the mine. To work a mine successfully, its distance from the Railroads, the presence of water and climate cut a big figure. To haul machinery 60 miles through the desert and to transport all provisions and necessities of life such a distance, and then to work a mine where the thermometer rises to 120 degrees F. costs money—lots of money—and if water is scanty a fabulous sum will have to be invested, otherwise the work will not prosper. Hence if a mine does not yield more than from \$15.00 to \$75.00 a ton, but is located in a region, where water is plenty, the climate moderate and salubrious, and not far from a railroad station, it will pay better than in the desert, where gold-ore sometimes yields \$200 to \$300 a ton, yet where expenses are tenfold.

We do not intend to give a description of all the mines in Southern California or Arizona, but a short account of the principle mines in Riverside Co. may be read with pleasure by our readers.

The first mine that caused some excitement is the Desert Queen Mine, situated in the desert, about seventy miles east of Banning. This mine was located by the McHaneys; it yields nearly \$200 of gold to a ton and is operated by several members of the McHaney family in company with some capitalists, Mr. Zombro of San Bernardino being the actual manager of the work.

The Lost Horse Mine is another mine in the desert, owned at present by Mr. Ryan. This mine has a queer history. A German prospector made a contract with a gentleman in Beaumont. The German agreed to do the prospecting, and the Beaumont party furnished the provisions (grub-stake.) The prospector succeeded in finding rich ore in the hills of the desert, about sixty miles from Banning. However, he was not honest and tried to keep his find a secret until the time of his grub-stake contract would expire. In the meantime, other parties found the valuable ore in his cabin, and at once they determined to hunt for the mine.

One day, when on their prospecting tour, they lost one of their horses. A search for the horse resulted in finding the lost animal in the place, where the German prospector had found the rich gold-ore, and as they noticed that some prospecting had been done before, they commenced to dig and examine, located the mine, entered their claim, and thus the mine was called "The Lost Horse Mine." The German and his companion received nothing. The mine is said to yield more than the Desert Queen, and we are told that an offer of \$200,000 for its purchase was refused.

Another valuable mine is the Tingman mine, owned by Mr. Tingman of Indio, but we know of no particulars.

Rich mines are also operated near Yuma, and who does not know of Randsburg? Whether Randsburg is a genuine mining camp, or only a boom of real estate men, cannot be stated at present. Let us wait!

In the meantime a mine was operated in Warner's Ranch, located in the Indian reservation of San Issidro, but it is abandoned. The same must be said of other mines near Julian and Banner in San Diego Co., although some of them still yield a small profit.

The sons of Charles Thomas in Hemet Valley, Riverside Co., have done much prospecting. An asbestos mine is located and their claim recorded. It is situated in the San Jacinto mountains, about 4000 ft. above sea-level. This mine is for sale, as the boys have not the necessary capital to work it.

Joseph Thomas is the oldest son in the family. He has prospected extensively and located four gold mines. He entered his claim for them at the county-seat in Riverside, and promised to build a fine, brand-new church for us as soon as he could sell his mines with profit. As he could not bring up the necessary capital, and received no offer for his mines, he sold them in disgust, three, for a dollar each, and one, for a pair of boots. Now it is found, that the mines are excellent and though not so rich as the mines in the desert, still as there is plenty of water and the distance from Jacinto not more than 25 miles of a good road, the prospects are that a big treasure lies hidden in them. Some Los Angeles people will invest, and next summer there may be thousands of people up in the San Jacinto mountains employed in the mines. A store has been built already, by Mr. Lockwood of San Jacinto, and everybody is rejoicing that gold will make its appearance to fill the pocket books of the people.

There are also mines between Cahuilla Valley and Oak Grove, and the ore we saw appears to contain veritable nuggets of the precious metal. A stamp mill is on the way and soon work will begin, thus another mining camp will be inaugurated.

The Indians frequently find gold or silver ore. There must be lots of it in the mountains. Bautista Machada, Juan Ramon, Silvestro Saubel and others showed us specimens of ore and we heartily wish them success.

Mr. C. O. Barker of Banning also has an eye on some future mine, and as he is so well acquainted with the country around Banning, we are surprised, that there is not such a thing as the Banning Queen Mine.

We also mention our excellent farmer, George Daniel. He too, thinks much about mines. Whether he succeeds or not, he does not reveal; any way, if you find it, call it "Daniel's Den."

Finally we refer to two successful mining men, Mr. Strong and Mr. J. J. Flood. These two gentlemen arrived at Banning about a year ago. Mr. Strong is a highly educated man; his wide experiences make him an interesting conversationalist. During the reign of the Commune at Paris, he lost a considerable amount of his fortune, but has still enough capital to invest freely in any worthy mining-project. Mr. J. J. Flood is one of the mining-prospectors, who know no fail and there is always some gold coming forth, when his pick and shovel are swinging. He too is well educated and a sterling catholic.

MISSION INDIAN

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JUNE 15, 1897.

NO. 9.



Early Education of the Child.

Very Interesting.

From "THE MESSENGER."

Concluded.

Now we come to the fourth principle of education. You may now sleep a little, if you feel so disposed. I shall tell you a few things which you can understand even in your sleep. "*The children must be led on by a good example.*" Let me tie this principle to the long middle-finger of your left hand. This finger points upward from the middle of your hand; it rises above the other fingers; the other fingers, as it were, lean on or look up to this one as their superior. Education fashions itself after a pattern. How will it be with the child? It will become like the model it imitates. The Creator has made it the natural propensity of the child to imitate whatever it sees and hears. It observes others, to see what they do and how they act; and it will try to do the same and to act in the same manner. It listens to the words spoken by others; and it endeavors to speak the same words, to use the same language. The child imitates the manners of other people. If it witnesses the performance of heroic deeds, the little one also wishes to become a hero. Who are the patterns whom the child has continually before its eyes and whom it shall and does try to imitate? The parents. Consequently, if the parents give their children a good example, they will imitate the good that they see and hear; and the children, following this example, will be good. But if they see their parents giving a bad example, they will imitate the bad

that they see and hear; and they themselves, following the bad example, will become bad. Is this not a plain truth? You yourselves often declare this to be the case. Whenever you hear that some of the young people of your neighborhood have conducted themselves scandalously, you are wont to remark: "No wonder! Their father behaved in the very same manner, and their mother was not any better."—"Such as the tree is, such is the fruit."

It has been observed of some children that the first words they tried to articulate were curses. Whence this evil? The little boy is playing with his little sister. Presently one of them slaps the other in the face; they pull each other by the hair; they speak harsh, angry words and call each other bad names. Whence this evil conduct?

Parents sometimes say and do things that the children ought not to hear and see; and perhaps they imagine that the children, being engaged in play, will not take notice of these things. But the children see and take careful notice of everything that happens in their presence. Their sight is quick and sharp: what they observe makes an impression on their souls more quickly and more effectually than the light can convey the impression of a certain object to the photographic plate. Yes, the very thoughts and sentiments of the parents are instinctively perceived by the children and copied in their own minds and hearts.

A Sister, employed in a kindergarten in the fortress of Wesel, on the Lower Rhine, once narrated to me the following incident: Two young boys, both belonging to noble families, and each about five years of age, were playing below one of the windows of her

residence. After a while A said to B: "Now let us play something else. Let us play: 'What shall we become?'" A: "Do you know what I wish to become? I want to become a priest. Then I will preach in church and say to the people: 'You must not commit any sin; you must pray.'" Then I will also sing, "*Dominus vobiscum.*" "Do you know what I want to become?" asked B. "I want to become a general. Then I will give my soldiers these orders: 'Load your guns! Now, bang! Shoot all the priests! Once more, bang! shoot the Pope!'" A replied (quickly interrupting the other): "Then God will some day give His orders against you: 'Bang! that is for him!'" Behold, in the one boy you perceive, thus early expressed, the sentiments of a good, staunch Catholic, while in the other you see those of a persecutor of the Church.

Parents are often heard complaining, by way of excuse: "In this country it is impossible to bring up good children." This is a vain excuse. The world is corrupt—granted; but the atmosphere in which the children live and grow up is that of their parental home, the models after which they fashion their lives are not the people of the world. The child does not observe, nor does it inquire, whether the neighbor goes to church on Sunday, or whether he fulfills his Easter duty, or whether he says grace before and after meals. No. The child asks: "How does my papa live? Where was he last night? When did he come home?" If the parents give their children the good example in all things—the father taking the lead and preserving order in his household, the mother seeing to it that each member of the family can and shall go to church on Sunday, that the children shall attend

the instruction in Christian doctrine—; if in the family there prevails a true Christian atmosphere—, then the children will inhale this air so wholesome for their spiritual growth. "The children," declares a heathen sage, "look on the parents as being visible gods." Their confidence in their parents is unbounded; they readily imitate them in all their words, actions and manners. Therefore, dear parents, do you often look at your middle-finger, and from it read the principle: "Give your children the good example!" Remember, that children are ever observing you. They look at things with your eyes; they hear with your ears; they think your thoughts. In short, your children are your closest imitators. They will become just what you want them to be.

Fifth and last principle of education. But now, parents, I must ask you to arouse yourselves, in case any of you have been sleeping; for what I intend to say to you now, will require your particular attention. "*The children must be carefully guarded.*" You say: "Why, this principle is so self-evident, it needs no demonstration." Very well. But I request you, nevertheless, to inscribe this principle on the thumb of your left hand. The thumb, namely, is the strong finger which supports and strengthens the others. If the child be not carefully guarded, all else that you may do for its bodily welfare will be of no lasting value. It will eat or drink something harmful; it will fall out of the window, or into the fire or the water. But the child's soul must be guarded even more carefully than its body. All that is good and beautiful in the little one's soul may be spoiled in a very short time by the infection or allurement of sin.

Only one point, the most important of all, do I beg of you to remember: Guard your children that they may not lose their innocence, that they may not drink the poison of corruption, that they may not fall into the fire of lust. This dreadful misfortune befalls a great number of children. Very small children, not over three or four years old, sometimes are spoiled by this dangerous poison of lust. You will soon notice the effects: The child's open simplicity, its affection for father and mother, have vanished; there is no longer any evidence of love for God and prayer; the impure fire of lust has despoiled the little one of all its childish attributes. All the iniquity of youth arises from this source. Ask the physicians and priests. There is danger threatening your

children even in your immediate presence. Therefore I repeat: Guard your children! Protect their most precious gem, the innocence of their youthful hearts.

Dear parents, it is not impossible for you—on the contrary, it is an easy and pleasant task—to educate your children well. Do you wish to make your life here on earth a joyful one, to die a happy death, to save your own souls and those of your children? Well, then practice the five principles of your art: 1) The little finger: "Educate your children during the time of their infancy," by accustoming them to what is good. 2) The ring-finger: "Keep them under discipline," especially with regard to the two points mentioned. 3) The index-finger: "Develop and cultivate their souls." Stupidity is the parent of corruption. 4) The middle-finger: "Give them the good example," and all the rest will be done more easily. 5) The thumb: "Guard your children carefully," that no one may rob them of their crowns. If you apply these five principles with care and perseverance, you will—that you may positively depend on—educate your children well; and then I would not hesitate a moment to make myself responsible to God for the salvation of your children's souls.

CATHOLIC BELIEF.

THE UNITY OF MAN.

In essentials there is no difference between the five races of man. This is one first proof, that we all descend from one common parent.

All human races have the same organization of their bodies. They may have a different color of skin, another form of skull, or different hair, but all without exception have the same build of body, the same upright position, the same hands and feet and the facial angle of even an ugly negro will not be below 70 degrees.

All human beings have about the same size. Nations, that live north, may be smaller than those living in the tropical zone, but no nation of dwarfs or abnormal giants has yet been discovered. The common height of man is between 5 and 6 feet. Compare the different sizes of the animals. No doubt there is another law for them and they do not descend from one original stock.

Then the average age of man is the same. Whites and Negroes, Indians

and Chinese attain about the same age. They all have the same kind of diseases. The beats of their pulses, the temperature of the blood are the same in all. Every human being is born within the same time. Is this not another proof for the unity of man.

Man may live in any climate, which is not possible for an animal. It may take a long time sometimes, but acclimatisation is possible for human beings. Man may accustom himself to and live on almost any kind of food—which cannot be said of animals. The different races may intermarry and a new, strong and healthy race will come forth, another strong proof for the unity of man. The mixing of races amongst animals puts an end to their existence.

As the different races of man have the same organization of bodies, thus also their intellectual and spiritual faculties are the same. Amongst all nations on earth, children love their parents, and old age is respected. The most barbarous, degraded people still honor chastity. Monuments for the dead are every where. A sense of honor and justice and a love for relations and members of the family are universal.

Amongst all races religious sentiments are found, which are if not the same very similar. All nations have built temples to their gods, all have offered up sacrifices and all men are want to look up to heaven as the presumable paradise and dwelling of God. All nations speak of an original happy time, of a sad occurrence, that put an end to it and of a redemption and bettering of our condition. Amongst all nations, there is a belief, that a sin is upon mankind, which would be taken away by bloody sacrifices. Many mutilated themselves or offered up human beings to appease the wrath of the gods. All nations have the tradition of a great flood and all believe in a life hereafter. The pyramids of the Egyptians and the mausolea of the Chinese, Greeks and Romans testify to this statement.

Finally all men speak some language; and know how to express their thoughts and feelings in words. They know, how to be understood and how to learn and use other languages. The original language was undoubtedly taught to our first parents by God and the variety of languages now existing are nothing else than deterioration of the language spoken by Adam and Eve.

The hypothesis of the materialists, that the human race learned language from the beasts, is too silly to be considered, as animals have unarticulated sounds, but no words.

Hence considering the various reasons, which point to the unity of man, and which are a proof, that all human beings are descendants of one father and one mother,—our first parents—we may proudly proclaim this our belief, saying:

"Thou, oh Lord, art our God and we are Thy people and Thy flock."

Diocesan News.

Father Scanlon is attending to the wants of the Catholics at Coronado.

Mrs. Grant, and daughter, Anna, are staying at Elsinore Springs.

Mr. Jos. Scott is gone East on business. The Mission Indian wishes all success.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindley of Ontario have gone East for a trip.

Father Hawe of Santa Monica was greatly benefitted by his sojourn in Banning.

Father Reidhaar's mission for the German Catholics at San Diego was blessed with good success.

The new pastoral residence of the St. Mary's Church at Boyle Heights is being built. Father Doyle smiles.

Alfonse Roth is around again after a sharp spell. His first visit was to the Mission Indian. Thanks.

Ontario has regular Sunday services. Move No. 1. No. 2 a church—guarantee of permanent services.

Fr. McCarthy of Riverside paid the school a visit at confirmation time. The visit had a big fault—It was too short.

The 100th anniversary of San Juan mission will be celebrated on the 24th inst. Bishop Montgomery will preach.

Mrs. Mary Puzey was up on decoration day. The School rejoices to see one of its best and noblest benefactors.

Father Doyle goes to take possession of his kingdom on Boyle Heights, the first Sunday in August.

Fr. Adam writes that he is doing well "over the sea". The Mission Indian has no fear that it will be otherwise with the good Vicar General.

Mr. George Brown of Perris was killed. The Mission Indian extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mother Ludovika and Sister Emma of the Precious Blood Order will return home soon. Banning is a great climate.

Mr. Louis A. Grant passed through on the cars East-bound last week. His friends at Beaumont were glad to see him.

Mother Joseph, and Sr. Mary Margaret, of the Ursuline Convent at Pittsburg, are on a little visit to the school.

The S. V. C. *Student* for June is a nice bright little magazine. Pity those promising pacers should give up the race after the preliminary canter!

The speech of Mr. Frost, in introducing Father Yorke, had all the qualities of a good tumbler of punch — It was hot, strong, and sweet.

Father Schneider was up from below for a short visit. He reports Yuma as yet comfortable, *only* 105½ in the shade. That beats Fresno in the back-yard.

Mr. Frenzell and Miss Herbert were married in Redlands on 6th inst. The Mission Indian wishes many years of happiness.

A Great May Festival for the Old Church took place in the Turnvereinshall June the 7th to the 12th. There were many attractions and success rewarded the labor.

Fr. Clifford of the Cathedral was to Elsinore the other Sunday, and in a friendly discussion with an Anglican showed the exact point of invalid Orders.

The Bishop administered Confirmation to a large class at the Indian school last week. Nothing could be more pleasing than to see the filial familiarity which the little Redskins showed towards the good Bishop.

Fr. Hawe of Santa Monica will celebrate his silver Jubilee in the priesthood on the 24th of this month. Priests and people will undoubtedly show the good Father how they appreciate his many truly noble qualities.

The controversy between Santa Monica and San Pedro is not yet ended. It is but natural, that Santa Monica says: "San Pedro's harbor is not good; it is too hot there and sand is filling in right along." Nothing like competition. Our rock is ready.

Father Yorke lectured six times in Southern California: three times in Los Angeles, once in Pasadena, Pomona and Riverside. After his lecture in Riverside, he gave a short reception to the Riverside people at Father McCarthy's residence. This ceremony being over, Father Yorke tried the piano of Riverside's pastor. Priests know something of everything indeed.

The editor of the *Little Crusader*, Miss Adelaide M. Murphy of Chicago, died. Father Alphonse Grussi, CPPS., wields now the pen for this wide spread juvenile publication. Father Alphonse is eminently qualified for the task. Success to you, Father!

Father Godfrey Schlachter of the Society of the Precious Blood was honored by the distinction of "apostolic missionary."

One of the speakers at the celebration of Archbishop Ryan's anniversary said:

"There is more unbelief to-day quickened into active energy, (when it very imperceptibly takes possession of intelligent men) because of the liberal bigotry and uncharity of religious teachers, than from any other one cause alone."

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

School closed last Friday after a very successful term.

A fine crop of delicious cherries were brought into the market by Mrs. Frazier.

J. P. & J. Hessel will be in town this week, with a stock of millinery goods.

A camping party is talked of for San Jacinto Mountain some time in the near future.

Mrs. J. W. Chase of this place died on May 14th from consumption. She leaves a large family to mourn her loss.

The fruit-crop in Banning will not be as good as expected. Some cold nights, followed by intense heat during the day did great damage.

When on our trip to Cahuilla, we tasted the first Banning apricots, which were donated to us by Mr. Wieger sen. They were excellent.

The appointment of Prof. Ward of the Banning school, as member of the Board of Education meets with general approval.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward gave a very pleasant party to the members of the seventh and eighth grades of the school on the 11th of last month.

Willie, the young son of W. K. Dunlap, had the misfortune while out hunting near his home, to shoot himself in the hand. Doctor King amputated the hand just above the wrist.

Dr. Hauverman was quite ill some time ago. He is reported much improved. Our sympathy and the sincere wish for permanent recovery to the genial doctor and his esteemed family.

This summer appears to be one of the hottest seasons in Southern California. When the thermometer dances up to 95 and 100, blankets are in no demand and prices low.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., JUNE 15, 1897.

"Veni Sancte Spiritus" — see Uncle Tom's letter.

God proves us in this life, that He may the more plenteously reward us in the next. *Wake.*

To receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost plentifully: "Be pure of heart and humble."

To say: "There is no eternal hell" and at the same time to deny, that conversion is possible even at the eleventh hour near death — is illogical.

This is the month of the Sacred Heart. Say daily, and often in the day: — "Sacred Heart of Jesus I implore the grace to love Thee daily more and more."

Charity — What is true charity? Dear Reader, if you never say nor do anything, which will jeopardize or endanger the salvation of one of God's creatures, including yourself — you practice genuine charity.

There have been one hundred aspirants for the office of Indian Agent for the Mission Indians. A gentleman of San Jacinto, Mr. Wright, was chosen by President McKinley. May he be a just, fair, and unbogged officer!

God has promised, that he does not desire the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live. A dying, penitent sinner will meet a merciful judge; but whosoever lives and dies in sin will find out in the course of time, what it means, to resist and disobey God.

Talk about the mercy of God? Why do you not mention His just-

ice? Or did our Lord trifl when He said: "And these shall go into everlasting punishment." (Matth. 25, 45.) It would be a thousand times better to say: "Love God, obey Him, do good works — and you need not dread hell."

There are some, who think themselves wise and enlightened by denying the eternity of hell. Some day they may practically see and feel! We do not wish to go along. — And don't you forget it.

"He that believeth not, shall be condemned." (Marc. 16, 16.)

If the Catholic Truth Society of Los Angeles had succeeded in doing nothing more by its active zeal than getting Father Yorke for those three Lectures on the Blessed Sacrament it had done a big work. The Los Angeles Theatre was packed to suffocation on each occasion, and the crush did not interfere with the closest attention. The subject was not what might be called a popular one. On the contrary, being the central doctrinal subject of the Catholic Church, it was, in a sense, unpopular. But at the hands of this great champion of the faith, nothing could be more interesting. When the closeness of the reasoning demanded an attention somewhat fatiguing, suddenly came an unexpected sally of wit, that dispelled all fatigue. A simple, apt, humorous anecdote brought home at times some of the most telling points in his arguments. God has been lavish in His favors to the good Father. With great mental and moral power, Father Yorke enjoys a physique that, at once, wins his audience. His fine manly features have round about them the freshness and fragrance of youth. His voice is clear, rich, and sympathetic: hence nothing was more touchingly elevating, than to see and hear him read the Master's own words. Beautifully was it said by one of the audience when

asked for an opinion; "I glorify God Who gives such power to men."

U. M.

It borders on impertinence for a little paper like the Mission Indian to be making suggestions, or offering advice, yet this is a free country, and even a little ragged Indian has a perfect right to say his say. The removal of prejudice is a great thing; it is well and desirable that Catholics, and the Catholic Church, should be known as they are. We like to know and love all those who live in this land, and rejoice in the common title of American; but Catholics, and teachers of Catholicity, must not forget that this intimate association has its dangers. It is an unquestionable danger to weak and uneducated Catholics. In mixed society begin those friendships, and acquaintances, that end in marriages forbidden by the Church. In mixed society the truth is not defended, and not unfrequently does it happen that, *for the sake of etiquette*, persons are silent who ought to speak. Objections against Catholic truth are urged, and uneducated Catholics, instead of answering them, or trying to answer them, take them up, grow careless, and repeat them to show the effect of society on their education. These are some of the dangers, which, of course, are no dangers, but can all be made to redound to the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the spread of truth, when Catholics are strong and instructed. Where parochial schools are not, too much care and attention cannot be given to the Sunday School. And, indeed, if we must speak the truth, and there is no reason why we should not, the people in general have far and away more need of Catechetical instruction, than they have of great big sermons. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Let us not forget that for the Catholic Church of America this is the time of times.

U. M.

UNCLE TOM.

"Veni Sancte Spiritus."

My Dear little Friends:

There are very many who often say: "Come O Holy Ghost," and, yet very few stop and think well on the meaning of these words. They are beautiful words, full of meaning, and ought to be said in a spirit of deep recollection, and holy fear.

If you ask any one to come to pay you a visit the first question your common sense will ask is:—am I prepared to receive that person? Is my home fit, and am I myself in a disposition to entertain, and make the visit pleasant? Of course in answering this question you always take the person invited into account.

Whom, then, do I invite to visit me when I say, "come O Holy Ghost?" The Holy Ghost. Well, and who is the Holy Ghost? That question is asked and answered in our little Catechism. There it is said: "The Holy Ghost is God, and the third person of the Blessed Trinity." When I say Come O Holy Ghost, I say "Come O God, third Person of the Blessed Trinity." You know, my children, that to receive Holy Communion, to receive Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, you must be free from mortal sin, you must be in the state of grace. The third person is God, the second person is God, the Father is God. The three persons are one and the same God, all equal, one is not greater than the other. Hence when we invite the Holy Ghost, we should try and see that all mortal sin is away. "Veni Sancte Spiritus." Come O Holy Ghost. Come, my soul is free from sin. But that is not enough. You are the great God, I must decorate my soul to receive You. My children if we put away all sin, and make our souls neat and pretty to receive Him, and then say, Come O Holy Ghost, and He comes, what will He do for us? Everything good. All our holy thoughts come from the Holy Ghost. He helps us in all our good works:

"Where thou art not, man hath naught
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from thy divinity."

The Holy Ghost is the Father of the poor, giving generously to those who ask, and to those who want; showing too, to each soul its own wants—

"Father of the poor draw near
Giver of all gifts be here
Come, the soul's true radiancy."

When work is hard, and the sun is hot, is it not pleasant to rest in the cool shade? When we have the world against us, one day bringing a heavier

cross than another how glad we are at a word of comfort!

Now, my children, when our work for Heaven is hard, and the heat of temptation is burning, and our trials severe the Holy Ghost comes to be our comforter, giving us rest, as it were, in the cool shade—

*"Thou in labor rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity."*

If we are stubborn, and find it hard to obey, if we are cold, no love in us for God, just like a piece of ice, if we are weak constantly doing what we know to be wrong, let us say: Come O, Holy Ghost—

*"What is rigid, gently bend
What is frozen, warmly tend
Strengthen what goes lovingly."*

My own dear little friends, I, your poor old uncle, most anxiously desire that from the very moment you read this letter you will begin to say and say often and well: "Come, O Holy Ghost," making a little bow with your head to show your love and reverence for the Holy Ghost — the Third person of the Blessed Trinity. Ask the Holy Ghost to watch over you day and night. Ask Him to give you grace and virtue in this world, to give you salvation, to give you Heaven—

*Here thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end
And in Heaven felicity.*
Amen. Alleluia.
UNCLE TOM.

LETTERS to UNCLE TOM.

Long enough.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., MAY 28, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is real a pleasure to write to you these few lines because I did not write to you for a long time. I am quite well and hope you are as I am. Monday will be Decoration Day. I hope you will be here, we will be very glad to see you. I hope my letter will be printed in the "Mission Indian." I am sorry vacation is so near. I will not have the opportunity of writing to you. If I had time I would write you a longer letter. I know you will be glad to get a letter from me. Please excuse me for not writing a long letter to you. Next time I will write a longer letter. I think this is long enough for this time. I know you can not see very well. I think you are getting old and can not read long letters. Good-bye, Uncle Tom. I am your loving niece

RAMONA GONZALES.

Loves the Blessed Virgin.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
Banning, Cal., MAY 28, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am going to write to you and tell you, that we had no mass last Sunday, because Father was not at home, he went to the Indians. All your nieces and nephews are well. Dear Uncle, we wrote letters to the Bishop last month and he sent us a very interesting letter. Monday

the 31st of May will be Decoration Day, I hope you will come to see us. I am feeling quite well and so are all your nieces and nephews. We love the Blessed Virgin very much; she looks very pretty on the little white altar. May our Lady of Mercy guide your loving niece

ROSA CHILTON.



St. Boniface's Industrial School.

May the 31st Decoration Day was celebrated as usual. It appears to be providential, that Mr. Joseph Puzey, a G. A. R. man, who served in the army, is buried in the little cemetery of the school. Thus the pupils are reminded of the sacrifices, which were brought in bloody battles for the establishment and preservation of our great republic.

Monday morning everybody had put on the best clothing found in our wardrobes and the red, white and blue fluttered profusely in the air.

In good order, marching to the "drum, drum, drum drum" of two boys, headed by the national flag, the long, interesting procession went to the graveyard. The program as published in No. 8 of the Mission Indian was carried out and the Rev. B. F. Hahn, in a speech exhorted the dark-skinned children, to be grateful to God, for the many gifts received from a country, which has given shelter, bread and happiness to many an exiled from the old country and liberty to all who are born within its limits.

Then prayers were said for the departed and every grave decorated in a befitting way. The Battle Hymn of the Republic concluded the significant, truly patriotic exercises.

June the 2d the Right Rev. Bishop G. Montgomery came to confirm 18 pupils of our school. The services began at 3 P. M. The Bishop again repeated his admonitions to the Indians, to be industrious and well behaving, living lives worthy the name of Catholic christians. After the celebration the Bishop passed the time allowed him in talking to the little Indians and he learned a little lesson on "how Indian children act, when not noticed." It was both something original and edifying to see the chief pastor with the least of the brethren of his flock.

Two Ursuline Sisters are staying at the school for some time to come. Thus three congregations are represented in Banning: The children of the Precious Blood, of St. Joseph and of St. Ursula.

WARNER'S RANCH.

How it was Created.

The Indians that lived in and about the famous Warner's Ranch a century ago, never dreamed that some day to come their descendants would be ousted and driven away from this their remotest and most secluded spot of San Diego Co. It is true, there is some land in Warner's Ranch, which is equal to any other as to fertility and location; it is likewise true there is still lots of timber in the mountains, round about it; and it is a fact that there are but few other ranches in Southern California, that afford pasture through the entire year as does Warner's. However, there is scarcely a month of the year in which the raising of cereals and fruit etc. is not endangered by hostile Jack Frost, and supposing old Jack should flee for a time and give the crops an opportunity to prove good, still, the great distance from the railroad and the difficulty of transportation to large cities makes it an expensive business, even to bring the crops to market. Hence it is strange, that in spite of all these draw-backs there has been and still is going on a well-planned and carefully pre-conceived scheme of driving away our aborigines from this their last possession of importance: Warner's Ranch. This is not done by conquest of arms, but by gradually encroaching upon the Indian reservations, destroying marks and fences necessary for identification of survey and by twisting and using the laws of the United States as a means of gaining patents: let us call it *legal annexation*.

The Indians have no history. Many of them do not know any dates, nor their age. As the white man may forget, so also the Indian forgets; in consequence of this witnesses may prove a failure when cross-examined on the witness chair. This is a known fact and squatters are anxious to have a law-suit that they may gain according to the saying: "In troubled waters fishing is easy."

Fifty years ago, there was no such name as Warner's Ranch. The Mission Fathers at San Louis Rey selected the valley, now called Warner's Ranch, as a pasture for their stock, consisting of several thousand heads of cattle, horses, sheep and so forth. The wise friars at once recognized the natural adaptedness of the ranch for feeding purposes; they saw the grass green in summer and in winter and plenty of water, including

several lagunas, everywhere. They also built a chapel near the hot springs and planted trees, vines etc. for the Indians. They chose a few reliable Indians to take care of the stock and these shepherds were called vaqueros. The Indians were at perfect liberty to slaughter any animal, but had to bring the hide and lard of the killed animal as a tax to the Mission Fathers. Everybody was happy.

The first man to cause trouble was Juan Largo; called Largo, by the Indians, because he was tall; his real name was John Warner. Juan Largo built a house located near the place of the present ranch house in Warner's Ranch. The Indians who never thought of losing any land, did not molest him, but were rather friendly towards him. As mentioned before, there was an orchard and a vineyard at Agua Caliente. When the fruit was ripe, the Indians would conjointly harvest and divide the crop amongst themselves and of course, eat what they got and that finished the fruit-business.

At the time of Juan Largo's arrival, Antonio Garra was Captain at Agua Caliente. Juan Largo befriended the Captain and made with him a contract for harvesting the grape-crop. One year after this agreement, Juan Largo went to San Diego, entered a claim on the vineyard and on a portion of the ranch and succeeded in obtaining the grant. Returning he told the Indians, to remove from his land and thus he claimed possession of some part of what is to-day called after his name: Warner's Ranch.

The Indians were dumb-founded. Captain Antonio Garra went to San Diego, to see the officials of the Government. He was told that the ranch belonged to the Indians and not to Juan Largo. But Juan Largo defied them. He stayed in the ranch, and continued to claim the land, on which he lived.

At that time, the Mexican Government would raise a tax from the Indians from time to time. A certain sum of money had to be collected from each reservation. This tax was reluctantly paid by the Indians, but as squatters were annoying the Indians more and more and as the Indians saw, that the Government did not help them in their possessions they finally had a meeting of all the Indians and the end of it was, that they indulged in war-dances, painted their faces, searched for and provided themselves with arms and rebelled against the Government in open war. The Indians at Agua Caliente were aided by the San Issidro and Los Cayote Indians, besides by old Chief Cabezon,

who came with a numerous band of Chimehuvis Indians, to help them. As there was no army to meet them, it was very easy for them to murder three Mexicans at Agua Caliente. Then the Indian belligerents went for Juan Largo, the real cause of all the trouble. But Juan Largo was too shrewd. He stayed in his house well-armed and when he saw the Indians dissipating, he fired upon them with his carbine, ran out of the back-door and escaped on a swift horse. A few Indians, who tried to overtake him, paid for their courage with their lives.

Juan Largo, or John Warner, reached safely San Diego. He reported to the authorities, asked for help and a company of a hundred soldiers was at once hastened to the seat of war. When the soldiers arrived, they found Juan Largo's place desolated; all his property was burnt to the ground and no trace except ashes designated the original home of John Warner. The Indians were soon subdued. A few skirmishes, a number of braves killed and wounded cooled the ardor of the warriors, who fled before the soldiers into the higher mountains. One soldier was killed and a few wounded. The Captain and his company then destroyed the settlement of the Indians, burnt their houses and many Indians were killed or taken prisoners.

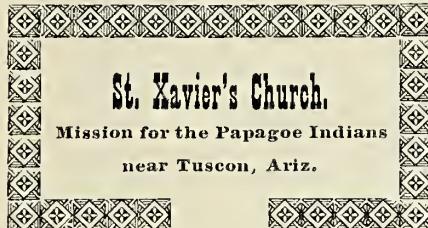
Antonio Garra, the captain was locked up and then sent away to jail, his son was killed. Juan Largo fled to Los Angeles, as he feared for his life; the excited Indians being still desirous to massacre him. The Captain finally called upon the Indians, to stop the rebellion; he treated kindly with them and then the pipe of peace was going around from mouth to mouth in Warner's Ranch. This was about fifty years ago, shortly before California was added to the Union. The Soldiers next went to Temecula and Cahuilla Valley and when every body was pacified by the power of arms, they returned again to San Diego.

Juan Largo (J. Warner) was succeeded by a Mexican with the name of Garrio who probably bought of Juan Largo his assumed title to the Ranch. Garrio was killed on a journey near Cucamonga. His wife was Silvestra, a Mexican woman, who after some time "sold" Warner's Ranch to Governor Downey. We could not ascertain, whether or not Silvestra Garrio is still among the living. She lived for quite a time at Anaheim — "en el campo de los Alemanes" as the Indians call it.

These facts were related to us by the old Indians. It was a truly pathetic scene to hear an old Indian cry out:

"There never was any Warner's Ranch. God has given to us all this land and our homes, and now they say it is a ranch for white people."

If the Government instead of opposing the Catholic contract-schools would have conscientiously cared for the few Indians under its care, it would have done a nobler and more honorable work.



The multitude of crude carvings in the tower of the old San Xavier church go to prove that no tourist to the Southwest ever left Tucson without visiting these grand old ruins. As far as the eye can reach in the lofty belfry, not a square inch of surface is without a name and a date, carved or penciled. Scores of signatures date back to the early twenties, reminding us that the hands that traced them have long since returned to the dust, from whence they came. Some inscriptions are accompanied by brief sentences, which link the authors with some strange history; and as we decipher them we are wasted in spirit to some bloody battlefield, or other tragic scene, the annals of which have long since found a place on history's page.

One such which attracted our special attention was the names of three young men, after which was scribbled in the French language: "we are fleeing from our country to"—the rest was so blurred that it was not legible.

The church is situated about nine miles south of Tucson, and is reached by livery. On leaving the city, after passing Silver Lake, which is on the outskirts, there is nothing of special interest on the way, for on all sides we see only an endless stretch of sage brush with cacti and mesquite trees scattered here and there, and the blue mountains rising in the distance.

After riding some time there suddenly looms in sight a large white mass, and we know that we are approaching our journey's end.

This grand old church is a sight worth seeing. It is of a Byzantine style of architecture, and on approaching it from a distance has quite a mosque-like appearance. It was built over one hundred years ago by pious monks with the contributive aid of the Papagoes, who had embraced the cross some years before; and although now crumbling, it still re-

tails much of its original beauty. The church is built in the form of a cross. The front faces the south and is covered with a beautiful scroll-work, while just over the entrance is placed the coat of arms of the Franciscan monks, which consists of a cross with a rope coil above and two arms below, one representing that of Christ, and the other St. Francis of Assisi.

The roof is protected by a brick balustrade, with large griffons worked in cement at each corner, forty-eight in all.

It is with the interior of the church that the beholder is most impressed. The floor, where thousands of devotional knees have worn furrows and holes, was once paved with cement and stained in mosaics.

Under the first arch against the wall are broken fragments of the guardian cherubims of the sanctuary. One has only his head and shoulders remaining. The other is not quite so badly crippled, and has a sympathetic look.

Under the next arch is the covered wooden pulpit placed high against the wall.

The ceilings were once beautiful frescoes from the life of Christ, but the subjects cannot be well distinguished, as nearly all has been defaced by the hand of time.

Guarding the approach to the main altar are two large Mexican lions, holding candle sockets in their paws. Over the altar a large statue of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the church, and to whom this altar has been dedicated, is robed in priestly vestments. On the other side a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin stands in a niche, while paintings crude and expressionless clamber up on all sides.

In the belfry of one of the towers hang the triple chimes that, year after year, have sent out their solemn peals to call the faithful, since the sunlight first kissed their brazen lips.

From here a fine view can be had in any direction; the best, however, is over the straggling Indian village and down the valley. Glancing toward the first we see a few Indian huts scattered round, and the Papagoes contentedly lounging about, taking their afternoon "siesta."

But on the other side we see nothing for miles but the blue mountains, which form a complete circle around us. Yet if we strain our eyes a little we see something to the north which glitters and sparkles in the mellow sunshine.

Leaning against one of those old columns, we are carried back to by-gone days, to stories whose scenes clustered around these voiceless walls. Back

drifts our fancy to years of blood, when a semi-civilized people and bloodthirsty savages surged round these walls in a struggle for supremacy. The stern, but kind-hearted, "padre," who softly murmurs to himself the command of his Divine Master: "Go ye into the world and teach the gospel to every creature;" then the band of black-robed men who by their kindness and example, and at the price of their blood, succeeded by degrees in winning them to something higher than continual strife, and leaving as a lasting monument of their success this grand old church.

The work so well begun by the holy monks is being successfully carried on by the Sisters of St. Joseph. They have established a school, where they devote their time to the instruction of the Papago children, who attend in goodly numbers. How well they are succeeding we can only see when we compare that savage, blood-thirsty tribe of other days with the friendly Papagoes, who have been of such great assistance to the whites in time of danger; or when we think of their pagan brothers who are at present making things so lively in the vicinity of Nogales.

Extracts from Astronomy.

The Dawn.

As days increase in length in summer the nearer we approach to the illumined pole, so also and for alike reasons the dawn or twilight. When the sun is below the horizon within certain degrees (18 degrees) his rays will still strike our atmosphere and the partly reflected rays cause the twilight. As at the pole in high summer the sun describes a complete circle around the horizon — more or less distant from the horizon, never rising and never setting — so he remains there a little below the horizon quite a time before and after the continuous night of the pole, and for a long time the pole has continuous twilight. This shortens considerably its continuous night.

The refraction of sunlight by our atmosphere has the other effect, that the sun is seen longer over the horizon than he really is. When a ray of light enters obliquely another medium of more or less density than the one from which it is coming, it is bent towards or from the perpendicular. This is called refraction. Put a stick obliquely into a tub with water and it will appear bent; that part which is beneath the water will seem to lie higher. The rays of reflected light, which the stick sends to my eyes enter a thinner medium

than water—the air—and are refracted from the perpendicular.

When the sun is just below the horizon some of his rays, which form his picture in our organ of sight, are still striking the atmosphere over our horizon and being refracted towards the perpendicular reach our eyes. Thus the sun is seen just on the horizon when in reality he has just set or is beginning to rise and so much the days are made longer by the refraction of light.

But why do sun and moon appear larger when near the horizon than otherwise? Refraction of light is not the cause. Refraction only declines the rays of the light, but does not enlarge the object, it only displaces it. Thus the stick appears bent below the surface of the water, but not thicker. Neither are sun and moon nearer to us, when on the horizon; on the contrary, they are about half the earth's diameter farther away than when they stand over our heads. To be sure, it must be an illusion, sun and moon appear farther when on the horizon, because the *intervening* objects on the earth's surface enable us to judge the distance better. For the same reason the sky looks nearer over our heads than at the horizon, and the celestial sphere appears flattened. (We are astonished to learn that our St. Bernardino and St. Jacinto Mts. are over 10,000 feet high, although they appear not half as high.) Those who move from northern latitudes to the bright sunshine of the south are at first often disappointed about the distance of objects on the earth's surface, judging them much nearer than they really are. Objects appear nearer when brighter and farther when less bright. Sun and moon are less bright when near the horizon because their rays must traverse a longer and denser atmosphere and are more absorbed. Having learned by experience, the farther an object the smaller it appears and should consequently be imagined larger and being also better enabled to compare the apparent size of sun and moon with that of the intervening objects of the earth—whereas over our heads such a comparison is impossible—this spontaneous process of our mind seems to influence the imagination. I do not venture to call this explanation beyond doubt, but I never read a better one. If time permits we shall try to explain it more fully, since also other phenomena or physical laws are partly based on similar sensitive perception, as f. i. the law, that objects before a mirror are seen as far behind it as they are placed before it. At present we must continue our astronomy.

The Solar System.

Besides the earth with its moon, many other planets—most of them with moons—move around the sun. Two of these planets describe their circles around him between us and the sun: Mercury and Venus. The orbits of the other planets lie outside or around that of the earth; these are called: Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. We enumerate them in the order of their distance from the sun. Between Mars and Jupiter are placed a large number of very small planets, called asteroïdes (little stars), of which up to date over 200 have been discovered. All planets are smaller than the earth except Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, which are a great deal larger in circumference. Besides these planets, divers comets belong to our Solar System, may be also "the shooting stars" and a multitude of other minute bodies, of which some believe the "Zodiacal Light" is formed. This is a haze of light in the shape of an elongated circle sometimes seen around the sun at sunset or sunrise. All these bodies move around the sun in similar orbits according to a certain plan or system and form with him the Solar System. Their positions and motions with regard to the sun and each other are regulated by fixed laws, there is in them a certain regularity and harmony—which is implied in the word "system" (composition, constellation; from the Greek.) The planets and comets move around the sun not in exact circles, but in what is called an ellipse. An ellipse is a closed curve which has two points (centers) within it, the sum of whose distances from every point on the curve is the same. To describe an ellipse two tacks are stuck into a table, to these fasten the two ends of a string, which is longer than the distance between the tacks. Place a pencil against the string and carry it around, the curve described by the pencil is an ellipse. Or cut a cone obliquely to its axis into two pieces, leaving its base intact. Such an ellipse will be the more elongated or lengthy, the farther its two centers are apart. Comets travel in very elongated ellipses, but the ellipses of the planets are generally so much alike to a circle, that they cannot be distinguished from it, if described on a paper. The sun stands in one of the two centers. We now first try to explain, by what cause the planets are forced to move in ellipses around the sun and then give a short description of the sun, moon and larger planets in particular.

W. W.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Since the last Review of Current Events in the Mission Indian, the war between Greece and Turkey was begun and ended. The Turks fought bravely; they were led on wisely, German and English officers were their guides. Greece was not strong enough for Turkey. Her soldiers did not exhibit the bravery of the old Spartans, on several occasions they ran away and caused a general panic; they were out-generaled and squarely defeated. We are sorry for it, but facts cannot be denied. The oriental question though is far from being solved. Turkey is elated. Russia is not pleased. She wants to have the supremacy in the East. Who knows, what the future may bring? Turkey is stronger, than expected and in a war between Russia, she may make it very uncomfortable for the Czar.

Gen. Weyler and Cuba are still furnishing news to the daily press. Weyler declares: "Cuba is pacified." The Cubans report: "The Spaniards are defeated." The U. S. Senate passed a resolution acknowledging the Cubans as belligerents, the House of Representatives though refused to coincide with the Senate's resolution; the press presses for the patriots, President W. McKinley hesitates. In this way the columns of the papers can be easily filled.

Queen Victoria celebrates her jubilee as Queen of England. Her greatest achievement is, that she permitted others to rule, herself serving as a figure-head. Her attitude towards Ireland was about the same as that of the Czar of Russia towards Poland. As a ruler we cannot admire her, although she might have been worse. Her private life has been that of a virtuous woman.

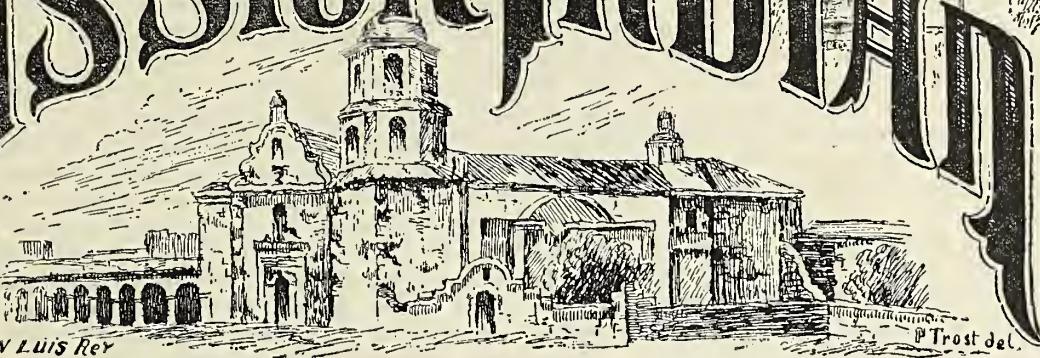
The new tariff-bill, which will soon be law, does not meet with much delay. Everybody is waiting for the McKinley-boom.

There will be war in South Africa sooner or later. England sent 30,000 soldiers there and soldiers are professional fighters.

Queer Astronomical Facts.

The speculative astronomers have given us some queer calculations and odd comparisons. One of the most curious of these is one in which the relative size of the sun and some of the planets is shown. They tell us that if the sun could be represented by a globe two feet in diameter the earth would be represented, proportionately, by a pea, Mars by a pinhead and Mercury by a mustard seed.

The Mission of India



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1897.

NO. 10.

Catholic Missions in China.

One of the most interesting missionary fields is certainly the vast empire of China. There the missionary meets with people whose civilization is older than that of Europe, and whose ancient philosophers like Confucius and Mencius, taught the best and purest moral principles among the pagan teachers. The glad tidings of the gospel has been brought to them in the very beginning of Christianity. There is a well-founded opinion, that the Apostle St. Thomas in his travels through India reached the Southern provinces of China. One fact is certain, that already in the 8th century there existed a number of flourishing Christian congregations in Shen-Si and To-Kien; this is proven by an inscription [in Chinese and Syriac] on a marble tablet, which was discovered in the city of Si-nga-fu in 1625. There we read, that a priest, Olapen, from Seleucia, preached the gospel in those provinces during the 8th century. In the 10th century the Catholicos [patriarch] of Bagdad, sent six missionaries to China. But we are sorry to say that unfortunately the Chinese received the gospel of Christ from a tainted source, viz. the Nestorians, as it would appear from the inscription on the monument of Si-nga-fu and from the reports of the famous Venetian Marco Polo. Also John of MonteCorvino and Fr. Arnold of Cologne, O. S. F., found the Nestorians very numerous and influential with the authorities. But in spite of this powerful opposition, these two Franciscans converted a great number to the pure faith of Christ, so that Pope Clement V. sent 7 Franciscan bishops to assist archbishop Corvino. With the downfall of the Juen dynasty, however, every trace

of Christianity seems to have disappeared. [1400].

But China was neither forgotten nor neglected by the Church. At the very time when the Church in her old home was suffering from internal dissensions and apostasies, there arose a few men full of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. As if it were to recompense and to console the Church of Christ for her severe losses in the Occident, they started out toward the rising sun to conquer and add new provinces to the Kingdom of Christ. The most prominent and best known among these apostolic men was St. Francis Xavier. He followed in the wake of the conquering Portuguese, and after having evangelized the East-Indies and Japan, he resolved to preach the gospel to the Chinese. It was at a time when no European was allowed to set foot on Chinese soil. He landed on the island San-cian, a Portuguese post, only a few miles distant from the Chinese mainland. But there, overcome by a fatal disease, in sight of his intended field of labor, he rendered his soul to his Creator.

Only a few years later, however, another noble band of missionaries [Jesuits] went to the far East, and one by one, they all succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the Celestial kingdom. Advancing and repulsed, and advancing again, suffering untold miseries, risking everything even their lives, they at last succeeded in laying the foundation of Christianity in the most exclusive fortress of paganism. It is most interesting to follow those heroes of Christ in their progress, and their struggles, their fears and their hopes, their successes and disappointments, whilst they were forcing their way from the coast into the

interior country and to the capital of the empire. With the advent of these missionaries commences the most glorious period in the history of the Chinese Catholic missions. In nearly all of the provinces the gospel was preached; converts were very numerous and we find them even among the members of the imperial family and among the highest mandarines. And, no wonder. These missionaries were men not only of great piety and ardent zeal, but also of deep learning and well versed in worldly sciences. Among these were P. M. Ricci, Adam Schall of Cologne, Jacob Rho, P. Longobardi, John Terrence, Verbiest, Stumpf.

Some of these men were highly honored at the court of Pekin on account of their knowledge of the mathematical, astronomical and mechanical sciences, and it is needless to say, that these men of God were thereby greatly aided in the propagation of the faith of Christ.

In the year 1644, the last emperor of the Ming dynasty [Mongolian] was betrayed into the hand of the Mantcher Tartars and ended his life. This dynastical change apparently did not change the fortunes of the missions. The Tartar emperors Chwrg-ti and Kang-hi favored at their capital the missionaries, of whose knowledge they availed themselves in their wars as well as in the establishment of new schools and other works of peace. Not only in the capital, however, but also in the rest of the empire did the Christian faith spread with a most wonderful rapidity. Whilst the Jesuits worked at the capital in the north, the Dominicans and Franciscans labored in the South with equal success, assisted by the native priests, one of whom was raised to the episcopate. But there were also great trials. For

notwithstanding imperial favor and protection, there were frequent persecutions in the more distant provinces, caused by the envy of the "literati" and by the imprudence and often criminal interference of European diplomatical agents. At one time, even in the capital itself, the Fathers Schall and Verbiest, whose standing was high at the Court, were imprisoned and sentenced to death, which sentence however was never carried out.

Such was the fate of Christianity in China; now favored, now persecuted with the most refined cruelty, and great is the number of those native Christians who suffered death for their holy faith.

You may ask, how is it then that there are not more Christians in China at present? We might answer by asking how is it that there are still so many Christians, [about two millions]. Two most severe trials came over the missions in China. The first was an unfortunate controversy between two religious orders concerning the meaning of certain Chinese rites, their being permissible among the Christians; this contest caused great confusion among the natives, and was most disastrous to the Christian faith. The second trial was the abolition of the order of the Jesuits at the instigation of the corrupt European Catholic statesmen in 1773. Nothing worse could happen to the Chinese Church in those times, as it was then impossible to replace such able and experienced pioneer missionaries, as the Jesuits were. It was with heart rending sorrow that these good fathers left their dear Christians. Amidst all these misfortunes which befell the missions, there was this consoling fact, that there were but few apostasies among the native Christians. Haunted by their pagan enemies and deprived of all spiritual support and guidance, they still persevered in their faith in Christ.

In spite of all these difficulties, both domestic and foreign, the work of the missions was carried on. The priests of the Seminary of the foreign missions in Paris, the various religious orders, as the Lazarists, who took the place of the Jesuits and, the Dominicans and the Franciscans kept the light of faith burning under very adverse circumstances. There were continual disturbances. The fierce hatred of the pagan met with the strong faith of the Christian. Thousands of Christians fell victims of their faith, martyrs for Christ's sake.

Amongst the missionaries who died martyrs—were Father Turin Dufresse, (Bishop of Su-tchuen), Fr. Friora, O. S.

F., Fr. Ceet, C. M., the Ven. Fr. Perboyre, C. M., and several others. *Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum*, the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. Better days are dawning upon the Church in China.

Pope Leo XIII. reorganized the Hierarchy in China, there are now over 30 bishops, with, 1200 priests, both foreign and native, who besides attending the present Catholic population of over 2 millions, are always working for the further extension of Christ's kingdom. And the prospects are very promising of a harvest. Over 50,000 catechumens are learning the truth in the province in Tokien, and during the last year Bishop Anzer of South Shan-tung succeeded in getting into Jen-tchou-fu, and in establishing there a Church and residence. The difficulties though were almost insurmountable. Jen-tchou-fu is the resting-place of Confucius, therefore the centre of the Chinese state religion. It almost cost the life of the courageous bishop and of some of his faithful missionaries to gain an entrance into that city, the Rome of China. They were most cruelly treated and some of the Christians in the neighborhood were murdered. But through the influence and good offices of the German ambassador an imperial edict was issued, which gave the Bishop the right to build a Church and establish a residence in that city. Thus the breach has been made in the fortress which contains China's most sacred shrine, which no doubt is destined soon to fall before the standard of Christ.

Mandarine.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The reciprocity clause of the new tariff bill is about the best part of it, because it will open a market with nations friendly to the United States.

Mr. Bryan, the defeated Democratic candidate is preaching free silver all over the States and California heard much of him in the beginning of July. The Editor of the *Mission Indian* is also a free silver man; please do not get excited. We will take gold, silver or paper—anything you may give us and we do not wish to wrong any one of our gold-friends. The best coin is and will be, *honesty*. Honesty, first; honesty, second; honesty — the third, fourth, tenth, hundredth and millionth time — Amen.

Germany's Emperor has spunk. The Reichstag denied the large sum of money, which William wanted for increasing his navy. Now the warships will be built anyhow. Who is go-

ing to pay? "Was ist los mit Willie? Nix." He will get his money — sure. Like our patriots! Drum up the country, preach patriotism, call every man, who does not fall in line a traitor in the camp and the loyal people will say: "Not a cent for tribute, but millions for the defence."

Turkey and Greece are resting. The powers in Congress are now fighting the war over with their quills. They need in a special manner the Holy Ghost.

Cuba, the Philippines and Spain are still at variance with one another. Revolution is an awful word.

England's queen celebrated her diamond jubilee in a gorgeous manner. There are few rulers, who succeed to hold the reins for sixty years and the English nation is a very patriotic people. Hence their joy.

During Queen Victoria's reign 1½ million people in Ireland died of starvation, 3 millions were banished and 4 millions forced to emigrate. Self-government, which is granted to all the colonies of England is denied to an English speaking, educated and moral nation.—On the Crimean war we clip from the pages of history: "The Crimean war was waged to prop up the tottering throne of the Turkish sultan..... The British troops, being ill supplied with food and clothing, suffered great privations and hardships in the ensuing winter and large numbers of them perished." Had England's Queen given liberty to Ireland and kept her hands off the Musselman, her diamond jubilee would not have occasioned any disharmonic sounds, as were heard June the 21st at Dublin.

General Miles has been at Constantinople and in Greece in order to find out, how the soldiers looked after the battles. The Turkish army was jubilant, but the Greek warriors hung their heads. The poor, beaten soldiers begged the General, not to look into all their miseries, but to go immediately to England, to see Queen Victoria and her exultant subjects. This the General did to represent Uncle Sam at the Court of Sir John Bull.

The Sandwich Islands shall be annexed to the United States. The population of the islands is about 50 to 60,000, mostly natives. We have no objection, provided Uncle Sam takes good care of the lepers, thus preventing contagion. The poor people!

PAT and the YANKEE, leaving Church after Highmass.

YANKEE: "Indeed, Pat, this beats the devil!"

PAT: "That's why it is for."

Diocesan News.

Organization, association and determination are what Catholics need to day.

Miss Georgine Bates of Pasadena is entitled to the special thanks of the Mission Indian.

Mr. Reeve's store on Broadway ought to be generously patronized. It has a fine stock of goods for California.

The newspapers of San Francisco have within the past few weeks been out *Heroding Herod.*

MONITOR.

The priests' retreat began last Monday at St. Vincent's College. The exercises are being conducted by Rev. Father Wood, S. J.

For activity and whole-heartedness in the cause of the Church, Mr. Joseph Messmer of Los Angeles might be an example to many.

Mrs. Lindley of Ontario is in Mazomanie, Wis., enjoying the company of old friends, but longing for the cool breezes of California.

Senator White voted against the Indian appropriation (for our schools). It was a blind move, done in culpable ignorance about the actual condition of things in the Indian schools.

The Mission Indian wishes its readers to read the article of Miss Crane: A Legend of Lower California. Miss Crane is a great worker in the Indian cause.

The Right Rev. Bishop will be in Agua Caliente on August the 1st, to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. On the 2d of August, he will bless the new church in San Ignacio.

Mrs. S. Rothery, a devoted friend of the Indian school, has an office at present in San Francisco. Mrs. Rothery is a bright, prudent lady and must succeed in her undertakings.

The masquerade of the Fiesta at Los Angeles had a sequel, which is very much to be deplored. Let our women remember, that they owe a sacred duty to God, to their husbands and families and to society. "It must needs be that scandals come, but woe unto the man, through whom the scandal cometh."

Some correspondents are in error as regards to the nationality of Mrs. Senator White. Mrs. White is an American by birth and the daughter of a good French father and an Irish mother. We are happy to state, that she is a

practical Catholic and a noble, devoted wife and mother.

Ch. Jeffries writes in *The Review of St. Louis* about the criticisms of some of our papers being a big fraud etc. We do not contradict. But is there not too much finding fault on the other hand also? It is incumbent on the Catholic press to stop first the spreading of disharmony, to practice charity and to stick together—or to hang together.

BANNING, CAL., June 17th, 1897.

Dear Mission Indian:

After having spent almost a year here at St. Boniface's Indian School, we are about to take leave, and return to the East. Herewith we wish to express our sincere appreciation of the work, St. Boniface's School is doing for the Indians. We knew very little about the Indians before we came here, and like many others we thought that little could be accomplished with them, but we have completely changed our opinion. We are convinced that, with proper support, the mission among the poor forsaken Indians, would do an untold amount of good. We have been several times in some of the reservations, and could not help thinking what a pity it is, to let all these souls drift away from the holy faith in which they were born and baptized and we would ask every reader of the Mission Indian to help to support the missions among the poor Indians. If the priests could be enabled to visit all the reservations regularly, there would be no danger of them falling into hands of sectarians. Rev. Father Hahn is untiring in his zeal and selfsacrifice for them, but is unable to attend to the missions as much as he would wish and would be necessary. It demands great sacrifices on the part of the priest attending to these missions and material assistance is necessary. It would certainly be an act pleasing to God, for anyone desiring to practice charity, to contribute to the work for the poor Indians. It is helping to save immortal souls, and God will surely reward it.

Finally we wish to express our sincere gratitude for the many favors received from kind Father Hahn and the good Sisters of St. Joseph. May God bless the dear Sisters for their kindness, and their work of charity, and may he also bless the good Father, and spare him for many years, to the poor forsaken Indians. Now farewell, dear Mission Indian, you shall ever number among your friends

Sr. M. LUDOVICA and Sr. M. EMMA, of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Kant was up from Perris to spend the Fourth with friends in town.

The A. Js. a society of our young boys, served ice cream to their friends, Saturday evening.

Willie Dunlap, who unfortunately lost one of his hands, is recovering very rapidly.

Mr. John McMullen, the Postmaster of our pretty town, had his office tastily decorated July the 4th.

Treshing is being done all over the valley now, giving employment to many of our young men.

Queen Victoria's jubilee was celebrated by our English residents by a picnic. All report a fine time.

Miss Nellie Lennon has returned to spend her vacation with her mother and sister.

Several of our citizens went below for their fourth of July, after witnessing the display at home.

The fruit driers are all in full blast and fruit is rotting on the ground for want of help to care for it. A large crop is on the trees. If J. W. Moojen could save all his, he would probably have *fifty tons on about six acres of trees!!*

The glorious Fourth was celebrated in Banning in an appropriate manner. In the afternoon a "field day" was held, consisting of a ball game, races, jumps etc. In the evening a fine display of fire works was presented.

The weather in the beginning and middle of June was rather warm. The latter part of June was cool, July opened cold and July the 10th the thermometer stood at 105 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. No blankets in demand yet.

Ramon Diaz met with a serious accident on the evening of the third. He lit a stick of giant powder and was waving it in his hand, when it exploded. It tore the hand to shreds and severely injured his leg. Dr. King amputated the hand just above the wrist.

The patriotic celebration of the Fourth was perhaps the first one that ever took place in Banning. Due credit has to be given to the young men, who brought about the splendid success. The only feature to be deplored is the sad accident of Ramon Diaz.

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The month of July is dedicated to the veneration of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. We render thanks to our Lord for all, He has done for us, especially for His sacred passion; and the shedding of His Precious Blood; we endeavour to spread His religion and to promote the salvation of souls in every way possible. "Thy kingdom come."

We pray Thee, therefore help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

Glory be to Jesus
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

"Converse in fear during the time of your sojourning here; knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb, unspotted and undefiled." I. Peter 1, 18.

The indulgence of Portiuncula may be gained at the Plaza Church, Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles and at St. Joseph's Church, Santee Str. The former venerable house of God enjoys the privilege in virtue of a papal decree and St. Joseph's possesses the privilege because all the churches and chapels of the Franciscan order have it.

To gain the indulgence it is necessary to be in the state of grace; hence to receive the Sacrament of Penance; then to receive Holy Communion worthily and to say some prayers according to the usual intentions.

The Portiuncula Indulgence may be gained on August the 2d, which this year falls on Monday following the 8th Sunday after Pentecost. Moreover it may be gained as many times on that day, as after

worthy Confession and Communion the above churches are visited and the resp. prayers said.

Try to gain the Portiuncula indulgence. Make an humble, contrite and sincere confession, receive the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist with profound humility and adoration. Say the resp. prayers with sentiments of penance and devotion. Visit the indulged churches frequently. Pray for the re-union of the christian people into one fold, pray for the living and the dead. Thus the Portiuncula indulgence will be to you a key with which you will open heaven, both for yourself and for many poor souls.

Invitations to Commencement Exercises were received from the following schools: St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Annual Commencement June the 23d, after a very successful term; the Academy at Pico Hights, eight annual commencement, June the 23d; St. Mary's Academy, June the 24th; Saint Joseph's School, June the 29th; the Perris Gov. Indian Training School, closing exercises June the 24th; St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind., and St. Joseph's Academy, Prescott, Ariz.

We gratefully acknowledge the kind invitations and regret of having been unable to be present at any of them.

One thing we here mention in regard to the Commencement Exercises. In all the programmes of our Catholic institutions, no subjects were mentioned, which might perhaps offend those not of our religion, whereas on the program (not to mention others) of a High-School (Riverside), there was again a strictly sectarian subject — referring to Luther. No wonder that Catholic children in that place are insulted—even by the Negro tots—with the cry: "Papists." By their fruits you shall know them.

Remember, thou keep holy the Sabbath day. The Sabbath day [or Sunday for christians] is the day, set apart for the service of God. We ought to be present at divine services, not only at the sacrifice of Mass, but also during the sermon and at the Vespers. We ought not to do any servile work nor participate in dissipations etc.

The attendance in the Churches on Sunday is not as numerous as it ought to be. The salubrious, mild climate of California makes the people forget, that there is a God, who is gravely offended and slighted by those, who live but for this world. But what is worse, there are but too many, that desecrate the Sunday by manual labor.

There are thousands of the unemployed in our fair country. Will the new tariff help to give employment? What about the multitude of machines, which do most of the labor? What about Sunday-work? Work on Sunday takes away employment from one seventh of our laborers; hence if all Sunday-work is stopped, thousands of laborers more will be employed and the army of the unemployed will decrease. There were formerly many holydays kept like the Sunday. Then the cry arose: "Too many holydays, no business going on; the feasts injure the trade." The holydays were abrogated. Now also the Sunday is used by many for work and toil. We run and care and hurry and labor day and night; many fall sick, linger, and find an early grave as a consequence of over-work; in the meantime the unemployed increase in numbers and the wealth of the country is accumulated in the hands of a few. *Puck* says truly: "What fools these mortals be!" But God Almighty with a thundering voice announces: "Remember, thou keep holy the sabbath day."

There is no blessing in Sunday work. A sturdy well-to-do farmer

of Ohio related to us the following incident: He was working for a "Yankee", who ordered him on a Sunday morning to cultivate the corn in the field. Our friend refused and neither good nor bad words could prevail upon him, to work on a Sunday. Then the boss himself took the cultivator and worked all the long Sunday hours in the field. When the corn was harvested, it was found, that the crop on that piece of land, which the farmer had cultivated, was a perfect failure, whereas the other corn was fine. The farmer then swore, that he would never work on Sunday any more. We ourselves saw lately an over-anxious farmer plow and sow barley on a Sunday. As we anticipated, the consequence was a poor crop, not even paying for the seed. But even if a good crop would be obtained there is no blessing in working on a Sunday. Sunday work does not bring true, inward joy; it is prompted by unbelief; causes sacrifices of body and soul and at the end no blessing.

Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

The Indians are working everywhere. Irrigating and cultivating the orchards or cutting fruit for private people or Fruit Companies are their chief occupations. Then and when our Indians will take proper care of *their own farms and orchards*, then the Indian problem will be solved. Some of them do. But on twenty acres of land and not sufficient water, no white man can make his living, much less an Indian!

Strange — incomprehensible! — Those, who are the loudest in preaching patriotism were the loudest to shout about "Our Queen Victoria" at the occasion of her diamond jubilee.

Sweet girl graduates by learning how to cook will be of immense benefit to the national stomach.

LETTER BOX of UNCLE TOM.

A new soldier of Jesus Christ.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 2, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

With real pleasure I write you this letter to tell you that I was confirmed last Wednesday. When Bishop Montgomery came to see all the children, I was very glad that I was going to be confirmed. The Bishop said that we were going to be ardent soldiers of Jesus Christ, and to live and die for our holy faith. Excuse me Uncle, for not writing you a long letter. "All right." Your child in Christ

FRANCISCO CHUTNIGAT.

Jesus twelve years old in the temple.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 8, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

We are now approaching the end of June, and I am sure that you will have great enjoyment during vacation.

On the first of June, Rev. Father McCarthy preached a sermon. He said during this month of June, is the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. When Jesus was twelve years old, He went up to Jerusalem with His parents on the great feast of the Pasch. When the celebration was over His parents returned to their home, but Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and they missed Him. Joseph and Mary were filled with much trouble of mind, and hastened back to Jerusalem to look for Him. After three days they found Him in the temple in the midst of the doctors, teaching and instructing them in their holy faith. God bless and protect you. Your nephew

RAMON BARTHOL.

Happy to see God's Children.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 4, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

Some time has elapsed since I last wrote to you, but you must please excuse me for not writing to you sooner. As it is very near vacation, I will try and write you a little letter, and let you know how your nieces are, they are all perfectly well and trust sincerely that you are the very same.

Dear Uncle: Bishop Montgomery was here Wednesday and the children went to meet him and they welcomed him with happy greeting, we were delighted to see him, but he disappointed us when he told us that he had to go on the same day, but he could not help it, in the afternoon he confirmed ten girls and seven boys. I was so happy to see them. It seemed that it was myself. Father McCarthy was here and he preached a beautiful little sermon on the Sacred Heart, and it was very interesting. I shall never forget it. I must now say Good bye. I am your affectionate niece

MARY BANKS.

Practice, what you have learned.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 4, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

This beautiful afternoon, gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to write you these few lines.

Dear Uncle some of your nieces and nephews were confirmed last week by Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery, and he said a few words to us, he said we will all be men and women in a few years, we will not have the good Sisters, Father

Hahn and Uncle Tom to guide us and inspire us with good thoughts, and holy resolutions, but we have to depend on what we are now learning.

Father McCarthy also gave us a little sermon on the Sacred Heart of Jesus before Benediction.

Wishing you a very pleasant vacation, may the Sacred Heart of Jesus bless you. Your niece

MIGUELLA BRITTAINE.

That is all very Interesting, Peter.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 7, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is a long time since I have written to you a long letter, and now I send this letter to you in order to tell you all the good news of Banning, and not only that, but other things also. On the morning following Father's return, from the Indian Reservations, we had a very nice sermon from Rev. Father Hahn, and every day in May we had devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary. We prayed very fervently and with every outward sign of respect and devotion. Now I will repeat for you a little prayer which we all recited every day during the month of May. It is as follows: "Oh! Mary, my Queen and my Mother, remember that I am thine, persevere and defend me as thy property and possession." Now dear Uncle, this is a very beautiful prayer, and we should continue it many times a day, in honor of the tears which the Blessed Virgin Mary shed when she was at the foot of the Cross of her divine Son.

Banuing seems to be a very beautiful village, but most of its inhabitants are not at home, at all times. Some of the Indians and white people are making a new ditch just about fifty yards from the school. The mountains around are very beautiful and pleasant.

Some of your nieces and nephews were confirmed, by our Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, last Wednesday. I hope that they received the Spirit of Holiness. Uncle, how long is it since you were confirmed? I should think it is a long time ago. I am very glad that vacation is approaching near! so as to eat lots of fruit.

Dear Uncle, I thought that you promised in one of your old letters in the "Mission Indian", that you would some day come down to see your little nieces and nephews. We are all anxious to have a look at you, but when you come, please do not forget to bring a bag of marbles and some bananas. O! that is what I like. One day I heard that you had a large field of apples, send us some of them, please.

Now, I suppose that you want to hear some news of June devotions. June is set apart by our Blessed Lord Himself, to practice devotion to His Sacred Heart; He is the One who drives the devil out from our souls.

On Monday, June 2d, we all went to the little cemetery, to do honor to the soldiers who died many years ago. We decorated their graves with beautiful flowers, not only them, but the whole family of them who died for the faith.

Rev. Father McCarthy preached a very nice sermon on the first of June about the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He began by saying: "Jesus, may I live for Thee, Jesus, may I die for Thee." Oh! it was very interesting for your little nieces and nephews to hear him. Dear Uncle, I am so sorry that some of your nieces and nephews are soon going to leave you, but I hope that they will come back, and tell you good news from their homes. With the blessing of Almighty God and the help of Mary I remain your true sincere nephew

PETER SALVADEO.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN
RESERVATIONS.

PALA.

The old mission church at Pala is repaired and the Franciscan Fathers at San Luis Rey visit now Pala regularly to say mass in the church for the Catholics, Indians, Mexicans, and whites, that live near by.

AGUA CALIENTE.

Domingo Moro and Nicholasa Lugo were joined in marriage Sunday June the 20th.

The ramada or house of branches, belonging to Francisco Nowilet was destroyed by fire. Blankets, bedding, clothing and other effects were lost.

In the article on Warner's Ranch, the name of the woman, who sold the Ranch an Governor Downey was given as Silvestra. It ought to be *Vincenta de Gabillo*. She is said to be yet living at Anaheim.

The limits of Warner's Ranch are now fixed. The Ranch is ten miles in length and between six and seven miles in width. The land-laws appear to be subject to flexibility.

On Thursday June the 24th the Indians celebrated the feast of St. John the Baptist. All of them assembled in the morning at the church, reciting prayers and singing hymns. Afterwards amusements in the ramadas were indulged in.

In the suit to quiet title, brought about by the heirs of Governor Downey and gained by them in the first and second instance, a third appeal has been granted by the Judge in San Diego under the conditions that the contestants deposit 5000 dollars security for expenses.

SANTA YSABEL.

There was formerly a mission with a resident priest in Santa Ysabel. The name of the last one, who lived here and administered to the wants of the Indians, was Father Sanchez. This venerable priest was killed by an Indian. He is buried upon the Indians' cemetery at Santa Ysabel. He has no monument, nor is any special care taken of his last resting-place. Perhaps it cannot be found at all any more, the same way as the grave of Father Jaune at San Diego, whose body is likewise lost. We ought to take better care of our martyred priests. The monuments of such victims of human brutes speak louder than words; they would be a continual sermon

to the Indians, what has been done for them by the Catholic priesthood.

PORTRERO.

There is still no captain in Portrero, near Banning. Hence the reservation is an orphan, until they will have another election. We sincerely hope, that the new Indian Agent Dr. Wright will right the matter. This is a free country not only for ward politicians, but for everyone, who tries by work to make an honest living.

PALM SPRINGS.

The Indian, known by the name Charley, is an old resident of the reservation Agua Caliente. Lately he was cutting and hauling mesquite wood near Walters. He was thrown from his horse and injured; his arm and shoulder being either broken or dislocated. He is needy and poor, as also his girl is sick.

His son Cajetano was at the St. Boniface's School four years ago. During vacation the boy went with Mr. Line through the desert, assisting to take care of cattle being transported to Yuma or some other place of Arizona. The young Indian never returned any more. Cajetano either lost his way in the desert and perished; or he was done away with in a fight, as he was somewhat of a quarrelsome nature. It would be well to know some account of him anyhow.

LOS TORRES.

Andreas Torres is deadly sick. His wife and most of his family are dead. Six years ago we passed some time in his house; his family were all living and there were trees, flowers and palms around his house. Last year Andreas called on us again, to see his family. Most of his children were then dead, and the mother was rather superstitious, that all was not natural. Now she is dead too and Andreas is approaching his last hour. The mother was a typical Cahuilla Indian; twelve children being in the family. No doubt, the co-habitation with consumptives spread the dreadful disease in the whole family, especially as no proper preventive measures are taken. Another Indian family gone!

The people at Los Torres and Martinez were all baptized by Father William, Father Emil and others. Owing to the internal dissensions of the Desert Indians and the great promises held out to them, also on account of the non-sectarian school erected in Martinez a Moravian minister was allowed to establish a mission there.

MESA GRANDE.

The Indians here are building up their old church, which collapsed in winter on account of the heavy snow fall. They are encouraged to do so by the good Bishop, Rt. Rev. G. Montgomery.

A Legend of Lower California.

By A. R. Crane.

From the Messenger of the
Sacred Heart.

Few of the Missions of Lower California have suffered so complete extinction as that situated in the romantic cañon of "Guadalupe." Only insignificant remnants of the walls of the church remain, although the convent building is somewhat better preserved. Until about twenty years ago the grand arch which spanned the altar stood erect, the most conspicuous object in the wide expanse of desolate plain; but this has now crumbled into a shapeless mass. Where once smiled the orchards and gardens planted under the direction of the good Fathers who there gathered their dusky flock, whom they trained both in the arts of industry, and the higher knowledge of the will of God, utter desolation now reigns supreme. No ivy clings to the tottering walls; no sound except the singing of the birds or the nervous yap of the coyote vibrates upon the air.

Near the ruins are numerous mounds where sleep the quiet dead. No loving hand scatters flowers over their graves, but God forgets them not; and each year myriads of fragrant blossoms cluster above their last resting-place.

The story I am about to relate was told me by a venerable pioneer, who has lived in Lower California for more than seventy years. He can remember in his boyhood hearing the Mission bell pealing morning, noon and night to call the people to prayer and worship. He lived there throughout the revolutionary period; and can distinctly recall the time when the Mexican government confiscated the Viejo Mission, and drove the old Padres out at the point of bayonet over the line into the United States, and also the eventful night when Guadalupe Mission was attacked.

It was night. The bell had tolled the hour of nine; and all were in bed and at peace with God and man. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang out on the still night air. It was a woman's voice, and the next instant her pitiful wails were mingled with brutal curses and firing of

guns. Father Lopez, the Prior, sprang from his couch. The Indians and Mexicans, employed at the Mission as guards and servants, were always carefully looked after by Father Lopez, who never failed to see them all quietly in their rawhide cots at the proper time. He had this night gone through the usual routine of locking, barring and counting his flock, to see that they were all in the fold; and had just lain down to rest when those fearful shrieks startled him to his feet. His quick ear told him from whence came the screams; and he recognized the voice of the wife of Pancho Gonzales, a Mexican that lived in a little adobe house about a quarter of a mile from the Mission building. This family had a small piece of ground under cultivation, given them by the Fathers, and, being honest and peaceable, had felt secure in their little home under the shelter of the church.

Up to within a few months all had been peace and happiness in this isolated region, where the Fathers had braved the dangers and privations of the wilderness to bring to its savage inhabitants the Gospel of Christ, and teach them the arts of peace. But since then constant reports had come of outrages committed by the Revolutionary Party against the representatives of the Church, especially the Jesuits. So Father Lopez had no hesitation in attributing the tumult to its true cause.

All possible precautions had been taken to guard against the danger of an attack by one of the brutal bands, who were scourging the country insulting and massacring the servants of God, and destroying the missions they had established with so much toil and sacrifice. The doors of the mission building were securely barred each night, and such weapons as could be procured were provided to arm the little band that faithfully rallied round Father Lopez and his three fellow priests.

The good priest hastened from his room and found many of the household already assembled in the corral where they could see through the portholes what was going on outside. No sooner had he placed his eye to one of those outlooks than he saw a large group of dark figures advancing toward the church. As the disorderly throng drew nearer he could distinguish three or four brutal men in soldiers' uniforms dragging a man between them, who was alternately fighting and pleading for mercy amid the jeers and scoffs of the crowd. Close at the heels of the doomed man was his terrified wife with two little children clinging to her skirts and

screaming with fright. Nearer and nearer drew the lawless mob, their band more than double the number of men in the mission. It was useless to go out against them. There was nothing the Fathers could do but pray and encourage their terrified people.

Padre Lopez was loved by his flock more than any of the pastors before him, and his words of faith in God's assistance had a wonderfully soothing effect on his dusky followers. He was an inspiring figure as he stood among them, his upturned saint-like face looking toward the pale moon, his furrowed cheeks bathed in tears of pity for his suffering neighbors, hands raised in supplication in their behalf. As his half-naked, half-civilized friends drew closer to him they beheld a circle of light gradually closing about his head, a halo of glory, such as they had seen over the brows of the Child Jesus and the Virgin Mary in the pictures above the altar. They trembled with fear and reverential awe. The other three priests looked on as much amazed as the natives. They felt that God had heard the good Father's petition and would now protect them from harm. As the low, sweet voice of the holy Padre chanted forth the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done, O God," all stood with bowed heads in silent veneration.

Suddenly a thundering crash started every fast-beating heart. It was from the battering ram that had been placed against the door of the wall that enclosed them. A second and a third crash followed—the door began to give way under the heavy blows, the screams of the mother and children were fearful. The good woman realized that the church and the "dear Padres" were in great danger—that all would soon be destroyed. The neophytes knew that the time had come to fight. One more stroke and the enemy would be in their midst. Padre Gomez ordered his men to be ready to fire. Padre Lopez still stood transfixed, the halo of light remaining bright about his head. Again the heavy weight of the battering ram fell with a dull thud. In rushed the soldiers led by the much-feared and hated General-in-chief, one of Mexico's most blood-thirsty leaders.

"The Padres! the Padres, first! Down with the priest! kill them first! Then make away with the rest of the pack!" sounded the fiendish chorus.

The trembling inmates of the Mission fired at random, then dropped their guns, or were disarmed. The General was wounded, but soon rallied, being only slightly hurt. His men soon tied the

Fathers hand and foot. The terrified savages scattered like frightened sheep, and hid in all available crannies. As the General turned, with a curse, to continue the half-finished sentence on his victims, he was, for the moment, overcome by the sight of Father Lopez, who had not spoken nor changed his attitude during all this time; nor had the circle of light about his head lessened in its brightness. All of the invaders saw it at the same time, and, for a moment, cowered in fear.

"Take and bind him!" yelled the General to his men, pointing to the holy Father. "Take him, the partner of the devil."

Overcome with hatred towards the priests, and with fear of the General, they obeyed. Father Lopez made no resistance. When he had been securely tied they perceived that the halo of light still hovered all about his body as he lay on the ground. This caused great consternation to the more superstitious. Some fell upon their knees and covered their faces with their hands, as if to shut out the wonderfully illumined face, but were brutally slashed by the sword of the General or battered over the head with his rifle. Then he ordered the priests to be carried, and so placed against the outer wall, that their faces would look toward the altar.

By the soft, melancholy light of the moon, the form of the half-naked, half-unconscious man, whom the soldiers had dragged hither, was easily distinguished; his face was haggard, his lips moved, yet they did not utter a sound; his eyes were closed, his hands and feet were tied with rawhide thongs. He was closely guarded waiting execution. He dreaded to open his eyes for fear he would see his innocent wife and babes beaten, and, perhaps, murdered by these inhuman wretches.

"Where is she? I cannot hear her now: Oh, if I must die, let it be soon!" he moaned. He heard the good Padres dragged by him, but he dared not look at them, his friends who must share his fate. The cold perspiration started on his face. He heard the clicking of the guns in the hands of the soldiers, that he knows are ready to riddle his body with bullets, and then his helpless wife and babes—one yet unborn—will be left alone to the mercy of these wretches. The thought drove him to desperation. He tried to wrench himself loose, but it was of no avail, he could not move a limb. His brain reeled; he fainted.

The moonlight faded away, the stars disappeared, the sky grew black as ink, the silence was intense; slowly, con-

sciousness returned to his bewildered mind. He opened his eyes wearily as out of the distance could be heard the sound of retreating footsteps. He listened; it ceased. Then his dulled ear caught the sound of a soft voice in prayer at his side. He turned his eyes in the direction of that soothing, heavenly sound. He started, and turned cold, for there, standing near with a halo of light about his body, was Father Lopez holding an infant boy in his arms, looking like the Saviour of old blessing little children. It was a newborn babe, and he guessed the truth, the child was his, "Oh Father!" the poor wretch cried, "is my wife safe?" Then, like the chimes of sweet bells, the voice of the holy Father answered: "Fear not, she is safe. God has taken her to His bright home. This child, born to-night, shall overcome the wicked enemies that have destroyed the house of God, and persecuted His children. Put your trust in Him and fear not."

A ring of rifle shots echoed through the old walls, and poor Pancho Gonzales was dead.

As the gray dawn broke over the mountains, the hoarse voices, and the din of tramping feet were again heard in the ruined building. "Where is he?" they shout, "the priest with his old witch light?" In vain they search for him. Father Lopez was nowhere to be found. He and the child had as surely disappeared, as though they had been swallowed up by the earth. The General raved and swore at thus being cheated out of his victim. After killing all they could find, he, with his remaining army and the three Padres, started to the mountains, where the priests were cruelly and barbarously put to death.

After this massacre, peace was in a measure restored; and except for occasional small raids and plunderings, the Peninsula of Lower California suffered little at the hands of the Revolutionists.

Not until thirty years later, in 1859, was there another serious uprising, the year in which Señor Don Castro was killed. He was at that time Governor of the Northern district, but by no legal right, having refused to obey the President's order of removal. Governor Castro was a man who frequently became intoxicated, and, at such times, was very quarrelsome. His associates were the worst set of outlaws in the country; and his boon companion was Manuel Marquez, the leader of a noted band of Mexican outlaws.

One evening Castro and Marquez were stopping at a house in San Miguel, and

enjoying social drinks in their customary way. In the midst of their hilarity, Castro drew his knife from his boot, and playfully flourished it before Marquez; but, unfortunately for himself, accidentally cut his companion, who instantly became enraged, and shaking his wounded hand in Castro's face, fiercely exclaimed, "blood calls for blood!" The men were finally separated, and Castro was persuaded to go to another house a little further up the river bed. He left on foot, and, a short time after, the inmates of the house he had just left heard the report of a pistol. Following in the direction of the sound, they found the unfortunate dead man under a willow tree, while the murderer, Marquez, had fled north to Los Angeles. The poor victim was buried on a neighboring hill, top, where there is naught to mark his lonely grave, the frail wooden cross which was placed at its head having long been blown down.

The news of his death spread rapidly, and acted as a signal to his many followers, who believed him to have been murdered by the order of the hated Americans. In a revengeful mood they pillaged the country. No law abiding citizen was safe, and disorder and dismay reigned supreme.

At the time of the Governor's death there was in his employ a strange young Mexican named Feliciano Esparza, a man of unusual strength of character. He was secretary to the Governor, and now came into full power as acting Governor. The state of affairs was desperate, and it devolved upon him to do something to restore order at once. After due deliberation he issued a call, summoning all lawabiding citizens of the surrounding country to appear at Sauzal. When they had assembled, he formed them into a military company, and sent them in quest of insurgents, with orders to bring in every outlaw that could be found. A few days later a courier returned to Sauzal with the tidings that twelve of the desperadoes had been captured, and were but a short distance from the town. Esparza hastened forth, and met the posse with the prisoners where the road from Sauzal joins that from San Miguel, on the way to Ensenada de Todos Santos. He ordered a halt and sentenced the prisoners to be shot. A pit, wide enough to contain all the bodies, was prepared, and the prisoners given a brief examination. Esparza then spoke to the men with a voice full of feeling, and entreated them to make their peace with God, confess their sins to the priest and be absolved before the death signal was given. He called to his aid a Padre,

who had accompanied him hither, and bade the oldest of the prisoners retire with the priest if he so wished.

The old prisoner lifted his eyes, and looked long and steadily into the face of the young Esparza. "That voice," he muttered, "that face so like—. Absolve, Oh, absolve my soul, O priest!"

One after another the prisoners knelt in confession, then all were arranged in a row. The men with loaded rifles stood waiting the order to fire. "Fire!" Esparza commanded, and when the report died away a voice chanted: "Peace, peace to all. Esparza, your father and the Church are revenged."

All eyes turned to the young Mexican. For an instant a bright halo appeared about him, then darkness settled down. The one common grave was covered, and the citizens returned to Sauzal. After clearing up accounts with the desperadoes, Esparza retired to the Island of Guadalupe, with his wife and family.

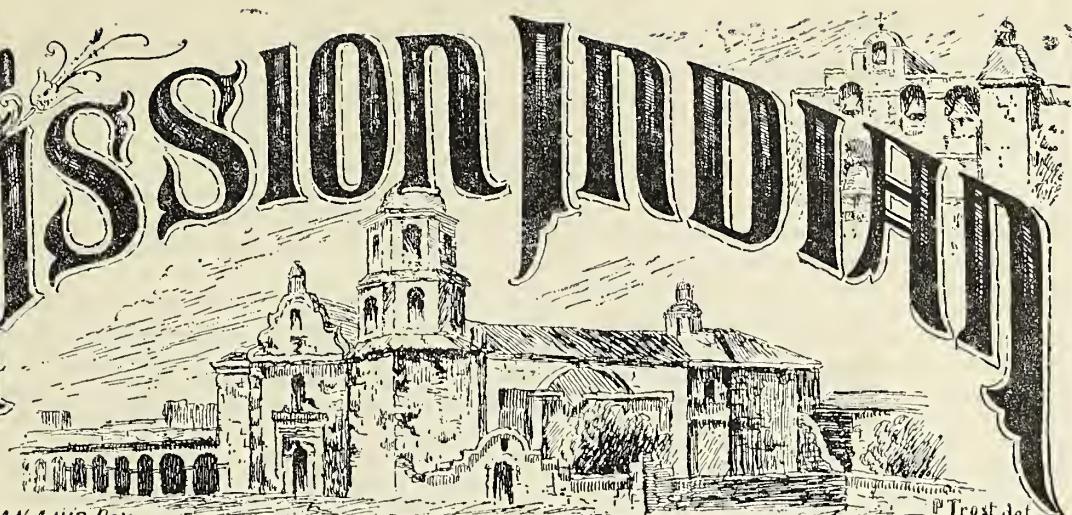
For many years he lived in peace and happiness in this secluded spot. One day his wife noticed that he seemed more quiet and thoughtful than usual. By and by he rose, took his gun and kissing his dear ones started out to hunt. This was no unusual occurrence; but he did not return that day, nor the next following, nor the next. His wife became alarmed at his long absence, and with her two sons started in search of him. But though they travelled over every foot of the island, no trace of the lost one was found.

Señora Esparza had heard the strange story of her husband's birth and life, for it was he that was born on that night of the Guadalupe Mission massacre. The holy Padre, with the child in his arms, had been guided by an unseen hand to an unknown cave in the mountains. There he reared the boy and taught him his mission. When he had grown to manhood he sent him into the world with full instructions as to his future course. "When thy good work is done, my son, I will come and take thee to a home of peace and beauty."

The señora doubted not that Padre Lopez's prophecy had been fulfilled.

A few years after Esparza's disappearance, his family were found on the island by the crew of a fishing vessel that chanced to stop there, in a very destitute condition. They were taken to San Tomas where they related the history of Esparza's life. When their story was investigated and found true, the property which belonged to Esparza before his disappearance was restored by the Government to his family, as they were the rightful owners.

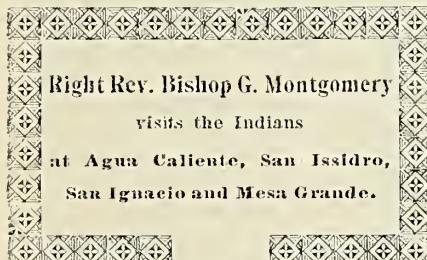
The Mission Indian



VOL. II.

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NO. 11.



The Southern California R. R. Co. runs a daily train to and from Temecula, a town situated in the southern part of Riverside Co. Near Temecula is the famous Temecula cañon, one of the most picturesque mountain sceneries in Southern California. The heavy rains in February 1891 washed away part of the track, hence the locomotive stops at Temecula and is not heard puffing through the lonely cañon.

Temecula is commonly the station, where those bound for Warner's Ranch go in order to reach by stage the Hot Springs or Agua Caliente. Bishop Montgomery arrived at Temecula Friday night, July the 30th. He met there a number of Catholics to have a chat with them; especially Mr. Kelly, a barber, made himself prominent by treating the good bishop to a genuine Spanish shave. On July the 31st, at 4:30 A. M., the Bishop boarded the stage, run by Mr. Henry Bergman, who as administrator of the late Jacob Bergman has the contract for the mail route and stage from Temecula to Warner's Ranch. Cajetano Welmas, an old, experienced hostler, drives the team and he took very good care of our Bishop. At dinner, a stop is made at the residence of Mr. Bergman. Horses are exchanged and the inner man provided for by a substantial meal prepared by the industrious land-lady, Mrs. Bergman.

The Bishop was greatly pleased to see an Indian girl, Rosenda Verdugo, come up and greet him with the familiar term "Bishop." Thus he felt at home. The girl was two years at St. Boniface's Industrial School. "I like to meet the Indians who know me and our religion, particularly do I enjoy seeing them occupied in useful work."

After dinner the stage went on to Agua Caliente. It was pretty warm but the Bishop did not mind it. Abstemious people do not feel the heat as much as others. At the entrance of Warner's Ranch is situated La Puerta Cruz, — the door of the Cross, — a small Indian village. As soon as the Bishop had reached this place, Jose Dolores, the captain, hastened on horseback to Agua Caliente, about four miles east from La Puerta Cruz, to announce the arrival of the chief Shepherd.

Arriving at Agua Caliente, he with a loud voice called forth the Indians to meet the Bishop. Also the Captain of Agua Caliente and the Indian Judge announced with stentorian voices the news; the whole village became alive. Everybody, men, women and children, hastened to the Chapel. Esperanza Brittain began to ring the bell; some of the people went to meet the Bishop on the road, others remained on the hill, looking in the direction, from which the Bishop was to come. Some asked: "How shall we meet the Bishop?" Some thought knew before hand what to do. When the Bishop met the first ones he alighted from the carriage, shook hands with every one, then the little ones were put on the wagon and chatting merrily with the children, the Bishop arrived on the top of the hill, west of the church of St. Francis, at Agua Caliente. The scene

was most touching. At least a hundred and fifty Indians, every one of those at home, were assembled, guns were fired off, cheers arose and eagerly the episcopal hand was seized and the Bishop's ring kissed. In the meantime, the women had taken off their shawls and an impromptu pavement was made for the Bishop from the hill to the church. Bishop Montgomery entered the church, followed by the happy people, upon whom he then bestowed his episcopal blessing.

In the evening, the same day, July the 31st, services were held and the people more fully instructed for the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. That evening and Sunday morning, fifty eight adults went to confession, thirty received Holy Communion Sunday morning, fifty eight were confirmed. It was one of those occasions, which tell more than words, what kind of religion dwells in the Indian's heart. The Bishop himself heard confessions, and on Saturday evening for more than two hours he spoke to the Indians, teaching the principal truths of our holy religion and conversing with his audience as a father speaks to his children. Sunday morning, the good Bishop celebrated Mass, gave Holy Communion to those, who approached the sacred table and again preached to the Indians, as he also did after the ten o'clock mass. The work was undoubtedly blessed by God and the Bishop was well pleased and the Indians were rejoicing. "Somos muy contentos," was the universal word.

Chrysanthia Flores as cook prepared the meals, Jose Juan Aulin carried everything needed to the ramada, which had been erected by the Indians for the occasion and Manuela Semoatt placed her house with two cosy rooms at the dis-

THE MISSION INDIAN.

posal of the Bishop, Ambrosio guarded the church and Captain Pedro Aulin saw to it, that everything went off in good order.

Sunday August 1st at 2 P. M., the Bishop went on to visit and confirm the Indians at San Issidro. Here again the Indians, of their own accord, gave the Bishop a solemn and hearty welcome. The bell was rung and the men and women had formed two files, through the middle of which the carriage conveying the Bishop passed. Again the shawls of the women were used as carpets on the floor, and although the "Hosanna" did not ring out as at the time of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, still there was much cheering and happiness at the meeting.

Having entered the Church, the Bishop addressed the congregation and then conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on nineteen adults, men and women of San Issidro.

The same afternoon the journey was continued through the picturesque cañon with its huge live oak trees and pines and the sparkling, fresh spring water. At 6.30 P. M. San Ignacio was reached and the evening was spent in reciting the office and preparing for the following day, set apart for the blessing of the new church, erected in honor of St. Ignatius. In passing over the ridge of the mountains, the Colorado desert as well as the water rushing towards Salton, forming there a lake, can be distinctly seen, a truly novel aspect after passing through the mountains.

Monday morning the Bishop celebrated mass at 6 A. M. Then confessions were heard as a preparation for Confirmation. At 9.30 A. M. the services began. The Bishop solemnly blessed the chapel with the usual prayers and ceremonies, after which mass was said, attended by all the Indians present in the reservation. After mass, the Bishop preached a sermon, and then confirmed thirty persons, all Indian adults of San Ignacio and Cienega reservations. The "Holy God" concluded the ceremony.

The San Ignacio Indians received the Bishop by kneeling down on both sides of the carriage and reciting prayers. A most edifying scene. The shawls again were spread in honor of the Bishop. In fact, the Indians appeared to be anxious, to greet and honor the Bishop in every possible manner. They were very orderly, respectful and happy.

In the discourses, the Bishop dwelt upon the necessity of religion. "Save your souls." "What doth it profit man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his soul". Then he urged

upon them the necessity of keeping away from drink and of being industrious. He gave credit to the Indians for the marked improvements in some of their farms and advised them to beautify their homes, to spend the time for working on their own farms rather than "outing".

The kind words, the expressions of sympathy and love for them, made a strong impression upon the minds of the Indians and we may truly call the 1st and 2d of August "red letter days" for the Indians in Warner's Ranch.

On Tuesday, August the 3, the Bishop went to see the Indians at Mesa Grande. Again a great number of them were assembled to meet him. As Mesa Grande is cared for by Rev. Father Uback, the Bishop awaited the arrival of the good Father from San Diego. Wednesday August the 4th, the feast of St. Dominic was solemnly observed. Father Uback celebrated Mass and the good Bishop preached to the delighted Diogena Indians.

After services, the rebuilding of the new church was recommended and the Indians were admonished to forget all past animosity and to unite in the work of building up the house of God.

Services were held at Mesa Grande in a ramada. An old Indian woman with gray hairs recited the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostle's Creed, acts of faith, hope and charity, contrition etc., the commandments of God and of the Church, the seven sacraments, and sang the long *Trisagio* — all and every word in Spanish by heart. Indeed, many white people might learn a lesson from this Indian woman.

We cannot tell, whether Father Antonio took better care of the Bishop beyond the mountains, than was taken on this side. Anyhow the Bishop arrived safe and happy in Los Angeles.

◆ ◆ ◆

The number of those who were confirmed was one hundred and seven.

At San Ignacio, two Indian captains asked the Bishop, how to proceed in order to be protected against the invasions of white squatters.

The limpid, salubrious hot springs were duly tested and it is useless to say, that there is hardly any hot springs in the United States superior to the agua caliente in Warner's Ranch.

The ramada made around the church at Agua Caliente offered a welcome shade to the patient people, who had to stay outside, because there was not room for all inside the church.

A little girl and a little boy, both white children, begged the Bishop to

allow them to go to Confession. "Blessed are the clean of hearts, for they shall see God."

At San Ignacio a beautiful statue, representing St. Ignatius, was erected and blessed. This piece of art was donated by the good Sisters of the Most Precious Blood.

Mr. Henry Wilson Sr. of Warners in assisting the Indians at San Ignacio on their feast day, for the episcopal visit by furnishing provisions, again showed that hospitality, which bespeaks a good, generous heart.

The Indians of Mesa Grande came to see the Bishop at Agua Caliente. They appeared to be very nervous. In any such cases, there is but one thing, which will be of service: Kindness. "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Many white people and Mexicans had also come to meet the Bishop. Mrs. Joachina Wilson, singing beautiful Spanish hymns, contributed greatly to the solemnities and the Indians with their pathetic voices rendered the choruses in a very creditable manner.

Some who had not approached the Sacraments for a long time, found again the sweetness of their religion in the Sacraments, and good resolutions for the future were numerous. May God bring the seed to bear fruit! Both Bishop and people were happy and satisfied with the results obtained.

One of the Indians of Mesa Grande came up to his Lordship, begging him to come to Mesa Grande "to make them all strong and good christians." He had certainly heard and fully understood in the instructions given, that *Confirmation is a Sacrament, which makes us strong and perfect christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ!*

A few Indians, instigated by some white people asked the Bishop, whether or not they are to pay tribute to the visiting priest. It is our opinion, that to defray expenses every man able to work, ought to obey the fifth commandment of the Church: To contribute to the support of our pastors. Twenty five cents as a minima — of each family or each man earning wages — would do away with the unpleasantness of mentioning money matters. The report given some time ago in a San Diego paper is to be lamented. Hear both sides, then judge. That which costs nothing is worth nothing! Money given for God's sake is invested in the safest bank, to bring an interest hundred fold in a better home. *In medio stat virtus* — the middle way is the safest — for clergy and people.

Diocesan News.

The Phelan Camp is in full swing at the mouth of the Santa Ana.

Boyle heights is beginning to be known as Doyle Heights.

To-day a high mass at Redlands. Mr. Daniel J. Murphy at the organ.

Mrs. Frost and daughter are at Arch Beach.

Mrs. Foster has gone to Long Beach to stay with Miss Drew.

Barthol Talamen with his "Studebaker" is in great demand for "outings."

The Ven. Father of the Bishop died recently at his home in Indiana at the fine old age of 81. R. I. P.

Riverside has an interesting graphophone. People who hear it dream of it at night.

The front and tower of church in San Bernardino will be painted, and the cross guilt—"the Cross of gold".

Redlands will give light and activity to the whole valley, and the city of Los Angeles. Bravo, Redlands!

Bishop elect Dr. Butler died two days before his ordination. Who knows the ways of God?

Thanks are due to Mr. M. Aguirre for his many favors shown to St. Boniface's and to the good Sisters of St. Joseph.

The new school in Fresno is a large handsome building, and will be in working order early in September.

The new church and pastoral residence at Boyle Heights will soon be in use.

Mrs. Harrington, so long in care of Miss Burt at Riverside, returns to her former home at Corona much improved.

Nat returned to his former master. He feels at home again, but misses his kind owner in Ontario.

Mr. Donald McDonald, Willie White and Francisco are way up in the bee-line. They will sweeten San Gorgonio's atmosphere.

Father Schneider stays down below during this vacation. He feels fine. Some people are benefited by the cold, some by the heat—that means for the present time.

Vestments, statues, crucifixes, candle sticks and other works of art may be

imported free of duty under the Dingley bill, as hitherto under the Wilson tariff, provided they are imported for church purposes and are not placed upon the market.

No more elegant compliment was ever paid to a preacher than that of Louis XIV. of France to Masillon: "I have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you, I have been dissatisfied with myself."

Speaking of Sunday-schools, a contemporary says: "The establishment of a system, even with graded textbooks, is not enough, for system is only the line upon which knowledge is to be gained. To obtain the results from the execution of the system there must be periodical examinations by others than the local authorities." This applies with equal force to all our schools.

Died: Saturday, July 10, at 9 A. M. at the Franciscan Missionary College of San Luis Rey: Rev. Fr. Francisco de Jesu Alvarez, O. S. F., aged 82. Requiescat in Pace.

This venerable priest whom the Almighty has been pleased to call to his reward, held for many years the very responsible position of Master of Novices, in the famous College of San Fernando of Mexico.—In the political troubles of 1859 and 60, he went as a missionary to Guatemala, from there he came to California in 1871, and resided for a time at the Mission of Santa Barbara. In 1874, he assisted, and continued to reside at the Orphary near Watsonville, and was the companion of Rev. Fr. Sanchez in many of his missions among the Indian and Spanish people up to 1882, when he was recalled to Mexico, and resided for several years at the College of Cholula, near the city of Puebla, Mexico. He returned to California in Jan. 1893, to assist in establishing the Franciscan College of San Luis Rey, where he has labored since. R. I. P.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The Dingley Tariff Bill has become a law since the last issue of the Mission Indian. The future will demonstrate, whether or not it will bring prosperity. "The Republican party is expected to give prosperity, a tariff bill alone will not satisfy the country", says Mr. Depew.

Great excitement prevails all over on account of the gold-mines in Alaska.

The Klondyke district is the fin-de-siecle El Dorado. Although many of the Alaskan gold-hunters died, nay even froze to death, no one minds the dangers of an arctic climate and thousands of men rush to Alaska to find a fortune. As the papers report, two Sisters have left St. Francisco for Alaska. They do not go there to find gold, but their desire is to help the suffering—and there will be many of them.

The great strike of the coal miners in Pennsylvania and Ohio is a consequence of low wages. It is said, that in England and Germany, miners receive better wages. We hope, that the miners will win in the struggle. They deserve it.

The Hawaii annexation problem is resting until the law-givers return from their vacation next December.

As we expected, President McKinley has somewhat counteracted the decree of Mr. Cleveland in reference to the Civil Service Law. We do not find fault with him.

The export of wheat, this year, will be very great and may reach 20,000,000 bushels. This is good news.

The war between Turkey and Greece is over, but the Turkish troops are still occupying the Grecian province Thessaly, although the Sultan is giving in to the European powers.

There is revolution in Cuba and in the Philippines against Spain, in East India against England, trouble in Poland against the Russian despot and a reign of terror in Ecuador under the tyrant Alfaro; not to mention minor affairs everywhere. It is broiling and seething towards the close of the century.

Emperor William sent two thousand carrier-doves to Dover, England. The innocent birds returned within 6 hours to their starting place in Germany. The affair excited the English people. They now threaten, should the experiment be repeated, to throw the pigeons with the officer in charge of them into the depth of the sea. Emperor William is causing trouble in the old world.

Professor Andree has started in a balloon to discover the North-Pole. Nobody knows where he now is, whether he lives or perished. The learned men are anxious to know, how the North Pole looks, whether there is ice or fire, land or water, a plateau or a big hole at the earth's axis. Professor Andree may find out, but, whether he will have a chance to inform us of his discoveries, has to be patiently awaited.

Señor Canovas, the Spanish premier, was assassinated August the 8th. Unhappy the head, that wears a crown!

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God is merciful. Holy Writ both in the Old and in the New Testament announces the mercy of God in a touching manner. Hope and trust in God's mercy must necessarily be in the heart of a sincere penitent sinner. "O Lord, Thy mercy is in heaven and Thy truth reacheth even to the clouds." Ps. XXXV, 6. "Say to them: As I live, saith the Lord God: I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Ezechiel XXXIII, 11. "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool." Isaias, I, 18. "Thou art grieved for the ivy, for which thou hast not labored, nor made it to grow; which in one night came up and in one night perished; and shall not I spare Ninive, that great city, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand persons, that know not how to distinguish between their right hand and their left, and many beasts?" Jonas IV, 10, 11. "God.....not willing that any should perish, but that all should return to penance." II. Peter, IV, 9.

God is merciful; He is willing to forgive us our sins, when we are sorry for them and return to His service. Without sorrow though, — without contrition, — there is no forgiveness of sin. Nevertheless whenever the sinner repents, truly repents, the remission of sin will be given to him, no matter, whether he repents when he is young or old, well or ill or approaching death. God is merciful; He does

not refuse to take the prodigal son back to his fold again, even if he should return at the last hour of his earthly career.

Two extremes have to be avoided in reference to God's mercy. Let no man deny, that God may show His mercy to a sinner, even at the hour of death. He pardoned the *penitent* robber on the cross, He also pardons every *penitent* sinner. Also the sinner is God's creature, also *his* soul is made according to the image and likeness of God; for the sinner, Jesus shed His most precious Blood, therefore God is merciful provided the sinner repents and is penitent. The conversion of a sinner is the work of an Almighty God, who is good, merciful and long-suffering and as the Church prays: "Who manifests His almighty power frequently *by forgiveness and mercy.*" To deny, that God will or can pardon a dying sinner, is interfering with God's works and it is blasphemy.

Nevertheless the other extreme is just as bad. If the sinner spends his whole life in vice and carelessness, there is very little hope, that he will be saved. He, who lives but for this world, loving the works of the devil and of the flesh, no matter, whether his sins are known to his fellowmen — or to God alone, may be classed a sinner. Such as do these works sometimes still hope, that the merciful God will forgive them their sins perhaps just before they die. But they make a great mistake. Such conversions are exceptions to the rule; the common axiom is: "As we live, we shall also die!" "A young man according to his way, even if he grow old, he will not depart from it." Death-bed-conversions are rare; many appear to be conversions, but are nothing at all.

A zealous missionary relates the following true story: At midnight

he was called to a dying nobleman. He went, carrying with him our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He arrived at the palace, but failed to meet any one. He entered a beautiful, large room, adorned with mirrors, tapestry and costly furniture etc., beautiful beyond description. In the midst of all this splendor, upon a bed made of the richest material, the dying nobleman rested, a picture of misery in the midst of luxury. The expression of his face manifested a decided disgust to depart from his possessions and treasures, which he had loved during his life; and to go somewhere else, which appeared to him gloomy and uncertain. "Never," said the missionary, "will I forget this aspect. I showed to the dying man the Blessed Sacrament, blessing him at the same time, but he did not seem to understand it; I spoke to him of the mercy of God, of the efficacy of the sacraments, but he did not comprehend it; I tried to make acts of contrition with him, but all was in vain; there was but one staring look — the expression of despair. In this sad condition, there was only one way for me, presuming that his sufferings might have been the cause of the indifference, and that God is merciful, I gave him conditionally Extreme Unction and absolution, thinking, that in the morning I could do more. At day break, I hastened to the unfortunate man; but at the door, his relatives met me with the news: "He died at three o'clock this morning. Thanks be to God; everything passed off so nicely and yet in good time; now we can say in the death-notice: He died fortified with all the sacraments, peacefully and resigned!"

It is none of our business, to judge the dead, but let no one be satisfied, to die such a death.

Judas was also present at the Lord's Supper, however Holy Writ

says: "And after the morsel, Satan entered into him....He....went out immediately. And it was night." John XIII, 27, 30.

Dear Reader: In medio stat virtus; the middle way is the safest. Never deny that God is merciful and that He may bring about true penance even at the hour of death; yet do not depend on this exception to the rule, but work out your salvation in fear. At the approach of death, you may then with joy meet your eternal judge.

—♦—
"THE RED MAN", in No. 7 of the XII. VOLUMN writes:

"The present tumult in Indian school matters arises largely from the fact that the Pope at Rome imperiously insists that he knows best how to educate, civilize and Americanize the Indians of the United States, and favored by those he has placed in power in the United States he has made much headway in securing money from our Government on which he has imported many workmen and workwomen and established and organized numerous agencies among the Indians and at Washington, to carry out his purposes. From much trying experience and wide observation we have come to belong to that large and rapidly growing class of citizens who believe that the stability of our Government and its institutions is in no less danger from the Pope than it was from Jefferson Davis, whose efforts to divide and destroy the country had the Pope's blessing."

The present tumult in Indian school matters arises largely from the fact, that bigotry has prompted similar attacks on the Catholic schools, both in Congress and in the press. From much trying experience and wide observation we have come to belong to that large and rapidly growing class of citizens, who believe that the stability of our Government and its institutions is in no less danger from such fanatics than it was from Jefferson Davis, whose efforts to destroy and divide the country had the special blessing of the Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist Church—South.

"INDIAN BLOOD AROUSED. *The Murder of Mrs. Platt, a Teacher, Believed to Be Due to Rival Schools.* SAN DIEGO, CAL., SEPT. 26.—The murder of Mrs. M. J. Platt, a teacher at the Temecula Indian School, on the Schongo Reservation, near San Jacinto, Cal., is partly the result of rival Indian schools. There is a secular school at Banning, founded by the late Miss Drexel, daughter of the millionaire Drexel of Philadelphia, and there is a Government Indian School at Perris. There are also two or

three secular schools on the several reservations in Southern California, and it frequently happens that a pupil of the school is induced to run away and join another. Then a flogging occurs and fathers of the Indian pupils threaten vengeance.

It is believed that if these secular schools were abolished and the education of the Indian children entrusted solely to the Government, there would be less trouble among the Indians of Southern California.

A letter from an army officer near the scene of this outrageous murder advises that the strenuous attempts to fasten this crime upon the Indians has so far proven a failure, and there is reasonable presumption that the Indians are innocent."

There never was any unkind feeling between the Perris and Banning school. Both Mr. Savage and Mr. Allen—but not Mr. Rust—acted fairly towards our school and on our side, everything was avoided to cause any unpleasantness. We know of no boys or girls that run away from Perris and came to us nor of such ones running away from Banning to Perris—this is all falsehood and made up by some bigot, for the purpose indicated in the above lines. The ignorance of the resp. writer is indicated by the statement: "Temecula Indian School, Schongo Reservation, near San Jacinto." This is the way, how historical lies are fabricated.

—♦—
Hon. D. M. Browning, Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the Cleveland administration, is succeeded by Hon. W. A. Jones, the present incumbent of the office. Dr. Wright, the successor of Mr. F. Estudillo, has assumed charge of his office as U. S. Indian Agent, on August the 1st. The changes were made for political reasons. The Mission Indian wishes to both gentlemen a successful, prosperous term of office.

Truly much has been done by the Government for the Mission Indians under the last administration. Farming implements, seed, fence-wire, also provisions for the aged and sick were given to the Indians, a great number of schools, including one Government Boarding School and two Contract schools, were maintained, and a visitor to the Indian villages may

now meet a goodly number of intelligent, English speaking Indians. Hence although there is still some trouble about the land question, the Indians ought to be grateful for the many favors received from a generous Government!

—♦—
The ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL will begin its regular term September the first. The appropriation allowed us has grown very small, but with the help and charitable assistance of our co-religionists as well as of other friends of the school we shall with zeal and conscientiousness continue the charitable work for the children of our Indians. Kind Reader, it is in your power to aid us. "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Matth. XXV, 40.

—♦—
The Pope did not bless the rebellion of the Southern States in 1861. It is not nice at all, that such matter is published at a *non-sectarian* Indian School. But it ought to open the eyes of those, who do not yet understand what is meant by *non-sectarian*.

LETTER OF UNCLE TOM.

My Dear Little Friends:

When I wrote to you last month I told you that all good things for our souls come to us from the Holy Ghost. That is true; but you all know from your Catechism that there are seven special gifts which the Holy Ghost bestows on the soul.

*"Fill thy faithful who confide
In thy power to guard and guide
With thy sevenfold mystery."*

This sevenfold mystery, or the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are:—Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord.

I am going to tell you what each of these gifts means. Be attentive.

1. Wisdom is that gift which gives you a relish for spiritual things. "What do mean by *relish*, Uncle?" Ah, yes, that's a word I must explain. When you are hungry, when you long to get food, and when it tastes—oh! so good—when you get it, you have a *relish* for

your food. In the same way when you desire the things of God, and when you are happy in getting them, you have a *relish* for them. You enjoy this gift of Wisdom.

2. Understanding is the gift by which you see how lovely, how beautiful, are all the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ. There are people who think they could improve the *doctrines* of Jesus Christ. They have not the gift of Understanding. No one but a fool could think that he could do things better than God. If you learn your Catechism well, and pray to the Holy Ghost to help you, you will see the beauty, and the harmony of all that Jesus has taught, you will have this gift of Understanding.

3. Counsel is the gift which helps us to act calmly, and deliberately in all matters under the guidance of God's holy help. People make great mistakes, and are full of sorrow for them, when they act hastily without first asking God to help them; with the gift of Counsel there is no such danger, trusting in God you cannot go astray.

4. Fortitude is the gift that gives us strength to do what God wants us to do. It makes hard work easy. Everybody who wishes to save his soul, and get to heaven, needs this gift, for without God's assistance nobody can do anything to merit heaven. Little boys and little girls have been made so strong by this gift of the Holy Ghost that they were not afraid to die for their religion. When you are tempted to do wrong, ask God to strengthen you, to give you Fortitude.

5. Knowledge consists in being able always, and at all times, to see the Creator in the creature. The green grass, the pretty flowers, the lovely trees, the beautiful valley, the great hills, the big mountains, everything you see, comes from God, and when you see it you think of God, that is, if you possess this gift of Knowledge.

6. Piety is a gift which puts on the soul that lovely childlike feeling towards God as a Father. It makes you do His will, not because He is good to you, or because you fear Him, but because He is your fond Father and you love Him.

7. Fear of the Lord is the gift that makes the soul afraid to do anything to displease God. It is based on love, and not on that cowardly slavish feeling that dreads only punishment.

Children dear, during your vacation you will need, more than in the school, the help of the Holy Ghost—you will need the gifts of the Holy Ghost. You will need a relish for prayer, you will

need to remember your Catechism, you will need patience, you will need strength, you must feel that God is everywhere, that you are his child, and that you fear Him, because you love Him. Therefore, say often, and say with great attention, and deep devotion: "Veni Sancte Spiritus."—Come O Holy Ghost. Your affectionate old

UNCLE TOM.

LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 5, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is a long time since I have written to you. I hope this letter will find you well and happy. It is a great pleasure to me to write you a letter because I love you and you are the best Uncle I ever had in my life. The month of May was the most beautiful month of the year. We had every evening devotions to the Blessed Virgin. We were favored by a sermon from Rev. Father McCarthy which was very interesting, and useful to us children. As we know that vacation is near I hope we will spend it in a very joyful way, so that when we come back we can tell you all about it. Memorial day here at St. Boniface's School was very nice, I wish you could have been here, to hear the children sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and to see them marching towards the cemetery to put flowers on the graves.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery was here last week. We all were very glad to see him for it was a long time since he was here. He confirmed some of the children of the school, that had made their First Holy Communion last month. He also preached a very nice sermon.

The month of June is devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We will now try to be very good because we made good resolutions. To day is the feast of St. Boniface, the patron Saint of the school. Father Hahn sang High Mass and he also blessed the Baptismal water. I am very sorry that I have no more news to tell you, I wish you could be here before school closes, to see your nieces and nephews before they go home. The weather is terrible hot that we hardly stand it. I think my letter is long enough, and I hope you will find pleasure in it. I remain as ever your loving nephew

PATRICIO LUGO.

After dinner talk a while, after supper walk a mile, after the school-year Rest a while.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 9, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write to you a letter this morning to let you know that I am well and happy in the school. I am trying to be a good boy, and that I intend to stay here during vacation.

The Bishop was here last Wednesday to confirm us, and before he went away he told us all, that in a few years we will grow to be men and women. Now I am strong in religion, and I will study my lessons very hard. I am glad vacation is approaching near for I like to rest a while. Your loving nephew

JOSE MARIA GARRA.

The following pupils of St. Boniface's Industrial School sent letters, but cannot be published for want of space: Marcos Segundo, Blas Gonzales, Cornelio Pefia, Stephen Saubel, Ramon Jose, John Barthol, Conrado Chaporosa, Jose Roau, Benancio Segundo, and many more.—

UNCLE TOM.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

At a meeting of the Indians on Saturday, August the 7th, Gabriel Pablo was elected Captain. The choice appears to please both parties.

PERRIS.

Mr. E. Allen, Supt. of the Indian Training School, has left for a similar position in New Mexico. Mr. Allen has been a very successful officer and was liked by everybody.

SOBOBA.

The Government Day School has been considerably enlarged and Prof. Burton may be justly considered one of the best Indian teachers in Southern California.

MESA GRANDE.

The old adobe church, which collapsed two years ago, will be rebuilt. The old men of the reservation made five thousand adobes. Soon the church will arise again from its ashes and it may be a means to unite the two parties existing there. Mrs. Watkins, the teacher of the Government's Day School, is a staunch friend of the Indians and helps them in every way she can.

CIENEGA.

The Cienega Indians will remain unmolested for some time yet, as their case is similar to the Agua Caliente people, who were granted a new trial, which might prolong the case for some years to come.

SANTA YSABEL.

Rev. Father Anthony Ubach held services for the Indians of this reservation on the feast of St. John the Baptist. A number of Indians from Mesa Grande were also present. At Santa Ysabel resides the Chief of all the Diogena Indians, General Manuel, as the Indians call him. His authority though consists chiefly in the title.

The feast of St. John the Baptist appears to be a favorite day for holding feasts. General rejoicings took place among the Indians near Indio, at Agua Caliente, and other reservations. We are sorry to say, that in some places, horse-races and other costly amusements were indulged in, which as a rule deplete the pocket books of those, who have very little to spare anyhow. It is the desire of the human heart to be happy, which prompts Indians and whites to crave for feasts, and if only no excesses would take place, we would not object to them. As it is now, we doubt the utility of any such feasts.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The first principle which lies at the bottom of a christian life is expressed in the answer given on the first page of the Baltimore Catechism to the question: "Why did God make you?" *God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him in the next.* God is and must be our first and last choice, otherwise our life has no purpose.

However, innumerable creatures surround us in this world. Some of them may aid us, some of them may hinder us to attain our last end. In fact, it depends on us, whether they will benefit us or be of no use or the cause of ruin. For this reason, our second principle will be: "To make use of created things as far as they may help us to accomplish what the first principle aims at.

Moderation or temperance in the use of everything may be justly called the golden middle way, that leads to a glorious goal. Moderation in speech, moderation in what we do, moderation or better control of our thoughts is true wisdom. Moderation in grief during the time of affliction and moderation in joy, when amusing ourselves in lawful pleasure, will give to our mind an equilibrium, that neither suffering nor pleasure will be a temptation to sin.

All enlightened men, even the old heathen philosophers agree, that moderation in eating and drinking is one of the most efficient means to happiness. A temperate christian is a good christian, the control acquired over sensuality will influence the entire man. The Catholic Church for this reason commands the faithful to fast and to abstain on the days appointed, and this commandment, which is as old as the Church, is a plain admonition to be temperate in eating and drinking.

The Church though has never condemned the moderate use of what God gives us, in this present life. Total abstinence is recommended to those, for whom even the moderate use may be an occasion or temptation to sin; it is likewise approved and highly praised as a heroic virtue to those, who for the love of God and the good of their neighbor have vowed total abstinence. Nevertheless a commandment does not exist, because whatever creatures are in this world, they are—every one of them—good in themselves, *per se*, and it is our own fault if they are not.

From these few lines, we may easily learn, why the Church never gave a commandment prohibiting the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. Intemper-

ance is and ever will be denounced as sinful, moderation or temperance though will not be condemned. These rules are general, for particular cases they cannot be applied.

From the first attempt to christianize the Indians and what is done at the present time, it has been experienced, that by nature as it were, the Indian craves for liquor in any form or kind. The missionaries earnestly and unceasingly exhorted the Indians, and did all in their power, to prevent the selling of liquor to their neophytes, whom they knew to be too weak to withstand the allurement of drink. History mentions many trials of these heroic men, going forth to preach to the aborigines, on account of their tendency for liquor, and Father De Smet, the Jesuit missionary, who traveled through the plains of Kansas before any white settler was there, to preach to the Sioux, one day at the risk of his life, broke up with an ax a barrel of whiskey, and poured out its contents, which the Indians had bought of the white people, with whom they traded.

The necessity to keep liquor away from the Indians is fully realized by our Government. Both State and Federal legislatures have prohibited the sale of liquor to the Indians and the law of California makes it a felony, punishable by penitentiary, to give or sell liquor in any form to the Indians. Still up to the present time, liquor was and is sold to them.

The question now arises: "How is this done?" It is done openly and secretly. The law requires, that the crime must be proven beyond doubt, and the barrel or the bottle, that contained the liquor, must be brought before the court as evidence of the crime committed. Hence, we have a very stringent law, but it cannot be enforced except in a few cases. Besides if the police and judge are bribed or frightened, they will never prosecute the guilty.

This is a condition not a theory. Formerly the Indians managed their affairs according to their own natural laws. A murderer was put to death and a drunken Indian was tied up on a tree and flogged. We have no admiration for the Justinian, Napoleon and English Codes. They protect the criminal but not the injured party. Throw them into the fire and let us have some common sense and *fair justice* and there will be less crimes among Indians and whites!

Then there is another point not to be undervalued in reference to the Indians in California. By the treaty of Hidalgo

our Indians are citizens of the United States. They may claim citizenship with its privileges at any time they please. This fact is another obstacle to the regulating of the selling, buying and using liquor among the Indians.

Hence it is our honest opinion, as long as there are white people, who through the desire of acquiring money—the wages of sin—sell and furnish liquor to the Indians, there will necessarily be excesses. But let us frankly admit, that there is less drunkenness among the Indians, than among the whites, although one drunken Indian makes more fuss than a dozen civilized drunkards!

Any close observer may discover the fact, that much contact with bad whites does not improve the morals of the Indians. There are many more outrages committed on the poor Indians. We know of a case, where a white man, neglecting to support his children of a squaw, at the same time tries to oust the Indians and his own offspring from the homes they possess. No doubt, a drunken Indian is a brute, but the white man, who furnishes the liquor as well as the libertine who degrades an ignorant Indian woman, is a brute a thousand times worse than the Indian, who by natural weakness succumbs to the temptation of drink.

There ought to be a unanimous harmony among all those employed in the Indian service: "Keep from the Indian the tempting cup of liquor" and "Be watchful over the young and old, that they may not fall a prey to the corruption of white libertines!"

The missionaries of old succeeded so well, because the Indians were not in contact with bad white people. The Mission Fathers discouraged immigration, because they feared, that the Indians would rather imitate what is bad than what is good in those, whom they consider their models in life. There is such an amount of truth in this, that it ought to set the people thinking.

Finally, if an Indian makes a mistake, do not magnify the sin. If one of them falls, do not blame all his friends. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." If the drunkard is a brute, and if the man, who gives the liquor to the Indians is a brute, and if the white man, who seduces an Indian is a scoundrel, the defamer and slanderer is a devil carrying with him seven others worse than himself.

*The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.*

ROGERS.



The fundamental truth of Christianity is the belief in One Supreme Being—One God. All denominations agree on this. Idolatry appears so ridiculous to the 19th century, as to make it impossible, to revive ancient paganism.

Notwithstanding this universal agreement, there is no other article of faith, which is universally believed by all the Christian churches. There are at the present time so many religious systems, as to make it a sacred duty both for the clergy and for the people, to keep before their eyes the eternal truths, bequeathed to us by our Lord and taught by His Church. For this reason, we have written short essays on Catholic Belief in the *Mission Indian*.

Sin followed the creation of man. Holy Writ tells us:

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth, which the Lord God had made. And he said to the woman: Why hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every tree of paradise?

2 And the woman answered him saying: Of the fruit of the trees that are in paradise, we do eat:

3 But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of paradise, God hath commanded us that we should not eat: and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die.

4 And the serpent said to the woman: No, you shall not die the death.

5 For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6 And the woman saw that the tree was good to eat, and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold: and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave to her husband, who did eat.

7 And the eyes of them both were opened: and when they perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig-leaves and made themselves aprons.

8 And when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in paradise in the afternoon air, Adam and his wife hid themselves from the face of the Lord God, amidst the trees of paradise.

9 And the Lord God called Adam, and said to him: Where art thou?

10 And he said: I heard thy voice in paradise: and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself.

11 And he said to him: And who hath told thee that thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?

12 And Adam said: The woman, whom thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

13 And the Lord God said to the woman: Why hast thou done this? And she answered: The serpent deceived me, and I did eat.

14 And the Lord God said to the serpent: Because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed among all cattle, and beasts of the earth: upon thy breast shalt thou go, and earth shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

15 I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.

16 To the woman also he said: I will multiply thy sorrows, and thy conceptions: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee.

17 And to Adam he said: Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee, that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work: with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life.

18 Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat herbs of the earth.

19 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust shalt thou return.

20 And Adam called the name of his wife Eve: because she was the mother of all the living.

21 And the Lord God made for Adam and his wife garments of skins, and clothed them.

22 And he said: Lo Adam is become as one of us, knowing good and evil: now therefore lest perhaps he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.

23 And the Lord God sent him out of the paradise of pleasure, to till the earth from which he was taken.

24 And he cast out Adam: and placed before the paradise of pleasure a Cherubim and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

Certainly we do not presume to improve on the simple narrative of the Bible, but we shall refer: 1] To the

veracity of biblical testimony and 2] to the proofs of the existence of original sin in the following issues of this humble publication.

The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States.

This is the title of a new book by Charles B. Spahr, Ph. D.

Dr. Spahr's general conclusions are summarized as follows by the *American Journal of Sociology*:

As to the distribution of property: Less than half of the families in America are propertyless; yet seven-eighths of the families hold but one-eighth of the national wealth, while one per cent of the families hold more than the remaining 99 per cent.

As to the distribution of incomes: One-eighth of the families in America receive more than half of the aggregate income, and the richest one per cent receives a larger income than the poorest 50 per cent, this class receiving from property alone as large an income as half of the people receive from property and labor.

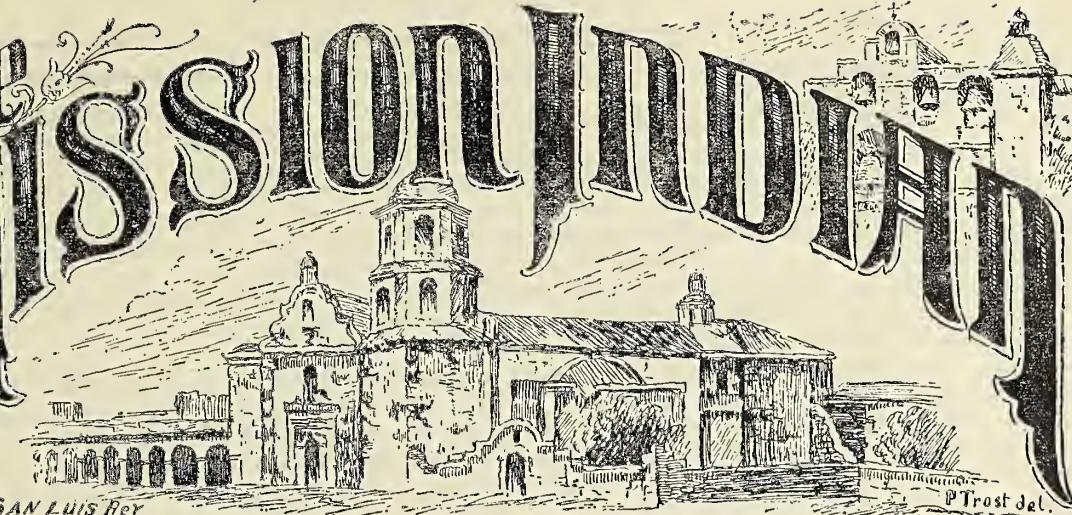
As to national taxation: The wealthy class pay less than one-tenth of the indirect taxes, the well-to-do class less than one-quarter, and the relatively poorer classes more than two-thirds.

As to local taxation: Our system is the most just in the world to the poorer classes: for from incomes less than \$1200, less than 3 per cent is taken, and from incomes above \$5000, 7 per cent is taken. Yet these relatively humane burdens rest twice as heavily upon the property of the poorer classes than upon the property of the rich. When these local taxes are joined with the national the aggregate tax is one-twelfth of the income of every class. There is no exception of wages. The wealthiest class is taxed less than one per cent on its property, while the mass of the people are taxed more than 4 per cent on theirs.

In this way the separation of classes is accelerated by the hand of the state.

July the 12th to the 17th an Institute of Indian school employes was held at Omaha, Nebr. Another one was held in Portland, Ore., August 2d to the 5th. Owing to appointments made before the announcement of the Institute reached us, we were again unable to attend it, although we very much desired to be present.

The Mission Indians



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

NO. 12.

Historical Sketches. THE IROQUOIS MISSIONS.

French missionaries announced the Gospel to the Iroquois, the five nations, that peopled what is now the State of New-York. The first rewards for these apostolic labors were tortures and a cruel death. Rene Goupil, the Fathers Jogues, Brebeuf, Lalement, Garnier and others sanctified with their life blood the soil, which afterwards brought forth an abundant harvest of christians.

The Iroquois were undoubtedly very powerful; nevertheless also for them the hour of defeat came. Attacked and many times beaten in battle by the likewise brave warriors of the numerous Eries, they finally tolerated the missionaries, who followed the footsteps of the martyred Jesuits.

The missionary Fathers Le Moyne, Chaumonot, Dablon, Le Mercier, Menard, Fremin and many more visited the Iroquois villages, instructing and baptizing the savages after overcoming innumerable obstacles. Mission-chapels were built, the Indians called to services, the sick and dying comforted.

There were many edifying examples of true christian piety and virtue among the converted Indians and the writings of the French missionaries are replete with the narratives of them. But there was also a dark side to this. Persecutions and dangers were never wanting. The Church at large has always been subject to revolutions and troubles from within and from without; should it have been different in regard to the Indians?

We cannot mention in these pages all the different missions established, be it

sufficient to mention, that the number of French missionaries preaching to the Iroquois reaches forty.

As an example of what difficulties and dangers the missionaries and also French settlers had to meet, we give here the description of the abandonment of the mission at St. Mary's of Ganentaa, so vividly written by the historian John Gilmary Shea in his *History of Missions among the Indian tribes in the United States.*

This mission was established by Father Chaumonot. In August 1656 a chapel was erected in Onandago and a fort and residences for colonists built at Ganentaa. Many conversions were made. The neighboring tribes were visited from Onandago. Still in 1657, hostilities were again shown to the missionaries, to their colonists and to their converts. A general massacre of all christians was planned by the treacherous Indians and there seemed to be no alternative except escape or death. Foreseeing a bloody catastrophe, the Superior of the Jesuits in Quebec recalled all the Fathers, and Dupuis, the commander at the fort, assembled all the colonists within the fort and house at St. Mary's, to resist, escape or fall together.

Thus the winter wore slowly away, and day by day their longing eyes looked in vain for a ray of hope; spring came, and, in a new council on the Mohawk, the final resolution of the sachems was taken. But before they could carry out their bloody design, while the piles were actually preparing for their execution, the missionaries resolved to attempt a secret flight, impossible as it seemed to escape unobserved through a country of defiles, where a dozen braves could destroy them all.

Silently and rapidly, in the residence of St. Mary's, skilful hands were constructing two swift, light boats, each large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen individuals and a weight of a thousand pounds. They also concealed in the house their canoes, four of Algonquin, five of Iroquois make. The great difficulty now remained; this was to embark unseen, for the slightest suspicion of their intent would draw the whole force of the canton upon them. At last a favorable moment arrived. A young Frenchman was adopted into the tribe; and, in accordance with their customs, gave a banquet. Availing himself of one of their usages, he proclaimed it to be one where everything must be eaten and nothing left, immense as might be the mass of eatables placed before the guest. To this feast every neighbor was invited, the plenteous board groaned beneath the weight of viands, and as none could refuse his portion, the overloaded guests, excited by the dances and games which the French kept up in quick succession, or lulled by the music, were insensible to all but the festivities before them. Amid the uproar and noise the boats were silently borne to the water's edge, and as silently loaded. Gradually as night closed in the weary guests began to drop away, the music and dance being still kept up by the French. When these ceased, all the Onondagas departed, and were soon after buried in sleep. Silence reigned around.

The whole French colony hurried to their flotilla and pushed off, about midnight, on the 20th of March, 1658. The water of the lake froze around them as they advanced, and fear almost froze their blood, yet on they went all night long, and all the next day; hand suc-

ceeded hand at the oar and the paddle, till, on the second evening, without having met a single living soul, they saw Ontario spread its sea-like expanse before them. Their greatest danger was now past, and the distance between them and their treacherous hosts gave them time to breathe.

When the Onondagas had slept off their revel they strolled from their huts, and, as they rambled towards St. Mary's of Ganentaa, were surprised at the silence that reigned around it. Supposing the inmates at prayer or in council, they awaited the result calmly, for an Indian never betrays curiosity. Of their presence there they had no doubt, the cocks were crowing, the dog answered the knock at the door. Yet as the afternoon waned, their patience was exhausted, and, scaling the side of the house, they entered. No sound echoed through the building but that of their own cautious steps: in fright and trouble they stole through, and opened the main door. The sagest chiefs enter: from garret to cellar every spot is examined: not a Frenchman can be found. Fear and terror seize them: gazing at each other in silence, they fled from the house. No trace betrayed the flight of the French. "They have become invisible," cried the Onondagas, "and flown or walked upon the waters, for canoes they had not."

They, meanwhile, amid a thousand dangers, in an unknown route, through lake, and river, and rapid, and fall, reached Montreal, after seeing one of their canoes and three of their party engulfed in the St. Lawrence. In the colony they were received as men from beyond the grave.

Thus ended, after a brief existence, the mission of St. Mary's of Ganentaa in the Onondaga country, with its dependent missions among the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas. It had been founded and conducted with great toil, and at great expense; it was now crushed, but its effect was not lost: many had been brought to the faith, and more convinced of the truth and beauty of Christianity, who for motives of policy still held back.



The Women among the Mission Indians.

The women among the Mission Indians exercise great influence over the men. Particularly the older ones are actually ruling in the family. They use their own language with great fluency and expression.

REV. SEBASTIAN KNEIPP, WÖRISHOFEN, BAVARIA.

June the 17, 1897, in the morning, Monsignor Sebastian Kneipp died at his residence in Wörishofen, at the age of 75 years. Father Kneipp is known as the greatest promotor of the water-cure. The number of patients, who sought and found help in Father Kneipp's method is very great. Many were cured at Wörishofen, many more were helped through Father Kneipp's books "My Water-cure", "Thus thou shalt live" and "My Last Will"; also the disciples of Father Kneipp, who learned from him the successful application of cold water, have relieved many a sufferer.

Father Kneipp was a benefactor of mankind. His manner of living was very simple, he gave away for charitable purposes and for religion nearly all his fortune and he died an edifying death, being only sorry to die, because he could not help any more the suffering. His donations to public institutions may exceed one million of marks.

His last words were directed to the members of St. Joseph's Society: "Keep to your flag and also to you may it be said: In this sign thou shalt conquer." — May he rest in peace.

Captains among the Mission Indians.

The following is a copy of the commission, which is given by the U. S. Indian Agent to the captains of the Indian reservations:

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE.
MISSION TULE RIVER CONS. AGENCY.
SAN JACINTO, CAL.

This is to certify, that I have this day appointed Horacio Cabezon, Chief of the North Desert, Tribes or Villages of Indians; he having been first elected Chief by his people, to continue as such until June 30th 1898, unless this appointment be sooner revoked by the Agent.

His duties are: 1) To preserve order upon the reservation. 2) To see that the children of his people attend school regularly. 3) To prevent the distribution and sale of wines or liquors upon the reservation. 4) It is the duty of all Indians to respect and obey their captain in his lawful commands. U. S. Indian Agent.

The following appointments of captains have reached our office:

Juanito Razon, captain at Agua Dolce; Manuel at Santa Manuel; Jim Pain at Siete Palmas; Pancho Romero at Indio; Chief Cabezon at Indio; Pedro Chino at Palm Springs; Francisco Nejo at Mesa Grande; Alfredo Welmas at San Issidro; Bernardo Segundo at San Ignacio; Joaquin Torres at Martinez; Sirvanto Lobo, re-elected in Cahuilla Valley.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The news of to day are that the times have become better; principally brought about by the rise in the price of wheat. There is in general more confidence, although the unsettled strike of the coal miners near Pittsburg does not indicate higher wages for the laborer. Still strikes are things of the past as far as their utility is considered.

Gold in Klondike has brought on a new dreadful disease: *Klondisitis*. It is stated by prominent physicians, that this fever can be cured solely by the homeopaths; gold is the remedy—or the patient will perish by cold, hunger and exhaustion.

Otherwise there is no news. The war between the North and South ended a long time ago and the army of Grant and the army of Lee will help together should any one of the insignificant rulers of the Old Country try his strength with Uncle Sam. Our navy is all right, because none of our warships was damaged or went down lately.

Emperor William is funny. He sent charts of England's coast to every admiral of the English navy, in order to teach them the topography of England! He paid a visit to the Czar of Russia. Lately he tried to navigate on a tug of war, in spite of a severe storm. The wind and waves did not obey him and the Emperor could not reach his destination. He was not lost though, as he soon after made a sensational speech at Coblenz. And now it is said, that he is preparing another rhodomontade for a meeting with the King of Italy at Hamburg. Emperor William ought to try the Kneipp Cure, he would then make better speeches.

The Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Turin fought a duel near the city of Paris. The affair did not do much harm to either. They say, that both of them are Catholics. To judge from the way they have acted, they are not; at least they need now mending spiritually and corporally.

President Faure of France went to see the Czar of Russia. A new alliance between Russia and France was formed. The French are again rejoicing, England smiles, William is in a bad mood, the Dreibund is shaken, but the Russian bear dances to the Czar's tune: "Let there be peace!"

Italy is jubilant. Her army met with an ignominious defeat from the Negro Menelik. But the Prince of Turin redeemed the lost honor by experimenting [with an old blade] on the body of Duke Henry. Great is great.

Diocesan News.

Rev. Father Murphy is the assistant of Father Hawe in Santa Monica.

At Annaheim, there are about 110 pupils at the St. Catharine's Orphanage.

Pomona was also represented at the Basket Picnic.

Father J. Nunan has returned to his charge as curate of Father Stockman.

Sunday September the 19th the feast of the Seven Dolors or Sorrows of the B. V. Mary is celebrated.

The new Provincial of the Franciscan Fathers [Province of the Sacred Heart] is Very Rev. Theodor Arentz.

Father Liebana enjoyed a short vacation in the mountains near San Bernardino.

Father Caballeria paid a missionary visit to San Ignacio, San Issidro, Cienega and Agua Caliente.

The Basket Picnic at Terminal Island was a genuine re-union of the catholics of Los Angeles.

Father Doyle's Church is ready for services. May St. Mary's live long and prosper.

Mr. Hanlan was up from Savanna, paying a welcome visit to the Sanctum of the Mission Indian.

The school at El Rio has not yet become a fact, although good Father Bujol desires it so much.

Nearly all the schools are open again, to infuse new knowledge into the minds of the young.

San Bernardino's orphan home harbors 30, who are well taken care of by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart.

Pasadena's parochial school has begun its first term. The Sisters of the Holy Name are teaching.

Sister Angela of the Cathedral School stayed at Banning for her health. She found relief and returned home, to take up her charge again.

The different contests at the Basket Picnic were interesting and amusing. Swimming also was indulged in; some remarkable feats being exhibited.

Very Rev. K. Schlosser, Commissarius of the Franciscan Fathers at the Coast, has taken his residence at the old mission of Santa Barbara.

The Centennial of the Mission *San Miguel* will be celebrated Sept. 28, 29 and 30. There will be a grand celebration.

There is an old proverb, which runs thus: When a congregation is building a church, the devil builds two. The church building at Mesa Grande is a good illustration of this proverb.

The presence of the good Bishop, accompanied by nearly all the clergy of Los Angeles and suburbs manifested the interest taken by the authorities for unification of all the members of the fold.

At Los Angeles, all the schools have opened the doors to their pupils. And the busy little ones are now anxious to store up a little more for their use in future years.

Father Stöters of Salinas was among the clergy, that made the annual retreat at St. Vincent's College. He reports favorably of his place, a sugar-factory-boom is going on, which may attract many German Catholic colonists to Salinas.

Mr. McKie of the Colton Chronicle has always a good word to say about the Mission Indian, although he announces, that his paper, the Chronicle, is the best paper in the world, the Mission Indian excepted.

John Davenport of Colton is staying for a rest at the Hot Springs in Warner's Ranch. He is a good, bright young man. For the year past, he was in the employ of Mr. McKie of the Colton Chronicle and the improved appearance of the Colton weekly is evidence of John's enterprise. Go on John, as you have begun, you are on the road to success.

At Fresno, the Sisters of the Holy Cross purchased an old high school. The school was moved upon the Sister's property, but was destroyed by fire August the 25th. Nevertheless the school has opened at the old place and the Mission Indian wishes to the indefatigable Father Barron and to the good Sisters: Success in their laudable enterprise!

Mr. Mulvihill, the energetic roadmaster of the S. P. Co., does not fully appreciate the importance of canaire-raising. The winds blow sometimes hard near Bloomington, driving the loose soil of the canaire fields in drifts upon the road bed. Shovels are then in demand and now a movable board fence protects the tracks. What is joy to one, is sorrow to another.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Camping is a popular diversion during the hot weather for our residents.

Peach drying is about finished. There was an excellent crop and a good price, most of the crop being sold at over six cents.

Prof. Ward, Supt. Banning school, has returned to the town, ready to take up the duties of the new year. He is occupying the Tyson cottage.

The St. Boniface's Industrial School, opened its term, 1897 to 1898, on September the 1st. The attendance will again be written by three figures.

The public schools in Banning will open on September the 20th. A petition having been presented, the members of the Banning school board wisely postponed the beginning of the school-term.

Dr. Hauverman, wife and daughter, spent a few weeks at Los Angeles and Catalina, during the early part of this month. The Mission Indian hopes, that the change may prove beneficial to the Doctor's health.

Mr. Flaherty of Pittsburg and his mother are staying at the Banning. Mr. Flaherty is a bright young man, printer by trade, who is at present experimenting, how fresh air and a perpetual summer will affect a man, who came out from the darkness of a Pittsburg composing room into the bright sunshine of Banning.

During the first week of September, the mountains south of Banning were ablaze and the fire is not yet fully extinguished. There is a heavy punishment threatened by law to those, who wantonly set fire to the brush and timber in the mountains. Some transgressors are in the fangs of the law at San Bernardino. There is no doubt great damage is done by these fires. Lots of timber is destroyed and many a spring gets dry, being exposed to the rays of the sun, when there are no more shady trees to shelter the refreshing water.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

The interesting article on the Mission Dolores is taken by permission from the excellent booklet, *Founding of the Mission of California*, published by P. J. Thomas of San Francisco, to whom we render our sincere thanks.

Personal spite, prejudice and wounded self-love ought not to be made subjects of discussion in the press. The pen is a powerful weapon, whether just or unjust, it may inflict gashing wounds. Still there is a God, who one day will ask an account for every useless, and how much more, for every uncharitable word! The nineteenth century has a bad tongue!

The little Mission Indian has increased its circulation considerably during the 2d year of its publication. Nearly a thousand new subscribers have been added to our list and but a few have discontinued. Even some of our friends, who are non-catholics, have materially aided us. To all and to everyone we express our heartfelt thanks. May God reward them a thousand fold!

At the same time we beg our friends to continue to help us. As the appropriation allowed us is small, about one half of the usual amount, we wish to make our wants known. Donations of any kind will be gratefully received. Clothing of any description can be utilized at the school. At the same time, we have and are building chapels for the Indians everywhere — should the missionaries, who have said "Good Bye" to all that was dear to them in this world —

should they be neglected and left unaided struggling in their hard labor for the salvation of souls? The needs cannot always be made known. Still to provide for the home-missions is an unavoidable, sacred duty of every Catholic in the United States. How glad will you be, dear reader, if on your death-bed you remember the deeds of charity done during your past life!

The Indians are told and repeatedly told, that some of our clergy make it a practice, to collect money from the Indians, when services are held. It is inferred, that not the salvation of souls, but money is the desideratum. There is but one answer to this: *A religion that costs nothing, is worth nothing.* Dear Friends: Do your duty before God! Your clergy must have the means, it must have money, otherwise we cannot travel about in the mountains and keep up the missions. It is easy for the busybodies to make innuendos, as somebody certainly pays them, otherwise they would not go near the Indians.

Why do we use Holy Water at the burial of a catholic christian?

Holy Water is a sacramental. A sacramental is similar to a sacrament, it gives grace. Holy Water is blessed by the Church. Many beautiful prayers are recited at the blessing of the water. As we believe in praying for the dead, because "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead" (II. Mach. 12, 46.), we also believe that by using the Holy Water, the prayers will benefit the souls of our departed brethren, if they perhaps be retained in Purgatory. Besides Holy Water is in general use for blessing and sanctifying everything to God.

Now not only the soul, but also the body of a christian ought to be honored. Does not St. Paul say,

that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost? The body of a christian is sanctified in baptism, it is made a veritable tabernacle of Christ in Holy Communion, it will rise again to live forever! Therefore we honor the bodies of our departed friends and sprinkle upon them in love and veneration the Blessed Water! Oh, how beautiful, how truly loving, this tribute of charity!

During vacation Teacher's institutes and conventions were held in all the States of the Union. It is true, that a good retreat is a fine preparation for teaching the young. Nevertheless the institute ought not to be forgotten. And to say the truth, teacher's institutes are more important than the summer schools. It must be admitted that there is a surplus of talk and some impractical talk at the teacher's institutes. Theory and praxis are two different subjects. Teachers will adapt their systems of teaching to the character of the pupils to be taught. Still if properly conducted institutes are a great help to teachers. Opinions are exchanged, experiences in school are related, some more difficult problems solved and thus the teacher is encouraged, even newly equipped and prepared for his task. No one should ever cease to learn, and by no means a teacher. For this reason, a repetition and impulse to earnest work during an institute ought never be omitted. All our teachers ought to have these useful meetings. Catholic teachers, even the religious ought not to be deprived of them. These institutes would raise the standard of our schools and they would give them as it were a backbone. Institutes and general interest in examinations are two important factors of a successful system of education.

Strength.

*Who says, "I will" to what is right,
Although a tender little child,
Is truly great and strong.*

Uncle Tom on Charity.

My Dear Children:

You are, I may say, just beginning a new school-year, and there are many things, about which your old uncle would like to write you, but for the present I must be content with one thing. That one thing, which I consider most important, is charity.

"Charity," says our Catechism, "is a divine virtue by which we love God above all things, for His own sake, and our neighbors as ourselves, for the love of God." In its two parts charity has love for its foundation. I will speak only of charity as the love of the neighbor. Our divine Lord makes this love His own special commandment, the true mark of His followers. "This is my commandment," says Jesus, "that you love one another as I have loved you." And again: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples if you love one another as I have loved you." Still more: The good Jesus says it is a lie to say you love God, when you do not love your neighbor. "If any man says he loves God, and hates his neighbor he is a liar."

I am sure, my children, that no one of you would like to be known as a liar, that you, each and all, like to be christians, and good christians, endeavoring, as far as you can, to please our dear Lord, by giving the greatest care to this charity, His own commandment.

Charity is not an easy thing to put into practice. In charity so many, otherwise good, constantly fail, and sad to say, that violations of charity destroy completely all good works. The word of God tells us, that if we went so far as to give to the poor everything we had, and even to give our bodies to be burned, and have not charity all these great things would be of no account.

Charity is not easy to practice anywhere, but I cannot help thinking that it is more difficult where a number are gathered together. "Why?" you will ask. Well; because the chances are that in a crowd there will be those who, in very many things, differ so much from us, that we feel we cannot like them and cannot be kind to them, and yet to like all, and to be kind to all is what charity orders. Then, too, as there are those whom you do not like, so there are those who do not like you, and who are not slow to tell you they do not like you, and yet, hard though it may seem, charity demands of you to entertain no feeling of dislike for those who tell you they dislike you.

Most, if not all, of the difficulty in observing the obligations of charity is

removed, if we can only remember, and keep clearly before us that we are all brothers and sisters, and that God is our Father. Charity makes those who practise it very happy. It keeps away envy, jealousy, and suspicion; those feelings rob the soul of peace, and keep it always in a state of misery.

When a little boy or a little girl is truly charitable, that little boy or girl is happy to see brothers or sisters have and enjoy good things, and thus all are happy. If it be otherwise who suffers? The person who is envious. Some there are, and not a few, who do not like to see anybody liked but themselves. There are the jealous, who can never know peace, until jealousy is removed by charity. There are others again who know no peace, because they are suspicious, and always have a bad motive put to others action. This is a crime against charity.

Our charity, my own children, must be in acts, in words, in thoughts. It must cast away all manner of deceit. We must treat others as we would wish others to treat us. We must treat others, as we hope and pray a charitable God will treat us. If God was as severe on us, as we are on one another what terrible punishments poor mortals would have to endure even in this world? Thank God, our eternal destiny is in His own hands, not in the hands of mortals.

My children, study to be kind to one another, and in this way, make your school happy. Speak kindly of one another, if you cannot say something good, you can say nothing at all. Think kindly of one another. Put away, as evil, all thoughts that would rouse an unkindly feeling towards a brother or sister. "Kindness is the word."

May the charity of the Lord Jesus Christ abide in you all always.

UNCLE TOM.

To which class do you Belong my Boy?

What a delight it is to see a bright, energetic boy, who is always willing to work, and never has a word to say against doing whatever he is told. Such a boy can always feel assured of the confidence of good people, and generally has a much easier time than the boy who is continually fretting and snarling, or playing and hindering others from work. The boy who is obedient and trustworthy will have two friends to the other's one, and never need fear that he is alone in the world for his friends will be of the kind who will always speak a good word for him, and his name will be sounded abroad as a boy who may be entrusted with anything. On the contrary, of the boy who needs constant watching, it is not so. He may have friends, but they are not the kind who are agreeable to the industrious boy. As you read this think "To which class do I belong?" and if to the latter, change your course at once, and join the ranks of the faithful and true, and then you can feel that you are on the right side.

LETTERS TO THE MISSION INDIAN.

La Botacion en Los Cayotes Reservaion, el mes de Agosto, el dia 6, 1897.

La botacion de los capitanes nuevos; botado es el Señor Don Bernardo Segundo para el capitan en San Ignacio, y el Señor Don Alfredo Assidro es el botado para el capitan en San Assidro. Estado yo ahora tocante de abogado, Perfecto Segundo, botado de su gente de los mandados; y tenemos botado el Señor Don Nicholas Chaporosa para el policee.

My Hand and Witness written (Sigorado el Señor Don)

Franciseo Alberas.

Dear B. Florian: Please priut it in the Mission Indian. Pray for me.

Dear Franeiseo: Here is your letter. For the future write all your letters in English; first, because you write much better in English, than in Spanish; secondly, because the readers of the "Mission Indian" talk English and some do not understand what you wrote about; thirdly, this is the United States and the Indians ought to know English, otherwise they do not get along with the American people, when they want to trade with them. All our readers like to read the letters from the Indians. Write again and tell us all the news, but write in English. Address your letters to

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, Banning, Cal.

MESA GRANDE, CALIF. }
AUG. 2, 1897. }

Story of my life: When I went from here I went to Old Mission and there I became a Christian. When I came back from Old Mission all the people that lived here were not baptized, so I was the only one of them. I married a man who was not baptized, and when he heard that father Sanchez was a Pale, he went to see if he could be baptized, but he did not know how to bless himself, so father S. did not want to baptize him and told him to come back and he would baptize him when he knew how to bless himself. Then we went to Santa Ysabel, then he knew how to bless himself, then he was baptized and I was married to him by the prayers and orders of the Church. When we were married, Father told us that we were now good catholics and told us to come to Mesa Grande and ask the people if they wanted to be baptized, then Father told me to teach the people prayers.

Long time ago when my husband was living, I had lots of cows, but since he is dead, I am very poor, and have lots of children.—One daughter is the only one I got, and she is my guide, — and she is the only one, that takes good care of all the things at the Chapel.—

AUGELITA LA CHAPA.

LETTER OF UNCLE TOM.

Lots of News.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, }
BANNING, CAL., JUNE 30, 1897. }

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am glad to have an opportunity to write you a letter, I must tell you something about the school. The month of May was beautiful, I prayed very hard to our Lady that she may help us. Father McCarthy preached a very nice little sermon; it was very nice, all the children were glad to hear him.

Memorial day we marched to the cemetery and there we decorated the graves with beautiful flowers.

June the 2d, Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, came to confirm the boys and girls that made their First Holy Communion this year at the school. Last Saturday Father Hahn blessed the Baptismal water and then he sang High Mass. We had a picnic last Sunday and had a good time. I am one of the shoemakers and I like it too, Uncle. I can sew up a shoe nearly as fast as you can run a mile, inside of twenty minutes. I am a good shoemaker too. Your loving nephew.

DANIEL GONZALES.

The Old Mission San Francisco.

FOUNDATION OF THE

MISSION DOLORES, OCTOBER 4, 1776.

Taken from

The Speech of General M. G. Vallejo,

HELD OCTOBER 8, 1876,

at the

Centennial Celebration of San Francisco.

Navigator Cabrillo.

In the years 1542 and 1543 the navigator Cabrillo sailed up and down the coast, and passed San Francisco without having determined anything but the formation of the coast line.

Sir Francis Drake.

In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, an English buccaneer, anchored and remained a month, perhaps, in the small bay on the northern extremity of the ocean or open bay of the Farallones, at the same place which was called by us the Port of Tomales. Drake gave this latter bay his name, and the surrounding country he called New Albion. There is a bare possibility of Drake's entering the present Bay of San Francisco, but the weight of evidence is against him. There is no doubt that it was in the Bay of Tomales that the vessel from China, called the *San Agustin*, was sunk in the year 1595. It is beyond contradiction that the name of San Francisco was given to the bay at the time, on account of some circumstance unknown to us; perhaps, in honor of the Patron Saint of the day on which the vessel arrived.

It is an absurdity to suppose that there can be any connection between Sir Francis Drake and San Francisco, except in the imagination of some visionary geographer. Very little is known concerning the voyage; but the wreck of the *San Agustin* was afterwards brought by the currents into the Port of San Francisco (the Golden Gate), and as far as Yerba Buena, at Clark's Point, where I was shown fragments of the same about two hundred years after (1830), by the veteran officer Don José Antonio Sanchez.

Admiral Sebastian Vizcayno.

In 1603 the Admiral Sebastian Vizcayno, having on board of his flag-ship one of the pilots of the *San Agustin*, sailed up and down the coast, stopping, without landing in the Bay of San Francisco (not the present one), which was that of Tomales, near Point Reyes. Vizcayno took very extensive and correct geographic observations; but the

only copy of his chart in existence is made on such a small scale that very little information can be derived from it concerning this portion of the coast.

Don José Gonzales Cabrera Buena.

In subsequent years several vessels from the Philippine Islands came down the coast on their way to Acapulco; no mention, however, is made that any of them ever touched at any point on the coast of California, although it is certain that from the voyages in question we have notes concerning its coast. By some data obtained therefrom, and particularly from the observation of Vizcayno, the first pilot of the Philippines, Don José Gonzales Cabrera Buena, made several sea charts which, together with a theoretical Treatise on Navigation, was published in Manilla in the year 1734. This work gives a description of the coast from Point Reyes to Pinos with the same degree of accuracy as can be given in the present day, with the exception of what appertains to the Golden Gate and the unknown interior of the Bay of San Francisco. In it there is described perfectly the ancient bay of the same name, near Point Reyes, as the present one was not known at that time, and not discovered until thirty-five years later.

Expedition from San Diego; Portala, Rivera, Moneada, Fages and Father Crespi.

On the 31st of October, 1769, the expedition from San Diego was the first that made explorations in California overland. In it came Portala, Rivera y Moneada, Fages and Father Crespi. They ascended the hills now called Point San Pedro (county of San Mateo), from whence they saw the bay of the Farallones, which extends from Point San Pedro to Point Reyes; and they also noticed Cabrera Bueno's bay of San Francisco, and the Farallones. On the 1st of November they sent a party to Point Reyes. On the 2d of the same month several hunters of the expedition ascended the high mountains more towards the east; and although we have no correct information as to the names of these hunters, it is certain that they

were the first white inhabitants who saw the large arm of the sea known at present as the Bay of San Francisco. The portion that was seen by them was that which lies between the San Bruno mountains and the estuary or creek of San Antonio (Oakland). They discovered the Bay, unless the honor is accorded to the exploring party that returned on the 3d of November, who also had discovered the branch of the sea, by

which they were prevented from reaching Point Reyes, and the primitive Bay of San Francisco. On the 4th of November the whole of the expedition saw the newly discovered bay, and they tried to go around it by the south; but not being able to do so, they returned to Monterey.

Exploration made by Pedro Fages and Father Crespi.

The next exploration had in that direction was made by Pedro Fages and Father Crespi, in the month of March, 1772, from Monterey; and it was with the view of going around the arm of the sea reaching Point Reyes, and arriving at the Bay of San Francisco of the first navigators. For greater accuracy in the description I am about to make, I ask permission to use the names by which the places through which they passed are known at the present day.

Fages and Father Crespi started by a guard of soldiers of the Company of Volunteers of Cataluña, and another from that of the "Cuera," or Leather Coats. They arrived at Salinas river (to which they gave the name of Santa Delfina), crossed it, and, passing by the site upon which is now located Salinas City, they went over the hills and arrived at the place where the town of San Juan de Castro now stands. They continued their journey through the valley known to-day as the San Felipe, in the immediate vicinity of Holister. After this they crossed the Carneadero creek (known at present as Gilroy), ascended and crossed the small hills of Linares (Lomita de la Linares) and the dry lake known as the Rancho of Juan Alvarez; went over the gap of Santa Teresa, and entered the valley of Santa Clara, where are situated the cities of San José and Santa Clara, only separated from each other by the Guadalupe river.

"Here," said Father Crespi, "is a magnificent place to found a Mission, because it possesses all the necessary resources: abundance of good lands, water, and timber, and a great many gentiles to baptize." Thence they continued along the eastern shores of the Bay, arrived at Alameda creek (Alvarado city, Vallejo's Mills and Centreville), followed along the Bay towards the north, crossed San Lorenzo creek (Haywards), thence to San Lorenzo, Oakland, San Pablo, El Pinole, Martinez, Pacheco, Suisun Bay, and crossed the San Joaquin river, at a point not far distant from Antioch. This was on the 20th of March.

As the expedition did not possess the means of surmounting such obstacles as it met and reach Point Reyes, which was its objective point, it was determined to return to Monterey by a different route—that is, along the foothills of Mount Diablo. The President of the Missions having become fully convinced of the impossibility of establishing that of San Francisco immediately at its own port, as he lacked the means of transportation by sea, and in order to proceed by land, additional exploring parties were deemed necessary. He reported the failure of the expedition of Fages to the Viceroy of New Spain. The Viceroy gave orders to Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncado, who had been appointed successor to Fages in command of the Military Posts (Presidios) of New California, to make a second examination, for the purpose of discovering the most appropriate localities for the foundation of the Missions in project. At the same time, in his letters of the 25th of May, he calls upon Father Junipero to aid and assist the new commander and to occupy and establish Missions in the most convenient and suitable places.

Expedition of Captain F. Rivera and Father Francisco Palou.

Accordingly, having made the necessary preparations, Captain Rivera started from Monterey on the 23d of November, 1774, accompanied by Father Francisco Palou, an escort of sixteen soldiers, and some servants. They prosecuted their journey without having encountered any drawback as far as the valley of Santa Clara; but from there they went to the west of the Bay between its shores and the adjacent hills. Following the level plains in the said valley, they passed by Bay View, Mayfield, the Pulgas, (Menlo Park,) Redwood City, Belmont, San Mateo, San Bruno and Laguna de la Merced, and reached Point Lobos. They crossed the ravines, and ascended the mountain whence they beheld the entrance to the Port of San Francisco, (the Golden Gate). On the 4th of December they planted the symbol of Christianity on the most elevated point close to where now stands the castle or fortification of the National Government, that is, on the southern portion of what forms the mouth of the said harbor; "on account of that being a spot upon which no Spaniard or Christian had yet trod," according to the narrative of Father Palou.

That cross I saw myself, in the year 1779, having come to San Francisco on business pertaining to the military

service. No location was at that time made, either for a garrison (Presidio) or Mission, as the severity of the winter months compelled the expedition to return to winter quarters at Monterey; and they verified it by going over the route that was taken by the expedition of 1769, which was by San Pedro, and Spanishtown, (Half Moon Bay), in the county of San Mateo, Point New Year, Santa Cruz City, Watsonville in Santa Cruz county, Pajaro City, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey, which had been their starting point.

Captain Ayala on the San Carlos

In the year 1775, during the months of August and September, Captain Ayala entered the Bay of San Francisco, on board the packet-boat *San Carlos*, this being the first historically authenticated vessel that sailed into that bay. He remained forty days and explored it in all directions. Captain Ezeta and Father Palou came up from Monterey as far as the place where Rivera and the same Missionary Father had planted the above mentioned cross, but they did not find the crew of the *San Carlos*.

Successful Attempts to found a Mission and a Military Post at San Francisco, (1775 and 1776.)

The next attempt to found a religious and military establishment at San Francisco proved successful. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Don Juan Bautista de Anza, by orders from the Viceroy Fray Don Antonio Maria Bucarelli y Ursúa, recruited soldiers and settlers (pobladores) in Sinaloa and gave them all the aid possible to facilitate their journey to their new homes in Upper California. Being all assembled at San Miguel de Orcasitas, [Sonora], they started upon their march on the 20th of September, 1775, by way of the Colorado river, which had already been explored by the same Anza in another expedition. The colony was composed of thirty married soldiers and twelve families of settlers, which, together, formed a total of two hundred souls, who were to found and establish the new towns. Before the departure of this expedition by land, in March 1775, one ship and two packet-boats sailed for San Blas, taking on board provisions and effects for the Missions and Presidios. Providence favored the three vessels, which were successful in their operations. On the 4th of January, 1776, Lieutenant-Colonel Anza arrived at the Mission of San Gabriel with his expedition. Urgent business concerning the security of the establishments in Southern California

detained him there. By the 12th of March, he had already reached the Mission of El Carmelo accompanied by the chaplain, Father Pedro Fout, and his escort. On the 22d of March, he set out on a journey to examine the region of country of this port of San Francisco, and arrived at the place where Father Palou, in accord with Captain Rivera, had planted the cross in December, 1774. Having examined the locality well, Anza and the Lieutenant Don José Joaquin Moraga decided that a garrison [Presidio] should be founded there, and that this subordinate officer should be the one to carry the project into execution.

The expedition continued on their journey; and, according to Father Palou, upon arriving at the Bay, which was called "Las Lloronas," [the primitive name of Mission Bay], they crossed a creek by which a large lake is drained, which was called "De Los Dolores," and that site appeared to them as a suitable spot for a Mission which had to be founded in the vicinity of the new advanced military post [Presidio]. They continued on their journey and went further North than the place where Fages and Father Crespi had been, and then returned to Monterey.

On the 17th of June, 1776, the expedition of soldiers and families from Sonora started from Monterey. The military force was commanded by Lieutenant Don José Joaquin Moraga; it was composed of one sergeant, two corporals and ten or twelve soldiers, with their wives and children. There were also, in the party, seven families of resident settlers, five servants, muleteers and vaqueros [stock herders,] who took care of 200 head of cattle belonging to the King and private individuals. This is concerning the new garrison. In what appertains to the Mission, I will say that there were Fathers Francisco Palou and Pedro Benito Cambon, two servants and three neophyte Indians, one of whom was from the Mission of San Carlos, and the two others from Old California, these having 86 head of cattle in their charge.

The expedition took the same route as that of 1774, and arrived safely on the 27th of the same month at the Lake of Dolores, where it had to wait for the packet-boat *San Carlos*, to determine upon the location of the garrison and fort. Meantime, it occupied itself in exploring the surrounding country. On the 28th, the Lieutenant ordered an Euramada, a hut made of branches of trees, to be made, which might serve as a chapel for the purpose of celebrating

Mass; and it was in it that the first Mass was said, on the 29th, which was the feast of the glorious apostles Saint Peter and Paul. The Fathers continued celebrating in the same "Euramada," every day until the garrison [Presidio] was established near the landing place, where good water could be obtained and the land was appropriate.

The month having expired without the packet-boat making its appearance, the commander, Moraga, determined to make over to the spot which he had in the course of his explorations selected as more appropriate for the new garrison [Presidio]. This he did on the 26th of July, and all hands went to work and made barracks out of "Tule," which might serve them as places of shelter. The first barrack that was built was dedicated to serve as a chapel, and the first Mass was celebrated by Father Palou on the 28th. But, by order of Lieutenant Moraga, there remained near the Lake de los Dolores the two missionary priests and servants, with the stock and everything else appertaining to the Mission—all under the immediate protection of six soldiers. The Fathers occupied themselves in building houses, the soldiers of the guard and one resident settler assisting in the work. This was the reason why the Reverend Father Palou certified on the first page of the primitive Books of Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths, that the Mission had been founded on the 1st day of August, 1776.

The long looked-for *San Carlos* entered the Port of San Francisco and anchored at twelve o'clock, [noon], on the 18th of August, opposite the encampment where the garrison had to be erected. Captain Quirós, his pilots, and the chaplain [Father Nocedal] went immediately on shore. After the customary salutation had passed, they inspected the land selected by Moraga for a garrison, as well as that of the Mission, and it was agreed that both places were suitable for the purpose to which they had been destined. According to the very words used by the Reverend Father Palou, in his diary of the expedition, which reads: "About the middle of September, 1776, the soldiers had already built their wooden houses, all duly roofed; the Lieutenant had his royal house, and a warehouse made of the same material had been completed of sufficient capacity to contain all the supplies that the vessel had brought. It was immediately decided that the festival should be celebrated with a solemn procession, fixed upon the day as that of the 17th of September, the same on which Our

Mother the Church celebrates the memory of the Impression of the Wounds of our Seraphic Father Saint Francis. The day could not have been more appropriate, as it was that of the Patron Saint of the Port, of the new garrison [Presidio,] and of the Mission.

Solemn Foundation of the Mission San Francisco, October 4, 1776.

And for taking possession of the Mission was fixed the 4th day of October, which is the very day of our Seraphic Father, Saint Francis."

The ceremony of the solemn possession and foundation of the Mission took place on the 4th of October. The Lieutenant, Don José Joaquin Moraga and his soldiers, Don Fernando Quiros, commander of the packet-boat, his two pilots, the major part of his crew, and, lastly, the never-forgotten Father Palou, Tomás de la Peña, Cambon, and Nocedal, were present. I will quote from Father Palou again: "A solemn mass was sung by the Fathers; the ceremony of the formal possession was made by the royal officers, and when it had been completed all went into the church and sang a *Te Deum Laudamus*, with the ringing of bells, and, at times, firing salutes with cannon and other fire-arms, the ship responding with its artillery."

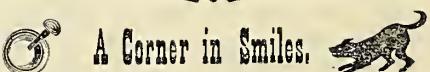
(To be concluded.)

Charity of a Catholic Indian.

As soon as the ice begins to melt and disappear in the Canadian lakes and rivers, there may be seen every year, numbers of these narrow canoes, which are the only means of transporting goods, and carry on trade in that lonely country. The men in charge of these canoes are for the most part Indians, or the so-called "half breeds." Owing to their roving way of living, these men are generally with regard to religion and morality, of a low type. So much more remarkable is a trait of piety and charity related of one of them by P. Charlevois, O. M.

Two years ago when a company of these men were on their accustomed trip, from Deer Lake, down to Cumberland, one of them fell sick, and was put ashore with one of his companions to take care of him, a canoe made of bark, and some provisions were left to them, and the rest of the company, continued their journey. The nearest Mission, St. Peter, was about 200 miles distant, and moreover up the stream, consequently it seemed impossible for them to return and to go on with the journey, which was very difficult on account of the swift waters, and the numerous places, where

the canoe had to be transported by land. The condition of the sick man soon grew hopeless, death was fast approaching. The faithful companion was dismayed to see his fellowman die thus, without being able, to procure for him the assistance of a priest. The poor Indian was determined to do what was in his power. Without hesitation he brought the dying man into the canoe, and courageously set to work at the oar to reach St. Peter. At the different places, where the canoe had to be carried, he carefully and tenderly laid the sick man on the ground, till the canoe was carried to the place, then he would carry the sick man on his shoulders into the canoe. In this manner and enduring many and great hardships he had already reached Deer Lake when the poor sick man lost consciousness and expired in his arms. Anyone else, would have simply, in a similar case, mourned for the one that died, and buried him, and this action would indeed be praiseworthy. But our Indian did not stop here, he would bring the corpse to the Mission, that there he might have the priest for his funeral and that he might repose in consecrated ground. Without giving a thought to the intense heat; it being the month of July and the air swarming with mosquitos, he bravely continued his journey, and for six more long days, he struggled against waves, storm, heat, hunger and fatigue and against the almost intolerable odor of the decaying body. At last he reached St. Peter late in the evening. The odor of the decomposing body was so strong, that the dogs gathered at the shore, their barking awaking the inhabitants. The priest and the laybrother, that were stationed there, charitably lodged and fed the half-starved, and fatigued Indian. The next morning, the body was laid in a hastily constructed coffin and was buried in consecrated ground, with the prayers and rites of the church. Almighty God will surely reward the poor Indian for this work of mercy, as he has once rewarded the good old Tobias.



A Corner in Smiles.



When the poor law was introduced a Dublin beggar woman whom a gentleman referred to the poorhouse said: "This poor law 's a grand thing for the souls of the gentlemen." "Why so?" "Because now when we axes for alms they only say, go to the poor-house, but before there was a poorhouse they used to say 'Go to the devil?'"

Corrections:
Page 4, lines 13, 20 & 24: Teachers' In-
stitutes.
Page 7, line 29: Successful Attempts.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1896.

NO. 1.



CONGRATULATORY.

*One full-orbed year has passed away
Since first thou saw the light,
When thou didst enter in our midst
A welcome guest and bright.*

*Thy primal year has gone and lo!
How grandly hast thou grown,
What hopes we foster when thou'll reach
Thy second glad mile stone.*

*Propitious be thy natal day,
And increased glory thine,
And may Success around thy brow,
Her fairest wreaths entwine.*

*Go forth, then, "Mission Indian", go!
Receive thy meed of praise;
We welcome thee with heart and hand,
And wish thee length of days.*

J. N.

ed

THE MISSION INDIAN.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

The Southern Pacific in taking off the local train to Banning has given a set-back in many ways to this part of the country. However the latest change in time table is such, as to convince honest people, that there is truth in the statement made by independent people: There is no justice in this world!

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Banning Water Co. held on October 15, to elect Directors for the ensuing year and transact other business. The new water-ditch has been surveyed and the tract cleared and is now ready for the "boys" to go to work.

Our old general manager and depot agent, Mr. Telfer has left us and gone a little further up the line to El Cajon.

The new agent Mr. Harland has established himself and is always able and willing to tell us if the train is "On time". It is hoped he has come to stay and grow up with our fair city.

The Banning ball nine had the pleasure of beating the boys from the St. Boniface School. The home team is showing very good form this season and promise to give to the outside teams all the fun they want.

During this month we have enjoyed the magnificent illuminations in the shape of the mountain fires which have been burning in mountain around Banning. Alas!

Mr. Shafer and family of Los Angeles, visited Banning, having heard of the exceptionally fine climate enjoyed here. He is looking for a suitable home with a few acres of orchard. It is needless to say Mr. Shafer was delighted, pleased etc. with Banning and its surroundings and we hope he has concluded to settle here permanently.

The fruit crop for which Banning is so famous has been gathered and by all accounts the result is very satisfactory and everybody feels happy. A large quantity of fruit

has been dried and the shipments to the East are very heavy, bringing in fancy prices. Banning is the place if you desire to couple labor and pleasure together. All that is required is a little orchard and you find at the end of the year that besides all the innocent amusement you enjoy in caring for your orchard you have amassed quite a small fortune out of the fruit.

How is Banning going on the money question? was asked of one our prominent Silver-men the other day and at first he was rather backward in expressing his opinion but he finally assured us, that the result of the two political ball games was generally accepted as a proof of the superiority of the silver party, but the whole difficulty will be decided in November when the final game will be played off.

Our Job press has been kept on the move during the past month. That is how it ought to be and the Indian boys can print in any and every style, suitable to every taste. The management thanks our many patrons for their encouragement, and hope they will continue in the good work.

Missions To Non-Catholics.

Some numbers of a new periodical entitled the *Missionary*, published by the Paulist Fathers of New York, have appeared. It is the organ of the Missionary Union, a society established for the purpose of supplying funds to carry on the work of the missions to non-Catholics. One realizes on reading its pages something of the widespread ramifications of this missionary spirit, and of the good which is being accomplished by it. The numbers of letters from priests and laymen all over the United States enclosing contributions towards the work attest the former; while many facts are mentioned illustrative of the latter. For instance, the Rev. E. P. Graham, one of the diocesan priests engaged in this work in the Cleveland Diocese, says: "The writer knows of one case where a family rode thirty-five miles and back, seventy miles in all, to be present at a meeting. That entire family now worship within the walls of the Catholic church, though in their own little town there is only one

other Catholic, and he is no credit to religion." An ex-disciple of Ingersoll, who is under instruction preparatory to being received into the Church, tells how he was saved from adopting his blasphemous leader's cure for all human ills—suicide—and led to burn a fifty-dollar collection of infidel literature, through attending the mission.

These and hundreds of similar facts—in the opinion of the *Casket*—will convince the most sober minds that this missionary movement is no mere fad of enthusiasts. There have, unfortunately, been indiscreet utterances on the part of some of its zealous advocates. Some have spoken as if the bishops of the Church were highly culpable for not having inaugurated such a movement long ago, forgetful of the fact that the Shepherd's first duty is to those of his own flock. Some unwise advocates, too, have sailed dangerously near the non-Catholic notion that the souls of intelligent English-speaking people are in some way more precious in the sight of God than those of "inferior races" in heathenlands. But such views, we are sure, meet with no encouragement from the leaders of the movement.

Of the propriety of missions to non-Catholics there never could be any doubt: the sole question that could exist was that of opportunity. That must be taken as settled by the blessing of the Holy Father upon the work. But if anything further were needed to recommend it to prudent, conservative people, it would be found in the fact that the Archbishop of New York, a prelate who is justly regarded as the embodiment of wise prudence, has decided to take it up systematically and extensively. This endorsement by Mgr. Corrigan should settle the status of missions to non-Catholics.

We can not doubt the ultimate success of this most commendable movement. In God's own time vast numbers of non-Catholics will be won to the Church. How could it be otherwise? There are honest, well-disposed, God-loving people in large numbers, who when they see the light will follow it. Meanwhile there is much preliminary work to be done in breaking down prejudices, in displacing the monstrous notions of Catholic doctrine that prevail, by true knowledge, and in uprooting false principles. This is preparing the ground and sowing the seed of conversions, rather than reaping the harvest; and this will of necessity be the chief work of the missions for much time to come. The common statement in this connection, that "the fields are white with the harvest," is, it seems to us, an over-sanguine one. But this fact need not lessen the zeal of those who are helping forward this worthy movement. Sowing is not less important than, and is a necessary condition of, reaping.

(REVIEW.)

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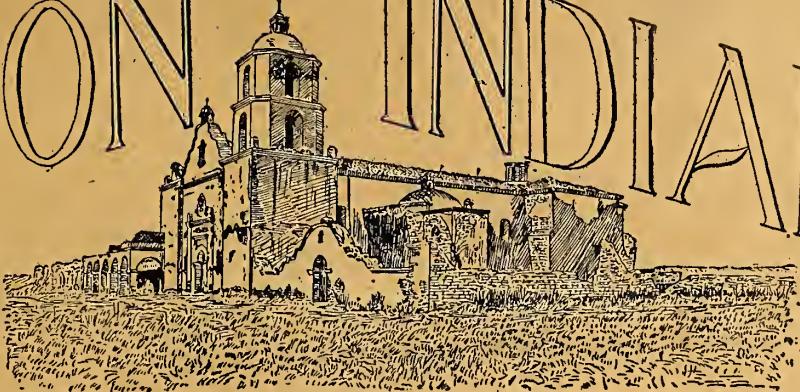
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THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

NO. 2.



Right Rev. Bishop Francis Mora, D.D.

GOOD BYE.

THE MERCY HOME.

An Institution for Young Ladies out of Employment. A Home for the Aged.

Words cannot describe the feelings and condition of a young girl when she finds herself in a big city without means and unable to get employment. A little touch of experience will demonstrate to any one how anything in the case may be possible. And little wonder it is if in such a condition many of those incarnate fiends who, like their master, "go about seeking whom they may devour," find an easy prey in those helpless, and I will add, innocent souls. Yes, innocent souls; only the great God knows how many there are to-day leading lives of shame, because in a moment of want they gave way to despair and complete indifference. They had no friend to reach them a helping hand, no home to which they could turn with an assurance that they would receive a sisterly welcome. This condition of things in Los Angeles as elsewhere, was, no doubt, well known to the Very Rev. Fr. Adam, the zealous and devoted Vicar General of the diocese, and so when the good Sisters of Mercy—then only two, to-day twenty—came and told him of their plans he gave them a hearty welcome, and every encouragement in his power. And if, after many changes, for five years past, the Sisters can to-day point with pride to their beautiful new home on Boyd street, they are not slow to attribute their success to the Vicar General and to the Bishop.

The new home is a handsome, healthy building situated in a quiet part of the city. It has an imposing appearance, and while the attempts at extravagant productions of architecture are absent, it is not wanting in those plain, becoming beauties that give proof of the taste and good sense of the Sisters. It has a frontage of 150 with a depth of 50 feet. A pretty lawn, spotted with flowers and palms, separated from the sidewalk by a nice fence, adds no small charm to the beauties of the building. On entering the building one is struck by the bright, cheerful aspect round about. The broad halls, the fine well-aired and well-lighted rooms, the spacious dining-room, the beautiful parlors, the sitting-room, everything gives evidence unmistakable of the comforts of home. Old ladies who begin to feel that the term of their earthly career is coming to an end retire to the Mercy Home to prepare for the long calm of eternity. Whilst there is no distinction of race or creed, and the great wide doors of the Mercy Home are open to all who need shelter, yet the Mercy Home particularly suited to devout old Catholic ladies. At the

west end of the corridor on the second story is the chapel of the home, a neat devotional little chapel. It is 50 feet long by 20 wide. The altar is of gothic architecture, and elaborately decorated. Over the altar is a handsome stained glass window of the Sacred Heart. The statues of the B. V. and St. Joseph stand on pedestals on each side of the altar. Two rows of stalls arranged panelled to the walls give the chapel a most conventional appearance. The Blessed Sacrament is kept there, as can be seen by the never-failing lamp. Here in the chapel the members of the Home attend mass, make their visits, say their prayers, and give way to any little pions fit of meditation or contemplation that may seize them.

Hence "the Home" is nearly always filled, not only with those who are out of employment, but also with those who desire a rest, or who work in the daytime. These girls make "the Home" their home, and for a very moderate sum they get everything a home can furnish. Even parents who live in the country, and who desire to give their girls the advantages of the education offered in the city, are delighted to be able to find that the Home will be open to their children.

More than material home, more than anything else, is the blessed knack which the good devoted Sisters have of making everybody feel "at home." "Many a time and oft" has the writer enjoyed this happy feeling, and when cares, with their worrying annoyance, seemed almost beyond endurance, the Home was sought, and with good results—only a mother and sisters know how to cheer the troubled heart.

In conjunction with the Mercy Home is a home for aged men. A place where the last years of life are made bright with the cheer of youth by the careful attention of those ministering angels, the Sisters. How sincerely these old men thank God that their final days have been thus rewarded.

The Children's Home is another annex, but to that a little space will be devoted in the next number of the paper. Meanwhile "The Mission Indian" feels very much pleasure in congratulating the Sisters and people of Los Angeles, and fondly does it hope that the people will show their appreciation of the Sisters and their work, by supplying them generously with the wherewith to carry on and extend their

Thanksgiving**Proclamation.**

Thursday, November the 26, 1896.

WASHINGTON, November 4. — The President today issued the following Thanksgiving Proclamation:

By the President of the United States:

The people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe to the GOD OF NATIONS for his watchful care which has shielded them from disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from God's teaching and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices.

To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that on a day especially appointed we should join together in approaching the throne of grace with praise and supplication.

Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 26th day of present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land.

On that day let all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and assembled in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries; for our defense against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed; for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen; and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us. And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of heavenly favor.

Let us not forget on this day of our thanksgiving the poor and needy and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington, this fourth day of November, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-first.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President.

RICHARD OLNEY.

(Seal.) Secretary of State.

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Nemesis.

I. CHAPTER.

Taken from the *L. Ang. Herald*, No. 137.

Washington, Feb. 24, 1896. (In the House of Congress.) The fight (against the Cath. Indian Schools) was led today by Mr. Linton, a Michigan Republican, who is the most pronounced and openly avowed A. P. A. member on the floor.

In last year's bill the appropriation was cut down 20 per cent with the understanding that it should be reduced 20 per cent each year until it ceased, at the end of five years.

The committee on Indian affairs this year recommended that this appropriation again be reduced 20 per cent, but Mr. Linton moved an amendment that no portion of this appropriation should go to sectarian schools. In this speech in support of it he attributed the defeat of many members two years ago to their refusal to abolish sectarian schools, and predicted disaster to those who still stood out against their abolition. He also referred indignantly to a statue of Pere Marquette, robed in the gown of a Jesuit priest and decorated with the paraphernalia of his church, which is shortly to be erected in Statuary hall in the presence of high dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

"But," said he, "the storm of ballots and the flood of indignation which overwhelmed the country will be but a zephyr and a rivulet compared with what will happen if congress persists in this policy."

Messrs. McLachlan and Bowers the two Congressmen of Southern California also spoke and voted for the destruction of the two institutions for the Indians in their district.

II. CHAPTER.

Result of the Election Nov. 1896.

November 14th 1896. Messrs. Linton, Bowers and McLachlan defeated at the ballot-box and the A. P. As. snowed under along with the San Francisco charter and its A. P. A. appendix.

No comment is necessary. May God bless and strengthen men like Monsignor J. A. Stephan and Father Peter Yorke in their battle for justice and liberty!

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BANNING, CAL.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1896.

NO. 3.



Holy Night.

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin-mother & Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at thy sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord at thy birth.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Instead of Christmas Story.

Children have more privileges than they used to have, but fewer rights. They are given things as the mood suits their fathers or mothers. There is no settled code of manner or manners. Somebody has said the worst manners are those which are dependent-upon the feelings. And most of us have suffered from the moods of people who are like sunshine when they feel at peace with the world, and very storm-clouds when there is a jar in their music.

We are all taught in words that one of the best things in life is self-restraint. Children have a right to learn this from their parents by example rather than words. What parent makes it a matter of duty to restrain himself, that his children may gain the habit of self-restraint? We talk of home influence, as if home influence were generated by four walls and table and sofas and chairs. Home is what a father and mother make it, nothing more or less. Home may be as barren as a desert and as gloomy as a dungeon: it depends on the people within the four walls—we all know that.

In some families, the father is the barometer. Does he smile or does he frown? Is he in a good humor or a bad humor? Everything depends on his mood. He is the best of fathers, he says. Who shall truthfully declare that he does not provide all the necessities and comforts of life for his children? "Everything has been done for them," you will hear him declare; "everything!"—and yet they are not fond of their home." And, then, they are irritable and impatient; they have bad tempers, this careful parent remarks. *He* doesn't know where they got 'em, unless it was from the mother's side of the house; for, unless something annoys him, he is as meek as a lamb,—in fact, too meek:

that's his failing. We have all heard this from men who make the house tremble if dinner is a quarter of an hour late; from men who are suavity itself when policy seems to demand it outside of their own houses.

It is not only the father who indulges his moods, and fancies he is angelic in temper because he is not exasperated. Sometimes it is the mother. One day she says "Yes" to everything, she does not utter a "No"; or, if she does, she permits herself to be coaxed out of it.

She is like a June day. But she hears something that Mrs. So-and-So has said about her, or the house cleaning has not extirpated all the cobwebs, or she has an attack of the nerves. How sweet home is then! But how much sweeter it would be without a mother,—for a time. Tom is slapped for doing what only brought up an indulgent smile on the day before, and Grace is made to feel that she is a monster because she left her gloves on a table, and Will is scolded with energy and bitterness for what he could not help. And so on,—the mother's mood darkening everything around her. If her children are tempted to censure her in their hearts, they resolve never to be like her; or perhaps they come to think that it is entirely justifiable and Christian to beat everybody with nettles because one has trodden on a thorn.

There is too much of this in life, which is often hard enough, even for children, without these additional stings. It is good for a child to bear the yoke when he is young, no doubt; but, before applying it, let us consider that the yokes in use in Solomon's time were not made that they might gall, but that they might gently unite the oxen in one work. A father of moods is terrible; a mother of moods is ridiculous. A child must strive not to dislike the former; he finds it hard to respect the latter. And it must

be remembered that the real, glowing, warm love for parents is not all natural; like everything good, it must be cultivated.

"He had a good father and mother," you say when the boy goes wrong; "how could it have happened!" If it was your son, my dear sir, ask yourself what you did besides giving him comforts and luxuries. You gave him privileges; but he had rights; you made him fear your moods, not your justice. When did you restrain your impatience that he might not suffer? When "things had gone wrong" his imperfections were crimes: when things were right, he felt that you could see no fault in him. He had rights, sir!—all children have rights; and if you do not respect them, much will go wrong when it is too late. You sent him to school, of course; but if God had intended that schools should take entirely your place, He would probably have given the boy to the school first.

It is very well to say that life is hard, work irritating, and our American ways feverish; if the accumulation of money stands in the way of the proper training of the children, the money ought to go. In our country, the woful examples of the reverse method are only too numerous. Humanity is more important than riches. And what was success to the father of Absalom?

The times are against us, in spite of all the preaching that is done. It will require a great deal of will and grace to go against the spirit of the times during the coming year, and to hold firmly to the truth that the child has rights, and one of these rights is to a peaceful home—not to a luxurious home; but to a home where Love shows its gentleness, Faith its fervor, and where Christianity manifests its influence in self-restraint.

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MISSION INDIAN



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1897.

NO. 4.

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Of all the illustrious names
That dot the historical sky,
The greatest and noblest remains
The name of our Saviour, Most High.
Like Eddyston's beacon at night,
It lumines life's turbulent sea
Nor pauses at faith's holy sight
But leads us to heavenly glee.

It fills us with hope's soothing balm
As, guided by Bethlehem's star
And grace's sweet zephyrs so calm,
Our shiplet sails on from afar,
With passports for ne'er-ending peace
On the shores of our true promised land,
Where glory is never to cease
And love is the only command.

Ah, truly this heaven-born Name,
This furnace of infinite love,
Wherewith our own hearts to inflame,
Inscribed on our standard above
Will save us from pirate or knave
And lead us to heavenly rest,
Despite every turbulent wave,
In the port of eternity's Blest.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK, A. M., in "The Messenger."

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

Prescott is a pretty little city, depending entirely on mining. The population is about four to five thousand. Rev. Father Granjon is pastor until the return of Father Quetu, who has gone to Europe to recuperate his shattered health, suffering from throat disease.

Father Granjon was some years ago troubled with throat-disease too. He went to Father Kneipp in Wörishofen and was cured. "Next to God, I owe my life to Father Kneipp" are Father Granjon's words. It is a source of joy and pride, to mention the truly apostolic spirit of this excellent priest. No doubt, whatever infidels France may have produced, as a rule, the French clergy and also French Sisters at home and here in the States, are models of zeal, virtue and self-sacrifice. Include the two good Fathers at Prescott, Father Granjon and Father Vabre. We also wish to express our sincere gratefulness to Father Vabre for his kindness shown to us.

Rev. Professor O'Growney of far famed Maynooth is lying very ill in the hospital at Prescott. O'Growney is a man of varied and deep information. In knowledge of the rich Gaelic tongue of his native land he has no living superior and few equals. His manners are most refined and winning. He is typical gentleman and priest.

There are two papers in Prescott, the COURIER and THE JOURNAL-MINER. Both of them spoke kindly of the Editor of the MISSION INDIAN. Especially Mr. Jackson, foreman of the JOURNAL-MINER, showed to us his appreciation of the visit extended to his sanctum. There is a broadminded spirit in Prescott indeed.

It would be wrong to mention Prescott and not to say a word about Judge Morrison and his brother Joe Morrison. Our hearts rejoiced to discover in Judge Morrison the ideal Catholic gentleman.

Last August death snatched away from the side of the popular judge his beloved wife. To see him now in the midst of his children, fulfilling his duty as a member of the Church, faithful to his little ones and a true, honest officer of the civil government—in a word, true to his vocation, is an example for many a lukewarm Catholic, who throws away the jewel of faith for the pleasures in this world. May God bless Judge Morrison and his family!

And now for Mrs. Dr. Everts and her two charming boys of Fort Whipple! There is no word in the English language to denote the devotion of Mrs. Everts to her husband, Dr. Everts, and to her two boys, Booths and Edwards. Booths ought to have a christian name, but a colored servant of Dr. Everts called the boy, when he was yet little, Booths and in spite of protests from the parents, the name has stuck to the little boy. Nevertheless Booths is a good boy and his aim is to become a priest of the Church. The good, indulgent father, Dr. Everts, will not interfere, if Booths proves persevering, but the mother, Mrs. Everts, would be delighted, if not made most happy, if her son should one day ascend the altar and offer up to God the unbloody sacrifice. In the meantime, prayer is always good and will bring down God's graces.

We owe to the two Misses McGraw sincere thanks for their hospitality when we stayed in Prescott. It is a consolation for any one, to meet good people and may God bless them.

On the train to Ash Fork, we met a porter, who is a member of Father Tolton's parish in Chicago. Father Tolton is a colored priest in charge of colored Catholics in the "Windy City." There is quite a number of colored students at the Epiphany College, Baltimore, Maryland, and there are and will be many more negro-priests here in this and in other countries. Still there never was any Indian ordained a priest. Strange. The life of a priest is a life of work, hard work and of sacrifices without end. And

there are but few willing to bring them. Honor the priests and aid them; they are the representatives of God.

The Sisters of St. Joseph maintain an Academy and parochial school in Prescott. Holy Writ says, that those who teach others the way of righteousness will shine as the stars in the heavens. The work of the good Sisters is a most meritorious one and is appreciated much by catholics and non-catholics at Prescott. It ought to be so. The entertainment given by the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy was a great success, in every regard and a credit to the institution.

There are now three Indian boys and two girls in Prescott, in good places and earning wages. Two boys are employed by the Sisters of Mercy, and letters received from them, say that they are very happy. The boys do the errands, milk the cows, feed the horses, clean the yard, cut and carry wood and so forth. The Sisters of Mercy are building a new hospital in Prescott and everybody helps them to do so. The future new hospital will be quite an acquisition for Prescott.

Francisca Ortega is working for Mrs. Burke and Nancy Morales for Mrs. Hickey. They are both good girls and the ladies, for whom they labor, are like true mothers to them.

Valeo Johnson works for the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mother Celestia, a great friend of the Indians thus has the joy of having at least one of her favorite sons of the soil near her and Valeo is an excellent young man.

When at Prescott, we heard of the Navajo Indians, numbering about thirty thousand. They are said to be very industrious. Some of them are very rich, others are well-to-do and their trade in blankets etc. is very extensive.

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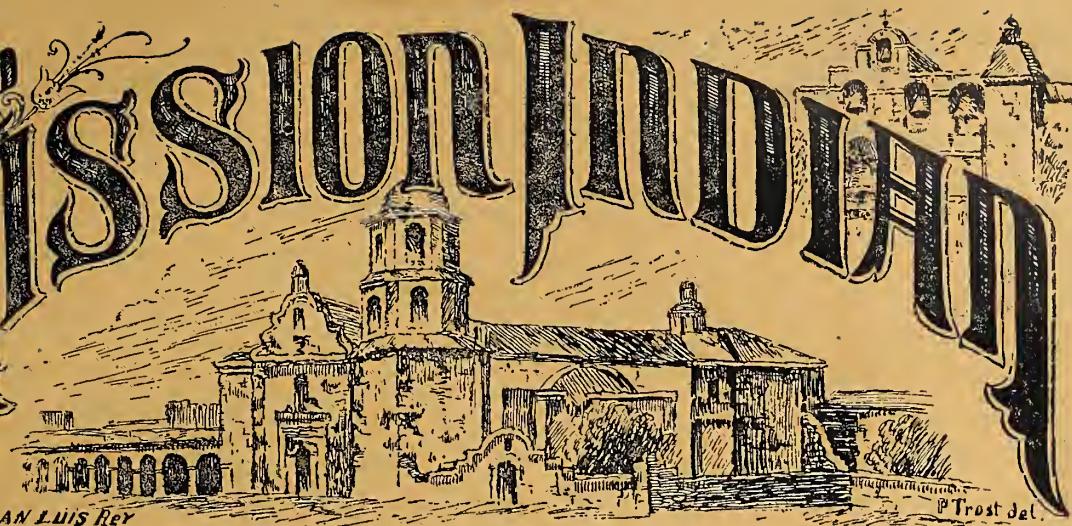
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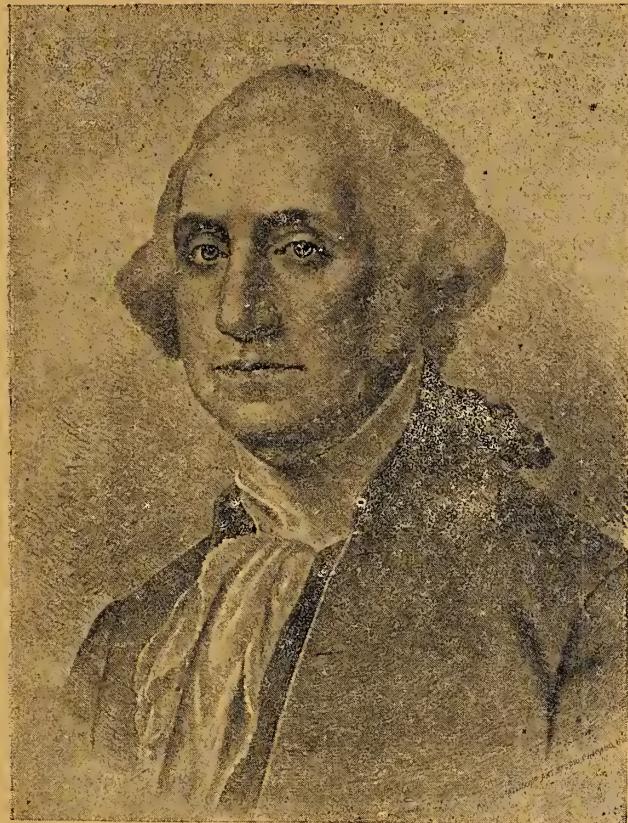
MISSION INDIAN



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1897.

NO. 5.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, *the Father of his Country,*
BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732.

The thought of our beloved Washington, the anniversary of whose birth we celebrate February 22, recalls to mind the words of a certain author, who speaking of our dead heroes says: "Ye that mourn let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright, now his example inspires a thousand households with nobler minds and heroic patriotism." How true are these words when applied to our noble Washington. It is well known to all our little readers that Washington was born in Virginia in 1732. As a boy he was vigorous and enterprising, a leader in play and fond of activity. From his brother Lawrence he imbibed a love of military life, and at fourteen, George had resolved to become a midshipman, but his gentle, affectionate nature could not resist the tears of his mother, and to her entreaties he yielded, and resigned his ambition. For the few years he remained at Mt. Vernon Washington spent most of his time in the study of surveying, and so skilful did he become at this, that it served to open the way for his public career. We shall not follow our hero through his military life, but advise all our young folks to consult their histories and by the study of Washington's life, learn to serve country and friends from heavenly and unselfish motives.

THE MISSION INDIAN.



This diagram illustrates approximately the location of the two "Dippers." Compare on page 2; Extracts from Astronomy.

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THE MISSION INDIAN.

Oration on the Completion of the National Monument to Washington.

By ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, February 22, 1885.

It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the idea of our monument has been borrowed,—I should rather say, evolved,—to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions, some of which have to this day perplexed and baffled all efforts to decipher them. Neither Champollion, nor the later Lepsius, nor any of the most skilful Egyptologists, have succeeded in given an altogether satisfactory reading of the legends on Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. And those legends, at their best,—engraved, as they were, on the granite or porphyry, with the letter enamelled with gold, and boasted of as illuminating the world with their rays,—tell us little except the dates and doing of some despotic Pharaoh, whom we would willingly have seen drowned in the ocean of oblivion, as one of them so deservedly was in the depths of the Red Sea. Several of the inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle, as it so strangely greets us in the fashionable promenade of our commercial capital, inform us, in magniloquent terms, of Thothmes III., who lived in the age preceding that in which Moses was born, styling him a "Child of the Sun," "Lord of the two Worlds," "Endowed and endowing with power, life, and stability." Other inscriptions designate him, or Rameses II.,—the great oppressor of the Israelites,—as the "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," "The Conqueror," "The Strong Bull!"

Our Washington Needle, while it has all of the severe simplicity, and far more than all of the massive grandeur, which were the characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions whatever, and none are likely ever to be carved on it. Around its base bas-reliefs in bronze may possibly one day be placed, illustrative of some of the great events of Washington's life; while on the terrace beneath may, perhaps, be arranged emblematic figures of Justice and Patriotism, of Peace, Liberty, and Union. All this, however, may well be left for future years, or even for future generations. Each succeeding generation, indeed, will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of this majestic pile, and in thus testifying its own homage to the memory of the Father of his Country. Yet to the mind's eye of an American Patriot those marble faces will never seem vacant,—never seem void or voiceless. No mystic figures or hieroglyphical signs will, indeed, be described on them. No such vainglorious

words as "Conqueror," or "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," nor any such haughty assumption or heathen ascription as "Child of the Sun," will be deciphered on them. But ever and anon, as he gazes, there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the great words, and grand precepts, and noble lessons of principle and duty, which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind.

Can we not all read there already, as if graven by some invisible finger, or inscribed with some sympathetic ink,—which it requires no learning of scholars, no lore of Egypt, nothing but love of our own land, to draw out and make legible,—those masterly words of his Letter to the Governors of the States, in 1783:

"There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being—I may even venture to say, to the existence—of the United States as an independent Power: First, an indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head; Second, a sacred regard to Public Justice; Third, the adoption of a proper Peace Establishment; and Fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the People of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. These are the Pillars on which the glorious fabric of our Independence and National character must be supported."

Can we not read, again, on another of those seemingly vacant sides, that familiar passage in his Farewell Address,—a jewel of thought and phraseology, often imitated, but never matched,—"The name of American, which belongs to you in your National capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations?" and, not far below it, his memorable warning against Party Spirit,—"A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume?"

Still again, terser legends from the same prolific source salute our eager gaze: "Cherish Public Credit";—Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all";—"Promote, as an object of

primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of Knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

And above all,—a thousandfold more precious than all the rest,—there will come streaming down from time to time, to many an eager and longing eye, from the very point where its tiny aluminium apex reaches nearest to the skies,—and shining forth with a radiance which no vision of Constantine, no Labarum for his legions, could ever have eclipsed,—some of those solemnly reiterated declarations and counsels, which might almost be called the Confession and Creed of Washington, and which can never be forgotten by any Christian Patriot:

"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the General Government, and in conciliating the goodwill of the people of America towards one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."—"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an Independent Nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential Agency,"—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

And thus on all those seemingly blank and empty sides will be read, from time to time, in his own unequalled language, the grand precepts and principles of Peace, Justice, Education, Morality, and Religion, which he strove to inculcate, while, encircling and illuminating them all, and enveloping the whole monument, from corner-stone to cap-stone, will be hailed with rapture by every patriotic eye, and be echoed by every patriotic heart, "The Union, the Union in any event!"



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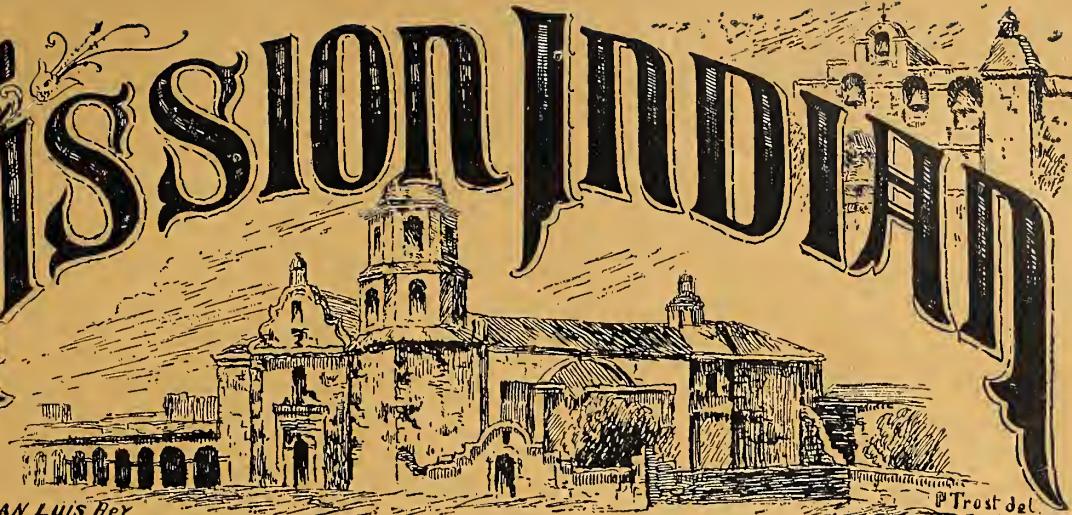
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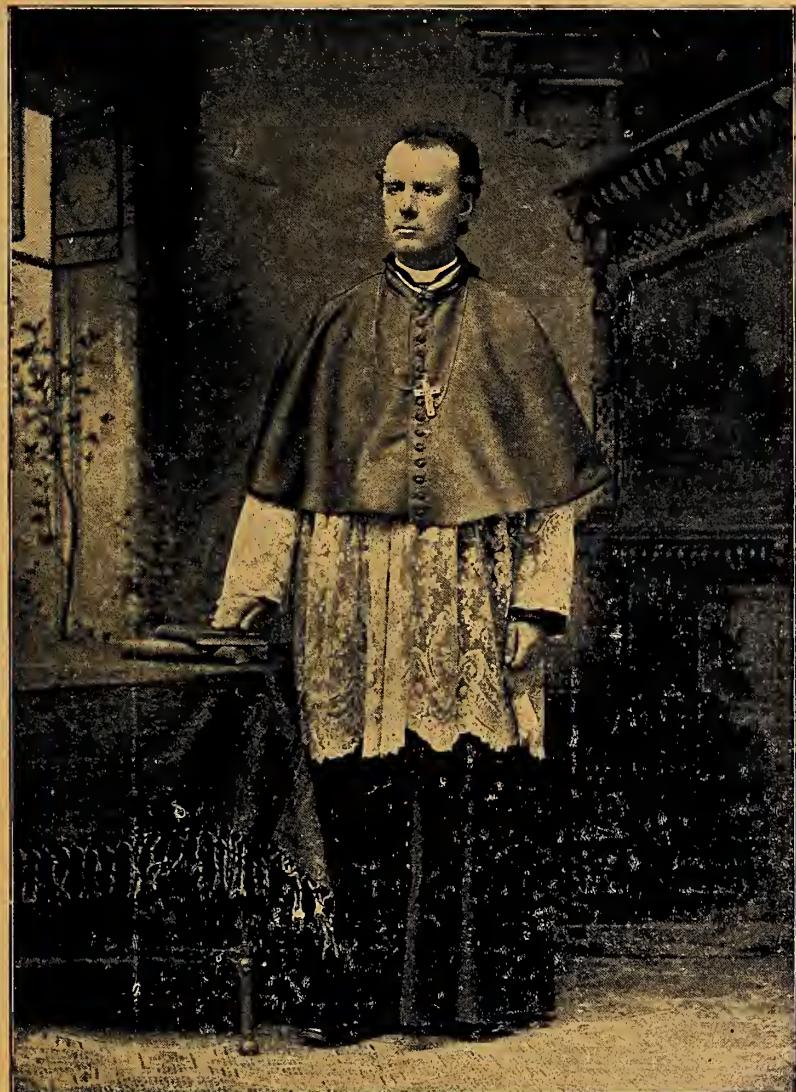


SAN LUIS REY

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1897.

NO. 6.



Most Rev. PATRICK W. RIORDAN, D. D.,
ARCHHBISOP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

**RIGHT REV. P. W. RIORDAN, ARCHBISHOP
OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

From the far-famed lakes of Killarney in Kerry came the parents of the Archbishop. He was born in Chetham, N. B., August 27, 1842. As a child he showed that he inherited the deep, simple, beautiful faith of his devout parents. From childhood to boyhood, and on through boyhood the one and only ambition of the young Patrick was to be a priest, and to save souls. Accordingly having completed his preparatory education in the local seminary of his native place his good parents joyfully co-operated with his fervent desire, and he was sent to the world renowned university of Louvain. Here he read a most distinguished course. He was ordained at Melines on the 10th of June 1865. For two years after ordination he was professor at St. Mary's of the Lake, Ill. From this college he was appointed Pastor of Woodstock, Ill., then of St. Jame's, Chicago, and finally in Sept. 16, 1883 Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco cum jure successionis. The next year he took complete charge, and since then has ruled well and wisely.

The Archbishop has a magnificent princely presence, a fine, clear, sympathetic voice, an unlimited command of language, an elegant diction, a most orderly mind, and an exceptional power of epitomising. He has a great head, a great heart, and vast prudence. He brought honor on California, and the United States, by the manner in which he acquitted himself, at the most learned and distinguished ecclesiastical gathering of modern times — the Maynooth centenary. He cried when he parted with one who, in college parlance, was his deskmate for eleven years — the Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery. Except in the discharge of his duty the Archbishop is rarely before the public, when, however, he does come, then his words are heard and read with great pleasure and immense profit. Ex intimo corde the little MISSION INDIAN says to his Grace: "AD MULTOS ANNOS."

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THE MISSION INDIAN.

REGULATIONS for LENT

in the Diocese of
Monterey and Los Angeles.
1897.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, falls this year on the Third day of March.

The faithful who are twenty-one years old, and are not exempt on account of infirmity, hard labor, or other grievous cause, are obliged to fast during Lent.

1. All the days of Lent, except Sundays, are fast days of obligation.
2. All persons under twenty-one years or over sixty years of age, those who are engaged in hard labor, the sick and convalescent, and those who cannot fast without injury to their health, are exempt from the obligation of fasting.
3. All bound to keep the fast shall take but one full meal a day, except on Sundays.
4. The meal permitted on the fast days should be taken about noon.
5. A collation is permitted in the evening.
6. When the principal meal cannot conveniently be taken about noon, the order may be inverted, so that the collation may be taken about noon and the dinner in the evening.
7. General usage has made it lawful to take in the morning a cup of coffee, tea or chocolate with a small piece of bread.
8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of lard instead of butter in the preparation of all permitted foods.
9. By dispensation the use of flesh-meats is permitted at all meals on Sundays and once a day at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with the exception of Ember Saturday and the last Saturday of Lent.
10. Persons exempt from the obligation of fasting may partake of flesh-meat at all meals on days when the use of meat is permitted at the principal meal.

11. Flesh-meat and fish are not to be used at the same meal during Lent, even on Sundays.

12. The use of butter, cheese, milk and eggs is permitted every day in Lent.

13. By virtue of an Indult granted by the Holy See, March 15, 1895, working-men and their families are allowed the use of flesh-meat once a day on all the fast and abstinence days throughout the year, with the exception of all Fridays, Ash-Wednesday, the Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas. Those who are exempt from the obligation of fasting are permitted to use meat more than once a day on all days except those before mentioned, namely, Fridays, Ash-Wednesday, the Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas. Those who avail themselves of this Indult are not permitted to use flesh meat and fish at the same meal and are earnestly exhorted to perform some other act of mortification, such as abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

14. The Paschal time extends from the first Sunday of Lent until Trinity Sunday, inclusive, during which time all Catholics who have attained the proper age are bound to receive Holy Communion worthily.

15. To afford the faithful opportunities of gaining the graces of the Lenten Season, it is hereby ordered that in addition to usual Sunday devotions, Lenten exercises be held on two evenings of each week in all the churches of the Diocese to which are attached resident pastors. On one of the evenings an instruction is to be given, on the other, the Stations of the Cross, and permission is hereby given for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on both evenings.

16. The faithful are reminded that besides the obligation of fasting imposed by the Church, the Season of Lent should be in a very special manner a time of earnest prayer, of sorrow for sin, of abstention from amusements, which not sinful in themselves are permitted during other portions of the year, and of generous almsgiving to the poor.

17. To comply with the Decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, a collection will be taken up on the First Sunday of Lent at all the Masses and at Vespers for the Missions among the Indians and Negroes.

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MISSION INDIAN

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1897.

NO. 7.

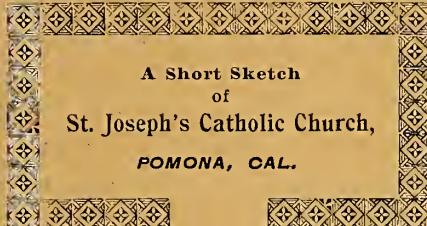
AN EASTER CAROL.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

Alleluia! The birds are trilling
With joy in their tuneful song
Alleluia! The ocean is singing,
Sun-kissed, gliding along.
Alleluia! Glad bells are chiming,
Blending in sweet accord.
O, soft are the answering echoes, "Hail,
O hail, thou risen Lord!"

Alleluia! The lilies breathe
As ransomed earth they adorn,
Fair symbols of the glory that crowns
The holy Easter morn;
Alleluia! O Lord of Hosts
Whose power burst Death's prison;
Countless praises we waft to Thee
In eternal beauty risen.

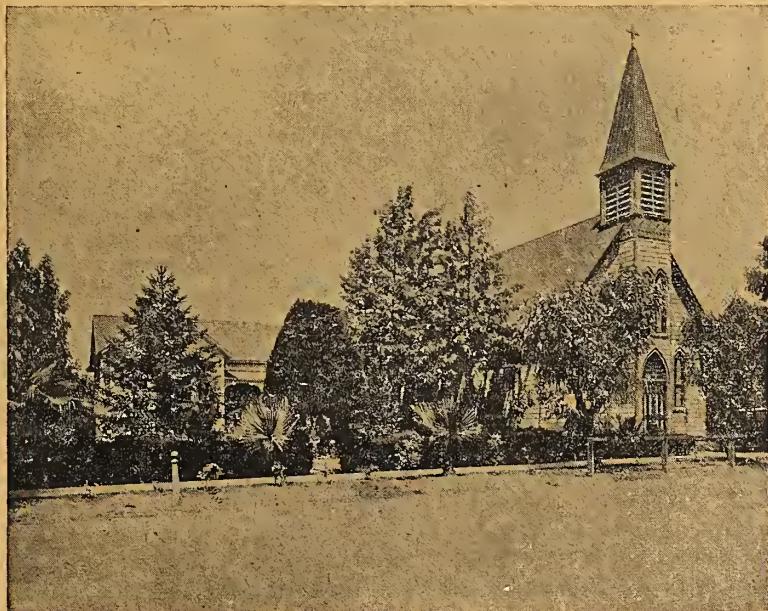
From DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.



Any one who standing upon the lofty San Jose hills which our scholarly townsman P. C. Tonner has immortalized in song in that matchless form of his description of Pomona and its environs, commencing with the lines [San Jose former name Pomona Valley]:

*"But San Jose, Sweet San Jose,
Thy mountains valleys fair
Begirt with half a hundred hills
Enthroned 'mid beauty rare."*

and looking down miles of orchards planted with fruits of nearly every variety; seeing the famous Chino ranch in the distance where many thousand head of cattle are grazing the entire year; and Ontario, the model colony of Southern California, looming above the horizon; the majestic mountain scenery surrounding, and then not admire the wisdom



12 Star

THE MISSION INDIAN.

of the people who chose this highly favored and productive valley for their home, must be oblivious alike to the beauties and grandeur of nature, asleep to the advantages of a most fertile soil.

No wonder then that during the great depression now happily disappearing from this whole southern section, the people of Pomona retained confidence in the wisdom of their choice and made steady strides forward until now their foresight and sound business judgment is acknowledged by all. Pleasing as it is for me to chronicle the material prosperity of this section, it is more pleasing still for me to be able to state that the spiritual prosperity has not been forgotten. Prior to the erection of the beautiful Catholic Church, which stands on the corner of Ellen and Libbie Streets, the Catholics of Pomona worshipped in the adobe building, about a mile from town in the old Palomaris Tract, where it is said the first residence in our fertile valley was erected.

But as the boom struck Southern California and the tide of immigration began to flow into our incomparable valley, bringing with it many enterprising and intelligent Catholics from the East and other parts of this great republic, the necessity of erecting a church more centrally located and one that would be worthy the faith of their fathers and in keeping with the progressive spirit of the age became apparent. Accordingly a meeting of the Catholic citizens of Pomona was called in the summer of 1885. The result of their deliberation was that steps should at once be taken to collect funds for the erection of a suitable church edifice. A committee of gentlemen were appointed to solicit subscriptions from the residents of Pomona Valley. Their efforts were crowned with success, as close on \$2,000.00 were received. At once plans were drawn up and given into the hands of skilled mechanics, who in less than 3 months brought the frame work to a close, leaving the interior finish and decoration to the Pastor, who should be sent to minister to their spiritual wants.

It was completed about Xmas. 1885. In the month of April 1886, the Rev. P. J. Fisher was called to

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take charge of the parish. On his arrival he found that the prospects were not very brilliant, as there was a debt on the church of \$500.00. Besides there was no parochial residence, no sacristy, no vestment worthy of the name; there were no pews in the church except of the most primitive pattern (rough boards resting on cracker boxes); the walls were not plastered, not even braced except by the power of the Holy Ghost; there was no organ on which to sound the praises of Jehovah, no organ loft for the choir, no bell to call the people to prayer, except the voices of conscience, no candle sticks to hold the sacred light, except a few "relics of old decency" in the shape of beer bottles, which told silently, yet eloquently that Pomona in those days was not a dry town; in fact there was hardly any of the requisites, to enable the Pastor to carry out the grand Ceremonial of the Catholic Church. But nothing daunted the undersigned went to work, and his efforts were ably seconded by his then few, but sincere and faithful followers.

In seven month's time the debt of \$500.00 was wiped out and a handsome and commodious residence was erected and furnished at a cost of \$2100.00. Pews were put in at a cost of \$220.00, a sacristy erected which cost with vestment case \$800.00, vestments and other articles needed for divine services, worth \$500.00, were purchased a few months later and the interior of the church itself was finished in chaste, if not elegant style at a cost of \$1150.00. The following year 1887 three new altars costing \$600.00 were placed in the sanctuary. Three statues, of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin were purchased, and now adorn the altars. A tuneful bell was hung in the belfry and a neat set of stations soon after embellished its walls, bringing the total amount raised by the Pastor in eighteen months to \$6,620.00, a splendid showing for the good

people of Pomona and one in which they take a pardonable pride. The one thing necessary to complete the happiness of the good people of Pomona is a Parochial school, to which they could send their children and thus bring them up in the way they should go. An attendance of 100 children to begin with is a certainty and as everything points to a rapid growth of the population, the members would be constantly increasing.

This is in brief the history of the Catholic Church of Pomona. And should these lines fall under the gaze of our brothers in the faith back east or in other parts, who contemplate moving to California in search of a more desirable climate, to them we would say: Come by all means to Pomona, you will find here all that your heart can desire to complete your happiness here below. Scenery unrivaled; a climate "soft as a mother's smile and soil fertile as God's love" watered with more streams than ever flowed through the *Jordan of Eden!* A city embowered in roses and surrounded with orange groves and vine clad fields, made up of thrifty intelligent cultured and large minded people, whom the narrow lines of bigotry and prejudice cannot divide, and who are united together as one man in every lawful and wise endeavor to advance the interests of Pomona, "The loveliest village of the plain."

Very respectfully yours
(Rev.) P. J. FISHER.

On page 8 we give a short comment on our exchanges. By mistake a line is omitted. Here is the correction:

"The" *Young Catholic Messenger*, Dayton, Ohio, is a fine magazine for children, at the low price of 50 cts. a year.

The "Catholic News" of New-York, a weekly journal, at \$1.00 a year, is brimful of good news. Walter Lecky's contributions are fine.

Now, notwithstanding all the good qualities of the above publications, the "Mission Indian" is the paper you ought to read. It costs only 50 cts. Subscribe for it at once. Thus assist us in our work for the salvation of the red man.



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SAN LUIS REY P. Trost del.

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1897.

NO. 8.

MARY, QUEEN OF MAY; MOTHER OF JESUS AND OUR MOTHER!

PRAY FOR US!

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Honor and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin MARY.

Because the Blessed Virgin Mary as the Archangel Gabriel declared, is "full of grace" (St. Luke 1, 37), and because of her incomparable dignity of being the chosen Mother of Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church regards her as the most highly favored of all creatures, as a creature highly exalted above all men and angels: and consequently teaches that she is to be honored as the most blessed among women, according to the admonition of St. Paul: "Render, therefore, to all men their dues, . . . honor to whom honor" (Romans xiii, 7).

All the honor given to the Blessed Virgin by men does not equal the least one of those countless acts of honor given to her by her Divine Son Our Lord during the time that he lived with her and St. Joseph at Nazareth; when, as we learn from the Gospel, He "was subject to them" (St. Luke ii, 51). We need not therefore be afraid of honoring her whom the Word Incarnate so greatly honored. We are encouraged by the Church to do so, and to fre-

quently recommend ourselves to her prayers.

This honor and this recourse to her intercession, far from detracting from the divine worship due to God and to the Mediation of Jesus Christ, are felt by Catholics to be really tokens of respect to our Blessed Saviour, on whose account chiefly we honor her: in fact, we honor her whom He has so wonderfully honored, and whom He must wish all to honor. To dishonor Christ's Mother would be to dishonor Christ; to honor and love her is to honor and love Christ, since it is above all for His sake that we show such affection and reverence to her.

This is sweetly expressed by Father Faber in a hymn to our Blessed Lady, beginning:

"Mother of mercy, * day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.
But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

* Being Mother of the Redeemer, she cannot but feel compassion towards those for whom her Son died.

"They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me,
For what did JESUS love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?
"JESUS, when His three hours was run,
Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?"

It has been well said: The glories of the Mother are the reflection of the Divinity of her Son, and every crown that is wreathed for Mary is laid at JESUS' feet.

The parable in the Gospel of the poor Publican, who, "standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes towards heaven; but struck his breast, saying, O God be merciful to me a sinner" (St. Luke xviii, 13), proves *humility* to be the best disposition to render our prayers availing; and our recourse to the Virgin Mary is the effect of humility and of a sense of our unworthiness. Moreover, Catholics see clearly that in asking the Blessed Virgin to *pray* for them, they thereby affirm that she is not herself the fountain of grace or of merit, since she herself in order to obtain graces and merits for us, must, as well as we, have recourse to *God, her and*

THE MISSION INDIAN.

our Creator and Saviour; and that when she prays, she prays only through the mediation and merits of her Divine Son.

In asking the Blessed Virgin Mary to *pray* to Jesus for us, we thereby openly declare that Jesus Christ is our *only* Redeemer.

From *Catholic Belief.*



Valeo Johnson, who works for the Sisters of St. Joseph, won the second prize in the foot-race on May-Day in Prescott, Ariz.

John Mack, a former pupil of the school, is seriously sick at Agua Dulce in the desert. He is now reported convalescing.

The Native Lumber Co. of San Jacinto donated some cedar lumber to the school for the purpose of giving our carpenters a chance to do some cabinet-work. Many thanks for the kind remembrance.

The Holy Week services were held as usual in the chapel of the school. On Easter Sunday forty two of the children approached the communion-railing to receive their Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Easter-Monday was a free day. The word *pic-nic* and its meaning is now perfectly understood even by the little tots.

There were five funerals in the reservation at the Portrero last month. At one of them a number of singers of the school sang at the grave "Nearer my God to Thee!" They sang it beautifully.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Monday, May 31, 1897
at St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, Cal.

PROGRAM.

10 A. M. Forming of Procession in front of the school.
10.15,,, Marching to the Cemetery.
10.30,,, At the Cemetery:
1) The Star-spangled Banner; chorus.
2) Address by an Indian boy.
3) Rest, Heroes, rest; chorus.
4) Address by an Indian girl.
5) De Profundis; psalm with antiphon.
6) Benediction.
7) Decoration of Graves.
8) Hail, Columbia; chorus.
11 A. M. Return to the School; marching to the "Mine eyes have seen the Glory". Everybody cordially invited.

B. FLORIAN HAHN,
Supt. ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Letter Box of the Mission Indian.

AGUA CALIENTE, CALIF.
APRIL 22, 1897.

Rev. Father F. Hahn; Dear Sir:

I received the "Mission Indian" and heard what you published in the paper. And this time I will inform you that it is so, and the reason is why we did not let Ramona have the hot water, not Maria Antonia but Ramona. Why was it that we did not let Ramona have the water? Because she and the white man Mike Damron. We finding this matter and that is why we people did not let Ramona have the hot water. If Ramona by herself could think that she could do this thing, and would it be the other way? This is the reason when all my people heard what Mike Damron said that he was in a company with Ramona, and that is why all my people would not let Ramona have a little or a drop of hot water. Why don't they let Ramona have the hot water? By and by Maria would do the same, afterwards Maria wanted to have some. The Agent was here that was already worked, and those that worked did not like it, because the Agent wanted Ramona to have that worked. When they heard this they got into growl and nearly had a fight the same night and then they quit, and again they begin to growl against the Agent because he was giving that hot water to Ramona by force. He had no right to do that. Then I and the Agent talked a great deal to each other about it. Because I by force could not let any one have it when it is already worked for being a captain, and this is why this case stopped when the new Agent will take place, he is the one who is going to settle this case, he told us that we could feel satisfied with this and never more again to be in this condition. This I tell you to understand this, because I saw it in the Indian paper. Now I say to you that I am well and healing off mine. You think over this and if you like to publish it you can if you please. I am truly yours sending my love and all my family

Capt. PEDRO OWLINGNISH.

(From the above our readers will learn, that the report in the Mission Indian was correct. Mr. Estudillo, the Indian agent tried to be impartial, but did not succeed to settle the difficulty; his action in his matter is commendable. And to the Indians we cannot say otherwise than: "Every kingdom divided

against itself shall he brought to desolation, and a house upon a house shall fall." Luk. 11, 15. *Unity* is what you need; *unity* and not discord and those who sow the seed of division among you are servants of the devil. Ed. Mission Indian.)

P. S. Judge Torrance denied the motion of the counsel of the Agua Caliente Indians for a new trial in the suit, brought against them by the heirs of ex-Governor Downey. This means, that in the second instance the Indians again lost their case; and the verdict, that they must go, is sustained. It looks very much, as if the "new agent" [?!!] will have very little to say in regard to the above "Hot Springs-case."

Letter to Uncle Tom.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MAY 2, 1897.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is a long time since I wrote to you, and I hope that you will excuse me for remaining so long without writing. We have been very busy and we did not have time to write. Dear Uncle, it is very nice down here, the hills are bright and green, on account of the lovely rain we had last week. Every Sunday we go out for a walk up to the hills, and we enjoy it very much on the green grass. Oh! dear Uncle, I must not forget to tell you about our New Infant Jesus that we got the other night. Oh! it is just beautiful. Mother brought it to the school-room for the children to see it. Mother said we were going to have it next year for the crib. It is made out of pure wax. Dear Uncle, I have been here for a number of years and hope to remain much longer with the dear sisters. I cannot bear the thought of leaving this dear place, where we were taught so many useful things that will help us through life. I must tell you we had a lovely time Xmas. We practised all our hymns. Now dear Uncle, I hope you will not think my letter to long. May God bless you. I remain your devoted niece

JUANITA MAURIQUEZ.

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MISSION INDIAN.

MY BEADS.

BY REV. ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Your circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah, ye keep my secrets well!

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.



THE MISSION INDIAN

SAN LUIS REY P. Frost del.

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JUNE 15, 1897.

NO. 9.

Los Angeles, Cal., December 4, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER HAHN;

I most cheerfully renew the approval of *THE MISSION INDIAN* given at the beginning of its publication, by my venerable predecessor, BISHOP MORA. I am sure that it has been a welcome visitor in every home into which it has gone. And as it is published in behalf of our Indian Schools, with a view of making the work of the Schools known, and calling attention to their needs I hope it will receive a generous patronage.

This is more necessary at the present time since the Government appropriations are to be withdrawn next June. These schools are deserving of special consideration and the "MISSION INDIAN" ought to have a wide circulation both for its own merits and for the cause it advocates. Truly yours

+ G. MONTGOMERY, BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

HYMN OF REPARATION.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



Upon the altar night and day
The Heart of Jesus lies,
And night and day throughout the world
Do men its claims despise;
For by their cold, ungrateful lives,
They pierce it through and through:
And by the scourges of their crimes,
Its agonies renew.

Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,
This Heart is all on fire;
And brightly shines from out its flames
The cross of love's desire.
If pure and true must be the soul
That fain would hide in Thee,
O Jesus, let Thy love supply
For our deficiency.

We offer thee our humble gifts,
For poor they are and small,
Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,
Dear Heart, we give thee all:
And joyous victims we shall be,—
Consumed before Thy throne,
If dead to sin, if dead to self,
We live to Thee alone.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

FIN DE SIECLE

PULPIT ORATORS or PREACHERS.

CLERICAL TRAMPS.

An Answer to Many Inquiries.

The New York *Sun* publishes a letter from a Presbyterian minister, in which it is asserted that a great number of preachers are at present out of employment. The writer intimates that the trouble is not due to an oversupply of ministers so much as to a defective ecclesiastical system. It appears that to offset "hundreds of ministers without charges," there are "hundreds of churches without preaching."

As a consequence, "many of our best and most godly ministers are forced to become clerical tramps." When they lose pastorates, having been "turned adrift for the most trivial reasons," they must hunt for others by offering themselves as candidates and using means discreditable to the ministry in order to get new places. Consequently a minister who has a church is tempted to "keep his field by hook or by crook until he finds another." Churches, of course, have "the right to be dissatisfied with an unacceptable minister;" but the resulting "compulsory eviction," says a Western Presbyterian minister, quoted by the *Sun's* correspondent, has "become so universal in all this region of the West that a three year's continuance in a field is considered a phenomenally long pastorate." The ministers are turned adrift, and their evicted families are made to suffer. Consequently a pastor once settled has every inducement to seek to curry favor with his parish, even to the extent of humiliating himself and his profession.

The *Sun*, commenting on this, says:

"These are very serious charges, but as they come from high Presbyterian authority we must accept them as true without hesitation. Nor is the absence of "system in the adjustment of ministers and churches" peculiar to the Presbyterians and Congregationalists. It extends to other Protestant denominations, more especially to the Baptist, the most numerous of all, except the Methodists.

"Two questions are suggested by our correspondent's letter. First, is not this prevalent dissatisfaction with ministers due to declining religious faith in either the churches or the preachers? Secondly, is it not better for a minister to remain unmarried? With Presbyterian theological seminaries denying the infallibility of the Bible, and Congregational ministers like Dr. Lyman Abbot preaching that Biblical miracles are not

believeable because they conflict with natural laws, how can the faith of the churches be kept warm and vital? Does not a family impede the professional activity of a minister? Is it not one of the luxuries which he should deny himself in order that he may give his undivided thought to the saving of souls?"

These questions go to the root of the matters, and we are glad to see them asked by a Protestant newspaper of the wide circulation and high standing of the New York *Sun*.

Preaching indifferentism, scepticism and infidelity is bringing forth corresponding fruit. A writer in the *Church News* took the trouble to read the synopses of sermons, delivered by "eminent divines." This is, what he found:

The first one quoted, a Baptist minister, spoke from the text "Peace on Earth" and at once burst out with the fiery assertion that "It is supreme folly and un-Christian to say 'Peace, peace!' when there is no peace and can be none under existing conditions, and, as the report says, "the sermon had the smell of gunpowder in every word," chiefly in relation to Cuba.

The next, Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr., denounced the orthodox view of the Bible with "sarcasm and ridicule," stating that it is "of course, full of errors" and then asserting in Ingersollian vein that "the Bible has been used by the so-called orthodox Christians as authority for perpetrating unspeakable infamies."

Then the Rev. Minot J. Savage is reported as proving to his entire satisfaction, and probable to that of the flock of which he is pastor, that Adam and Eve are myths and their fall merely a folktale of the Babylonians, adopted by the Jews after the time of Moses. His conclusion of the one thing needful was thus phrased: "What we need is intellectual cultivation and brain," which also has a smack of Ingersoll and Voltaire.

Another preacher, Rev. Wm. Lloyd, is characterized as "a vigorous defender of the Bible," yet he selected the parts which he thought should be accepted as facts and referred to others in a style not very different from the others quoted. "The story of Balaam's ass," he said, "must be held to be metaphorical, and the stopping of the sun and stars for Joshua a poetic interpretation."

And finally Rev. Lyman J. Abbot spoke of the Bible as "a human book which is too often set between the soul and God."

Here are a few lines, taken from sermons of one of the so-called christian

preachers in the city of Los Angeles:

"The Godhead is not personal, because it is not a medium. The word "personal" is a theatrical term, that has made its fortune in christian theology."

Explaining the miracle of the loaves and fishes: "We cannot believe, that the thousands of people, who congregated around Christ in the desert were all so thoughtless and foolish as to take no provisons with them."

On Easter-Sunday: "Christ declared to Thomas that spiritual proofs of the resurrection are superior to physical proofs, "What is the use of all our theological and denominational trash and baggage, which we have unfortunately inherited?"

"Christ said to Peter, that love, divine and human, is the preacher's greatest power and not hell-fire from which any selfish person may escape by taking advantage of the theological bankruptcy act, Adam's fall, total depravity, and the predestined murder of Christ to save those who are immoral enough to let another suffer for them."

This is verily, *denominational trash and baggage*.

When the *Sun* intimates that "a family impedes the professional activity of a minister," that it is "one of the luxuries which he should deny himself in order that he may give his undivided thought to the saving of souls" it simply echoes the principle on which the Catholic Church bases its law of clerical celibacy.

Catholics revere the Bible. It is for us the Word of God and one of the sources of our faith. It is carefully kept and guarded, no word being added to it nor subtracted from it and any wrong, wanton or irreligious interpretation is condemned. But the way how some of our separated brethren make use of the Bible makes us shudder.

Truth will finally conquer. Denominational trash and baggage will be thrown overboard. Yet the christian world, divided and alienated one from another, will not be united and enter the kingdom of heaven unless humbled and cleansed by tribulations and sufferings. May God have mercy on us!

Letter to Uncle Tom.

Sorry to Miss Mass.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, {
BANNING, CAL., MAY 28, 1897.}

Dear Uncle Tom:

It pleases me to write you a short letter this after noon to tell you that Father went to visit the Indians last week, but now he is home. We all prayed for him that he would come back. We all were very sorry that we had no mass on Sunday. I hope you will soon come to see all your nieces, they are all well and happy. Your loving niece

CARMELITA LINTON.

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FOR OUR GIRLS.

A Step Toward Womanhood.
By JEAN HALIFAX.

I am eight years old,
And I like to play;
I'll be a lady,
When I'm grown, some day.

I wish I'd grow fast,
And get big and tall;

But mamma says size

And years are not all

That makes a woman,

And I guess that's so.

You have to learn how

To cook and to sew.

To mend and to darn,

To write and to read--

Oh, dear! what a lot

Of things woman need!

Why, I just believe

That the quickest way,

Is to begin on

My lessons to-day!

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BANNING, CAL.

The Mission Indian

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1897.

NO. 10.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The first Congress of the thirteen British colonies, which led to their ultimate union in resistance to the British crown, and their jointly throwing off their allegiance to the same, as well as their ultimate union as the United States of America, met in Philadelphia on the 5th of Sept., 1774. The immediate cause of this assemblage was what was called "the Boston Port Bill," that is, an act of Parliament by which the port of Boston was closed and the custom-house removed to Salem, because of the destruction of the tea at the former place. This was looked upon by the friends of constitutional liberty in all the colonies as a direct attack by usurpation upon the chartered rights of Massachusetts. If they should silently permit this gross outrage to be perpetrated upon a sister colony, they saw no security against similar outrages being perpetrated in turn upon their own chartered or constitutional rights. It was now that the cry of "The cause of Boston is the cause of us all" was raised in Virginia, and extended from the Penobscot to the Altamaha. The result was the call of a general Congress of all the colonies, to meet, by deputies, at the time and place stated, for joint consultation and joint action in maintenance of principles essential to the preservation of the rights and liberties of all. The idea of independence or separation was at this time entertained by no one. Upon the assembling of this Congress, Peyton Randolph of Virginia was chosen the president of it, and Charles Thompson secretary. In all the deliberations of this body each colony stood upon an equal footing with the others, without regard to population, wealth, or the number of delegates sent. All questions were decided by the colonies present,

each having one vote only. They urged several measures upon the consideration of their constituents as proper means for obtaining a general redress of grievances, also prepared and published a declaration of what they considered the indefeasible rights of all the colonies under the British constitution. They adjourned on the 26th of Oct., 1774, with a recommendation to the colonies to meet in Congress again, by deputies, on the 10th of May, 1775.

In speaking of the papers issued by this assemblage, Lord Chatham said in the British Parliament that, though he had studied and admired the free states of antiquity, the master-spirits of the world, yet for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion no body of men could stand in preference to this Congress. All this, however, incensed rather than appeased the ministry. On the 1st of April, 1775, they had 3000 troops in Boston for the purpose of enforcing their iniquitous measures at the point of the bayonet. Hostilities soon ensued. The battles of Concord and Lexington were fought. Engagements also took place at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Shenesborough in New York.

It was in this state of things that the second Congress of the colonies assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775, according to the recommendation of its predecessor. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was again chosen president, but soon being called home on urgent business, John Hancock of Massachusetts was, on the 24th of May, chosen president of the Congress in his stead. The crisis was now becoming not only serious, but alarming. The purpose of Great Britain to reduce the colonies to absolute subjection without any re-

dress of grievances seemed to be evident. The Congress, with firmness and without hesitation, determined to resist force by force. Troops were raised for the purpose. In setting forth the reasons for their action in thus defending themselves and their constituents, they declared that they had "no wish to separate from the mother-country, but only to maintain their chartered rights." "In our native land," said they, "and in defence of the freedom which is our birthright, and which we have ever enjoyed till the late violation of it, for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before."

On the 14th of June, 1775, at the instance of Massachusetts, George Washington, one of the delegates of Virginia, was unanimously appointed commander-in-chief of all the colonial forces. He was commissioned in the name of the united colonies, the name of each colony present by its deputies being set forth in the commission. This office he accepted on the condition that he should receive no salary except the payment of his actual expenses.

Three days afterwards the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Washington did not reach the vicinity of Boston until the 12th of July, 1775, when he assumed the command of the colonial army assembled there. It was not until the early part of the year 1776 that the public mind throughout the colonies began generally and seriously to consider the question of independence,

THE MISSION INDIAN.

though a portion of the people of North Carolina had taken this view of the subject almost from the beginning of the recent troubles. As early as the 20th of May, 1775, their celebrated Mecklenburg convention assembled and announced their famous declaration, severing for ever themselves from all their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain.

In Jan., 1776, Massachusetts instructed her delegates in the Congress of the colonies at Philadelphia to vote for independence. South Carolina gave similar instructions to her delegates in March. Georgia and North Carolina did the same in April. In May, Gen. Washington wrote from the head of the army, then at New York, "A reconciliation with Great Britain is impossible.

... When I took command of the army I abhorred the idea of independence; but I am now fully satisfied that nothing else will save us." In the same month Virginia instructed her delegates in Congress to vote for independence. New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Maryland followed in giving similar instructions to their delegates early in June. Pennsylvania and New York delayed action, still indulging hopes of an adjustment of the controversy. The general instructions of the colonies to their delegates were to renounce all allegiance to the British crown, and to form a confederation among themselves as independent States. On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, moved a resolution in Congress that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, . . . and that a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation." This resolution was adopted on the 11th of June. Two committees were appointed under it—one to prepare a Declaration of Independence, and the other to prepare Articles of Union or Confederation. The committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence consisted of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York. They reported on the 28th of June, but action on the report was deferred for some days for the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York to receive their instructions and powers to vote for the Declaration. This celebrated paper was drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, the chairman of the committee, being only slightly modified in some parts, as it now stands, at the suggestion of other members. It came up for final action on the 4th day of July, when it received the unanimous vote,

not only of all the colonies, but of all their delegates in Congress. It was voted upon by colonies as separate and distinct political bodies, and as it stands on the journal is in these words:

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776.

The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America.

When, in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That, to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.—That, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his Assent to Laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good,

He has forbidden his Governors to

importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the Population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and Payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of Peace, Standing Armies, without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to, the Civil Power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent;

THE MISSION INDIAN.

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury;

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering, fundamentally, the Forms of our Governments;

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government hereby declaring us out of his Protection, and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the Lives of our People.

He is, at this time, transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens, taken Captive on the high Seas, to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions, We have Petitioned for Redress, in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our Brittish brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and

correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind,—Enemies in War,—in Peace, Friends.

WE, THEREFORE, the REPRESENTATIVES of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in GENERAL CONGRESS Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly PUBLISH and DECLARE, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

(Signed by 55 Delegates of the resp. States.)

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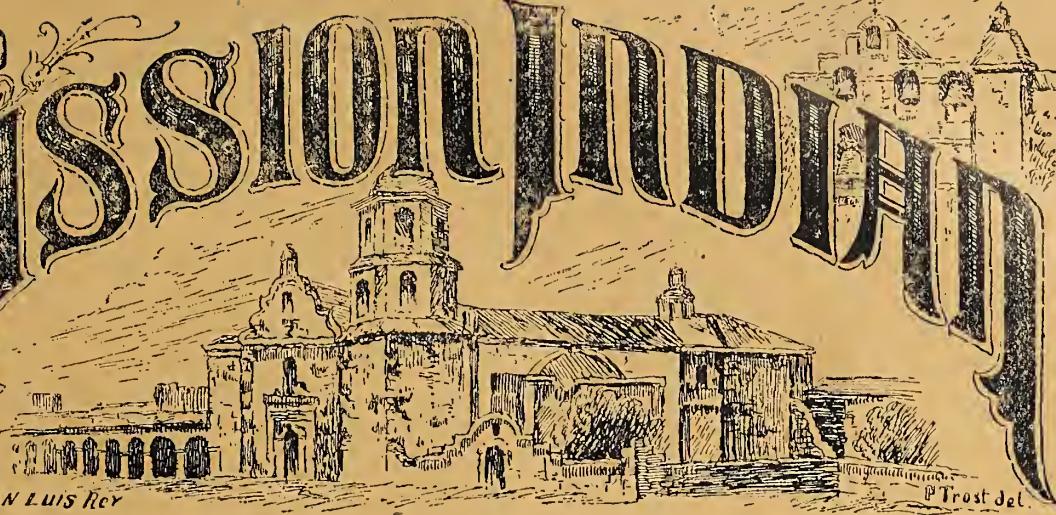
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COLTON, CAL.

The Mission Indian



VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., AUGUST 15, 1897.

NO. II.

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The St. Boniface's Industrial School, will open its 8th school term September the 1st 1897. As before it is well to remind parents and children of the importance of being present in due time. It may be well also to remind the benefactors of the School that this year it has to be worked with a curtailed appropriation from the Government. It is not necessary to boast of the work done in the School for the past 8 years. The number of children, who have passed through, and are now doing well are at once its boast and its pride.

The good kind generous friends of the School know, that, on the part of the staff, nothing is left undone to attend to the physical, mental and moral training of the little ones. The work is not inviting; on the contrary it is, in a sense uninviting, but here it is done purely and solely for the glory of God. If any one doubts what is said nothing remains but to say to that person what was said to the one doubting, if good could come of Nazareth, "Come and See."

THE MISSION INDIAN.

Extracts from Astronomy.

* * * *

The revolution of the planets and comets around the sun is the result of the combined action of their centrifugal force, and the force of gravitation. Science is indebted to the famous astronomer NEWTON for this idea. Seeing an apple fall from a tree, the thought occurred to him: "Why should not also the earth fall towards the sun?" The sun with his enormous mass has so much the preponderance over all the planets and comets together, that he forces them to fall towards him — being 700 to 800 times larger than all his planets together (law of gravitation). Besides the planets and comets have received, by some cause, the tendency to be whirled off into space, away from the sun (centrifugal force; from the Latin: flying from the center). The force of attraction or gravitation is inherent to the atoms and for this reason never fatiguing. The centrifugal force, however, decreases by the continual action of the former; so it would seem that the centrifugal force must be regenerated continually in order to counterbalance the force of gravitation.

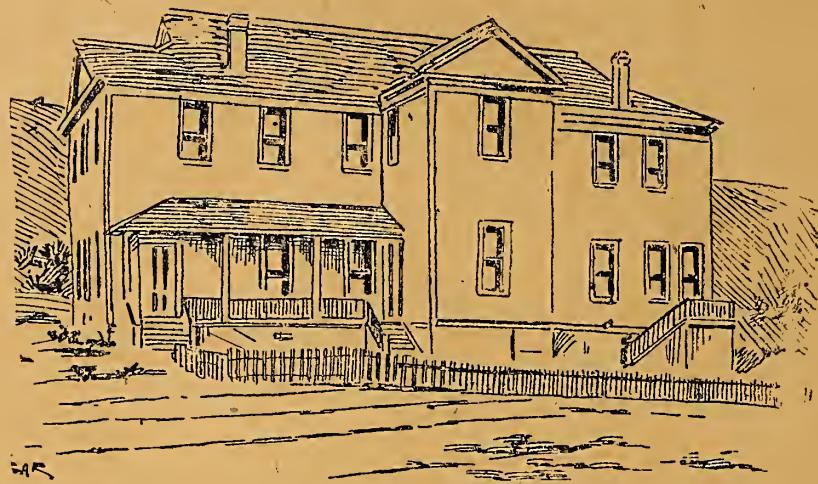
Some think, the centrifugal force of the planets is caused by their revolution around their axis, which revolution is brought on by the force of fire, light, heat or electricity, as we may call the force which causes similar phenomena.

Geology proves that our globe is full of fire; 60 miles below its surface everything is in an intensely heated condition and nothing solid. It seems natural, that also a thoroughly solid and cooled off ball or planet would, when once in motion around its axis, continue to revolve without stopping, by the very same attraction of the sun. We all know the law of the pendulum.

As mentioned before, the planets and comets move around the sun not in perfect circles but in ellipses, and they will be according to the circumference of an ellipse nearer to or farther from the sun. Whenever they approach the sun, their speed increases. But as heat increases also the centrifugal force, at an equal rate, an equilibrium is established, a fact, which must arouse our admiration.

But what is the reason, that the celestial orbs revolve in ellipses and not in regular, perfect circles? This is not known; its cause is likely to coincide with that of their motion in

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general, which has neither been found with their starting point. We think it is: "and God said, let there be light." (Genes.)

Who placed the earth and planets in that distance, which was necessary for their orbits? Who measured the exact weight and density of sun and planets, whereupon their source of attraction rests? Who calculated beforehand the rate, which keeps them all in their proper distance? Who figured out their attraction and distance relatively to each other, that their mutual attraction might not interfere with their own proper revolutions? Who placed the fixed stars at such a distance and weighed and fixed every atom, so as not to disturb the harmony of our Solar system? What mind knew mathematics enough to regulate the thousands

of millions of stars to constitute a universe better arranged than clock work? Who was strong enough to move these immense balls and regulate their forces so that they control each other? Could such a harmony be effected by chance? Does it not presuppose an intelligent and personal cause, a mind of unspeakable knowledge, acumen, wisdom and power? Anybody would hold a man insane, who would seriously assert, that a watch formed itself perchance. It is still more ridiculous to believe, that stupid matter and blind forces with fixed and immutable tendencies perchance happened to form such a wonderful harmony. Verily, an infidel is a poor creature. Admirable is the greatness of God revealed in the universe.

— H. W.

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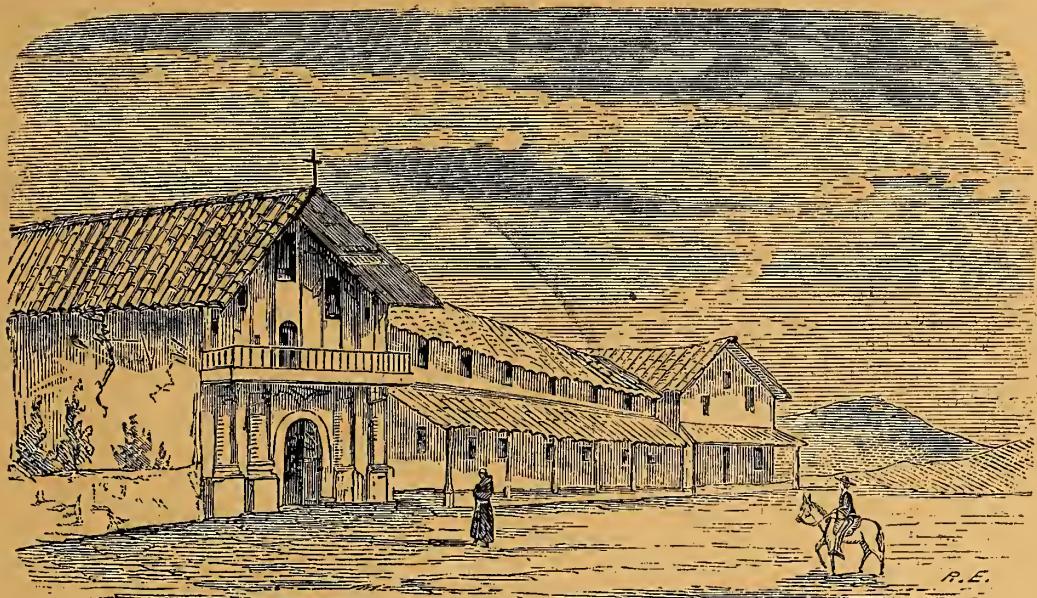
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MISSION INDIAN

VOL. II.

BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

NO. 12.



MISSION DOLORES, San Francisco, Established 1776.

THE OLD MISSIONS. Extracted from a Poem, Written by HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, at the Centennial of San Francisco (1876).

All honor, praise, and deathless fame,
Unto the brown-robed band
Whose hands released from fetters dread
Our glorious Golden Land;
Who gained a bloodless victory
Against the demon foe;
And lifted high the Cross of Faith,
One hundred years ago!

The sons of Francis journeyed far,
From wave-washed Monterey,
To labor where his saintly name
Had blessed our shining Bay.
And well those holy toilers wrought
To bid Faith's harvests glow,
And Truth's sweet vineyards ripen fair,
One hundred years ago!

Within the rude adobe shrine,
What holy calmness dwell!
How fervent was the savage throng
That round its altar knelt!
How lowly bowed the dusky brows
When, through the sunset glow,
Rang out the sweet-toned Angelus,
One hundred years ago!

Nor San Francisco saw alone
That fondly toiling band—
Their Missions blessed full many a spot
Within our favored land.
And Peace divine, at their behest,
Here arched her sacred bow
From North to South, from East to West,
One hundred years ago!

And not alone ONE chosen clime
Obeyed their meek control—
In Earth's remotest realms they wrought
To tame the savage soul.
From many a land that wondrous band
Had chased the fiendish foe,
Long ere they won sweet conquest here,
One hundred years ago!

How blessed the children of the wild
Beneath their gentle sway!
Not theirs the harsh command that bids
The trembling slave obey;
Not theirs the stern despotic tone,
The tyrant's cruel blow;
By love, the meek Franciscans ruled
One hundred years ago!

Ah! well the ransomed savage loved
The kind paternal care,
That, with his simple joy could smile,
And in his sorrows share;
That could the blest baptism give—
The Bread of Life bestow—
And cheer the darksome vale of Death,
One hundred years ago!

Pure, Eden-like simplicity,
Forever passed away!
For o'er the Missions came at last,
A fierce tyrannic sway—
A sacrilegious hand could dare
To strike with savage blow,
The band that brought Salvation's boon
One hundred years ago!

THE MISSION INDIAN.

MY DEAR FATHER HAHN:

I most cheerfully renew the approval of *THE MISSION INDIAN* given at the beginning of its publication, by my venerable predecessor, BISHOP MORA. I am sure that it has been a welcome visitor in every home into which it has gone. And as it is published in behalf of our Indian Schools, with a view of making the work of the Schools known, and calling attention to their needs I hope it will receive a generous patronage.

This is more necessary at the present time since the Government appropriations are to be withdrawn next June. These schools are deserving of special consideration and the "MISSION INDIAN" ought to have a wide circulation both for its own merits and for the cause it advocates. Truly yours

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A Missonary Visit

to the Indians in Warner's Ranch.

The Rev. Father Caballeria of San Bernardino started on Aug. 25th for an expedition to the several Indian Reservations for the purpose of getting Indian pupils for the Banning school. Rev. Fr. Hahn, unable to do so himself, had requested Father Caballeria to go in his place to the reservations.

Two Sisters also assisted in the expedition so as to help the Rev. Father in gathering the Indian children together. George Daniel, the well known farmer of the school, was the driver. Billie and Nellie (the horses) were not in the least frightened for such a great and dangerous outing. The expeditioners started from Banning at 3 P. M., Aug. 25, and after passing Beaumont valley they crossed the San Jacinto mountains through the dangerous canyon of *Las Piedras Redondas*, arriving at San Jacinto at 7 P. M.

The following morning they started very early and after passing the Hemet Valley they commenced to ascend the dangerous mountain in a straight line, and in the evening they arrived safe and sound at the well known Wilson's store at Warner's Ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, were delighted to receive the Rev. Father and the good sisters as their guests of honor and endeavored to do their best in helping for the success of the expedition.

The next morning was the beginning of the most difficult part of the trip, because of the difficult ascending of the San Ignacio mountains, where the mountain scenery is truly grand and charming. The majestic nature of the forest, the gigantic pines and California Oak trees, the thick brush of Rosemary and Manzanita contributes to beautify those lovely mountains.

In San Issidro the Indians received the expeditioners with their usual hospitality and the Rev. Father addressed to them a few words encouraging them to keep their Christian traditions.

Several Indian boys mounted on horse-back escorted the expeditioners to San Ignacio in which place the Indians also welcomed the Rev. Father who spoke to them of the necessity of Christian education.

After getting the school children in readiness the Indians accompanied the Father to San Felipe in which place the Indians received the expeditioners with extraordinary respect and affection.

Rev. Father Caballeria said the first Mass that was ever said in the new Church of San Felipe.

Father Caballeria admiring the good work of Father Hahn among those Indians encouraged with eloquent words the Indians to love with true sentiments of gratitude the labor of Father Florian and to be faithful to their Church and religion. On Sunday, Aug. 29, the Father said Mass at Agua Caliente, from which point the expeditioners returned to Wilson's store where the

Los Angeles, Cal., December 4, 1896.

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good Sisters had gathered 32 Indian children for the school at Banning, and beginning the return trip on Monday, they arrived again at Banning on Tuesday evening at 6 P. M. The expedition was a success and may the Almighty God bring fruitful blessings upon the Indian children of the school at Banning and crown with His holy grace the apostolic labors of Father Hahn and the good Sisters. V. R.

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